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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

CONTAINING

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.
THE WINTER'S TALE.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, W. J. and J. Richardson, J. Nichols and Son, F. and C. Rivington, T. Payne, R. Faulder, G. and J. Robinson, W. Lowndes, G. Wilkie, J. Scatcherd, T. Egerton, J. Walker, W. Clarke and Son, J. Barker and Son, D. Ogilvy and Son, Cuthell and Martin, R. Lea, P. Macqueen, J. Nunn, Lackington, Allen and Co. T. Kay, J. Deighton, J. White, W. Miller, Vernor and Hood, D. Walker, B. Crosby and Co. Longman and Rees, Cadell and Davies, T. Hurst, J Harding, R. H. Evans, S. Bagster, J. Mawman, Blacks and Parry, R. Bent, and T. Ostell.

1803.

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TAMING

OF

THE SHREW.*

* TAMING OF THE SHREW.] We have hitherto ſuppoſed Shakſpeare the author of *The Taming of the Shrew*, but his property in it is extremely diſputable. I will give my opinion, and the reaſons on which it is founded. I ſuppoſe then the preſent play not *originally* the work of Shakſpeare, but reſtored by him to the ſtage, with the whole Induction of the Tinker; and ſome other occaſional improvements; eſpecially in the character of Petruchio. It is very obvious that the Induction and the Play were either the works of different hands, or written at a great interval of time. The former is in our author's *beſt* manner, and a great part of the *latter* in his *worſt*, or even below it. Dr. Warburton declares it to be certainly ſpurious; and without doubt, *ſuppoſing* it to have been written by Shakſpeare, it muſt have been one of his earlieſt productions. Yet it is not mentioned in the liſt of his works by Meres in 1598.

I have met with a facetious piece of Sir John Harrington, printed in 1596, (and poſſibly there may be an earlier edition,) called *The Metamorphoſis of Ajax*, where I ſuſpect an alluſion to the old play: "Read the *Booke* of *Taming a Shrew*, which hath made a number of us ſo perfect, that *now* every one can rule a ſhrew in our countrey, ſave he that hath hir."—I am aware a *modern* linguiſt may object that the word *book* does not at preſent ſeem *dramatick*, but it was once *technically* ſo: Goſſon, in his *Schoole of Abuſe, containing a pleaſaunt Invective againſt Poets, Pipers, Players, Jeſters, and ſuch like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth*, 1579, mentions "twoo proſe *bookes* played at the Bell-Sauage:" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of *William of Worceſter*, that he had ſeen a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intitled *The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

And in fact there is ſuch an old *anonymous* play in Mr. Pope's liſt: "A pleaſant conceited hiſtory, called, *The Taming of a Shrew*—ſundry times acted by the Earl of Pembroke his ſervants." Which ſeems to have been republiſhed by the remains of that company in 1607, when Shakſpeare's copy appeared at the Black-Friars or the Globe.—Nor let this ſeem derogatory from the character of our poet. There is no reaſon to believe that he wanted to claim the play as his own; for it was not even printed till ſome years after his death; but he merely revived it on his ſtage as a *manager*.

In ſupport of what I have ſaid relative to this play, let me only obſerve further at preſent, that the author of *Hamlet* ſpeaks of Gonzago, and his wife Baptiſta; but the author of *The Taming of the Shrew* knew Baptiſta to be the name of a man. Mr. Capell indeed made me doubt, by declaring the authenticity of it to be confirmed by the teſtimony of Sir Aſton

Cockayn. I knew Sir Aſton was much acquainted with the writers immediately ſubſequent to Shakſpeare; and I was not inclined to diſpute his authority: but how was I ſurpriſed, when I found that Cockayn aſcribes nothing more to Shakſpeare, than the *Induction-Wincot-Ale and the Beggar!* I hope this was only a ſlip of Mr. Capell's memory. FARMER.

The following is Sir Aſton's Epigram:

"TO MR. CLEMENT FISHER, OF WINCOT.

" Shakſpeare your Wincot-ale hath much renown'd,
" That fox'd a beggar ſo (by chance was found
" Sleeping) that there needed not many a word
" To make him to believe he was a lord:
" But you affirm (and in it ſeem moſt eager)
" 'Twill make a lord as drunk as any beggar.
" Bid Norton brew ſuch ale as Shakſpeare fancies
" Did put *Kit Sly* into ſuch lordly trances:
" And let us meet there (for a fit of gladneſs)
" And drink ourſelves merry in ſober ſadneſs."

Sir A. Cockayn's *Poems*, 1659, p. 124.

In ſpite of the great deference which is due from every commentator to Dr. Farmer's judgment, I own I cannot concur with him on the preſent occaſion. I know not to whom I could impute this comedy, if Shakſpeare was not its author. I think his hand is viſible in almoſt every ſcene, though perhaps not ſo evidently as in thoſe which paſs between Katharine and Petruchio.

I once thought that the name of this play might have been taken from an old ſtory, entitled, *The Wyf lapped in Morells Skin*, or *The Taming of a Shrew*; but I have ſince diſcovered among the entries in the books of the Stationers' Company the following: "Peter Shorte] May 2, 1594, a pleaſaunt conceyted hyſtorie, called, *The Taminge of a Shrowe*." It is likewiſe entered to Nich. Ling, Jan. 22, 1606; and to John Smythwicke, Nov. 19, 1607.

It was no uncommon practice among the authors of the age of Shakſpeare, to avail themſelves of the titles of ancient performances. Thus, as Mr. Warton has obſerved, Spenſer ſent out his *Paſtorals* under the title of *The Shepherd's Kalendar*, a work which had been printed by Wynken de Worde, and reprinted about twenty years before theſe poems of Spenſer appeared, viz. 1559.

Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, is of opinion, that *The Frolickſome Duke, or the Tinker's Good Fortune*, an ancient ballad in the Pepys' Collection,

might have ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the Induction for this comedy.

The following ſtory, however, which might have been the parent of all the reſt, is related by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 649: "A *Tartar* Prince, ſaith *Marcus Polus*, Lib. II. cap. 28, called *Senex de Montibus*, the better to eſtabliſh his government amongſt his ſubjects, and to keepe them in awe, found a convenient place in a pleaſant valley environed with hills, *in which he made a delitious parke full of odoriferous flowers and fruits, and a palace full of all worldly contents* that could poſſibly be deviſed, *muſicke, pictures, variety of meats*, &c. and choſe out a certaine young man whom with *a ſoporiferous potion* he ſo benummed, that he perceived nothing; *and ſo, faſt aſleepe as he was, cauſed him to be conveied into this faire garden.* Where, after he had lived a while in all ſuch pleaſures a ſenſuall man could deſire, *he caſt him into a ſleepe againe, and brought him forth, that when he waked he might tell others he had beene in Paradiſe.*"—*Marco Paolo*, quoted by Burton, was a traveller of the 13th century.

Chance, however, has at laſt furniſhed me with the original to which Shakſpeare was indebted for his fable; nor does this diſcovery at all diſpoſe me to retract my former opinion, which the reader may find at the concluſion of the play. Such parts of the dialogue as our author had immediately imitated, I have occaſionally pointed out at the bottom of the page; but muſt refer the reader, who is deſirous to examine the whole ſtructure of the piece, to *Six old Plays on which Shakſpeare founded*, &c. publiſhed by S. Leacroft, at Charing-croſs, as a Supplement to our commentaries on Shakſpeare.

Beaumont and Fletcher wrote what may be called a ſequel to this comedy, viz. *The Woman's Prize, or the Tamer Tam'd*; in which Petruchio is ſubdued by a ſecond wife. STEEVENS.

Among the books of my friend the late Mr. William Collins of Chicheſter, now diſperſed, was a collection of ſhort comick ſtories in proſe, printed in the black letter under the year 1570: "ſett forth by maiſter Richard Edwards, mayſter of her Majeſties revels." Among theſe tales was that of the INDUCTION OF THE TINKER in Shakſpeare's *Taming of the Shrew*; and perhaps Edwards's ſtory-book was the immediate ſource from which Shakſpeare, or rather the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*, drew that diverting apologue. If I recollect right, the circumſtances almoſt tallied with an incident which Heuterus relates from an epiſtle of Ludovicus Vives to have actually happened at the marriage of Duke Philip the Good of Burgundy,

about the year 1440. That perſpicuous annaliſt, who flouriſhed about the year 1580 ſays, this ſtory was told to Vives by an old officer of the Duke's court. T. WARTON.

See the earlieſt Engliſh original of this ſtory, &c. at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

Our author's *Taming of the Shrew* was written, I imagine, in 1594. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

A Lord.

Chriſtopher Sly, *a drunken Tinker.*
Hoſteſs, Page, Players, Huntſmen, and other Servants attending on the Lord. } *Perſons in the Induction.*

Baptiſta, *a rich Gentleman of* Padua.
Vincentio, *an old Gentleman of* Piſa.
Lucentio, *Son to* Vincentio, *in love with* Bianca.
Petruchio, *a Gentleman of* Verona, *a Suitor to* Katharina.

Gremio, Hortenſio, } *Suitors to* Bianca.

Tranio, Biondello, } *Servants to* Lucentio.

Grumio, Curtis, } *Servants to* Petruchio.

Pedant, *an old Fellow ſet up to perſonate* Vincentio.

Katharina, *the Shrew*; Bianca, *her Siſter*, *Widow*. } *Daughters to* Baptiſta.

Tailor, Haberdaſher, and Servants attending on Baptiſta *and* Petruchio.

SCENE, ſometimes in Padua; *and ſometimes in* Petruchio's *Houſe in the Country.*

CHARACTERS IN THE INDUCTION

To the Original Play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, entered on the Stationers' books in 1594, and printed in quarto in 1607.

A Lord, &c.
Sly.
A Tapſter.
Page, Players, Huntſmen, &c.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Alphonſus, *a Merchant of* Athens.
Jerobel, *Duke of* Ceſtus.
Aurelius, *his Son*,
Ferando,
Polidor,
} *Suitors to the Daughters of* Alphonſus.
Valeria, *Servant to* Aurelius.
Sander, *Servant to* Ferando.
Phylotus, *a Merchant who perſonates the* Duke.

Kate,
Emelia,
Phylema,
} *Daughters to* Alphonſus.

Tailor, Haberdaſher, and Servants to Ferando *and* Alphonſus.

SCENE, Athens; *and ſometimes* Ferando's *Country Houſe.*

TAMING

OF

THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.

Before an Alehouſe on a Heath.

Enter Hoſteſs *and* SLY.

SLY. I'll pheeſe you,[1] in faith.

HOST. A pair of ſtocks, you rogue!

[1] *I'll pheeſe you,*] To *pheeſe* or *feaſe,* is to ſeparate a twiſt into ſingle threads. In the figurative ſenſe it may well enough be taken, like *teaze* or *toze,* for to *harraſs,* to *plague.* Perhaps *I'll pheeze you,* may be equivalent to *I'll comb your head,* a phraſe vulgarly uſed by perſons of Sly's character on like occaſions. The following explanation of the word is given by Sir Thomas Smith, in his book *de Sermone Anglico,* printed by Robert Stephens, 4to: "To *feize,* means *in filа diducere.*"

JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare repeats his uſe of the word in *Troilus and Creſſida,* where Ajax ſays he will *pheeſe* the pride of Achilles: and Love-wit in *The Alchemiſt* employs it in the ſame ſenſe. Again, in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie,* 1589:

"Your pride ſerves you to *feaze* them all alone."

Again, in Stanyhurſt's verſion of the firſt Book of Virgil's *Æneid:*

Sly. Y'are a baggage; the Slies are no rogues:[2] Look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*;[3] let the world ſlide:[4] *Seſſa!*

" We are touz'd, and from Italye *feaz'd*."
—— *Italis longe* disjungimur *oris*.
Again, *ibid*:
" *Feaze* away the droane bees," &c. STEEVENS.

To *pheeze* a man, is to beat him; to give him a *pheeze*, is, to give him a knock. In *The Chances*, Antonio ſays of Don John, " I felt him in my ſmall guts; I am ſure he has *feaz'd* me." M. MASON.

To *touze* or *toaze* had the ſame ſignification. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " Arruffare. To *touze*, to tug, to bang, or rib-baſte one." MALONE.

[2] ——*no* rogues:] That is, *vagrants*, no mean fellows, but gentlemen. JOHNSON.

One *William Sly* was a performer in the plays of Shakſpeare, as appears from the liſt of comedians prefixed to the folio, 1623. This *Sly* is likewiſe mentioned in Heywood's *Actor's Vindication*, and the Induction to Marſton's *Malcontent*. He was alſo among thoſe to whom James I. granted a licence to act at the Globe theatre in 1603. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*paucas pallabris*;] Sly, as an ignorant fellow, is purpoſely made to aim at languages out of his knowledge, and knock the words out of joint. The Spaniards ſay, *pocas palabras*, i. e. few words: as they do likewiſe, *Ceſſa*, i. e. be quiet. THEOBALD.

This is a burleſque on Hieronymo, which Theobald ſpeaks of in a following note: " What new device have they deviſed now? *Pocas pallabras*." In the comedy of *The Roaring Girl*, 1611, a cut-purſe makes uſe of the ſame words. Again, they appear in *The Wife Woman of Hogsden*, 1638, and in ſome others, but are always appropriated to the loweſt characters. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*let the world ſlide*:] This expreſſion is proverbial. It is uſed in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:
" ——— will you go drink
" And *let the world ſlide*, uncle?"
It occurs, however, or ſomewhat very much reſembling it, in the ancient Morality entitled *The iiii Elements*:

Host. You will not pay for the glaſſes you have burſt?[5]

Sly. No, not a denier: Go by, ſays Jeronimy;—Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.[6]

" ——— let us be mery,
" With huff a galand, ſynge tyrll on the bery,
" And *let the wyde worlde wynde.*" STEEVENS.

[5] ——*you have* burſt?] To *burſt* and to *break* were anciently ſynonymous. Falſtaff ſays, that "John of Gaunt *burſt* Shallow's head for crouding in among the marſhal's men."
Again, in *Soliman and Perſeda:*
" God ſave you, ſir, you have *burſt* your ſhin."
Again, in Dr. Philemon Holland's tranſlation of Plutarch's *Apophthegms*, edit. 1603, p. 405. To *braſt* and to *burſt* have the ſame meaning. So, in *All for Money*, a tragedy by T. Lupton, 1574:
" If you forſake our father, for ſorrow he will *braſt*."
In the ſame piece, *burſt* is uſed when it ſuited the rhyme. Again, in the old morality of *Every Man:*
" Though thou weep till thy heart to-*braſt*."
STEEVENS.

Burſt is ſtill uſed for *broke* in the North of England. See Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, edit. 1780, Vol. XII. p. 375. REED.

[6] ——*Go ly*, ſays *Jeronimy*;—*Go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.*] The old copy reads—go by S Jeronimie—. STEEVENS.

All the editions have coined a Saint here, for Sly to ſwear by. But the poet had no ſuch intentions. The paſſage has particular humour in it, and muſt have been very pleaſing at that time of day. But I muſt clear up a piece of ſtage hiſtory to make it underſtood. There is a fuſtian old play called *Hieronymo*; or *The Spaniſh Tragedy*: which I find was the common butt of raillery to all the poets in Shakſpeare's time: and a paſſage, that appeared very ridiculous in that play, is here humorouſly alluded to. Hieronymo, thinking himſelf injured, applies to the king for juſtice; but the courtiers, who did not deſire his wrongs ſhould be ſet in a true light, attempt to hinder him from an audience:
" *Hiero.* Juſtice! O! juſtice to Hieronymo.
" *Lor.* Back;——ſeeſt thou not the king is buſy?
" *Hiero.* O, is he ſo?

Host. I know my remedy, I muſt go fetch the thirdborough.[7] [*Exit.*

" *King.* Who is he, that interrupts our buſineſs?
" *Hiero.* Not I:—Hieronymo, beware; *go by, go by.*" So Sly here, not caring to be dunn'd by the Hoſteſs, cries to her in effect; " Don't be troubleſome, don't interrupt me, *go by*;" and to fix the ſatire in his alluſion, pleaſantly calls her Jeronimo.

THEOBALD.

The firſt part of this tragedy is called *Jeronimo*. The Tinker therefore does not ſay *Jeronimo* as a miſtake for *Hieronymo*.

STEEVENS.

I believe the true reading is—Go by, *ſays* Jeronimo, and that the *s* was the beginning of the word *ſays*, which, by miſtake, the printers did not complete. The quotation from the old play proves that it is Jeronimo himſelf that ſays, *Go by*. M. MASON.

I have not ſcrupled to place Mr. M. Maſon's judicious correction in the text. STEEVENS.

Surely Sly, who in a preceding ſpeech is made to ſay *Richard* for *William*, *paucas pallabris* for *pocas palabras*, &c. may be allowed here to miſquote a paſſage from the ſame play in which that ſcrap of Spaniſh is found, viz. *The Spaniſh Tragedy*. He afterwards introduces a ſaint in form.—The ſimilitude, however ſlight, between *Jeronimy* and S. Jerome, who in Sly's dialect would be *Jeremy*, may be ſuppoſed the occaſion of the blunder. He does not, I conceive, mean to addreſs the Hoſteſs by the name of Jeronimy, as Mr. Theobald ſuppoſed, but merely to quote a line from a popular play. Nym, Piſtol, and many other of Shakſpeare's low characters, quote ſcraps of plays with equal infidelity.

There are two paſſages in *The Spaniſh Tragedy* here alluded to. One quoted by Mr. Theobald, and this other:

" What outcry calls me from my *naked bed?*"

Sly's making Jeronimy a ſaint is ſurely not more extravagant than his exhorting his Hoſteſs to go to her *cold* bed to *warm* herſelf; or declaring that he will go to his cold bed for the ſame purpoſe; for perhaps, like Hieronymo, he here addreſſes himſelf.

In *King Lear*, Edgar, when he aſſumes the madman, utters the ſame words that are here put in the mouth of the tinker: " Humph; go to thy *cold* bed, and *warm* thee." MALONE.

[7] —— *I muſt go fetch the* thirdborough.] The old copy reads: —— *I muſt go fetch the* headborough.

Sly. Third, *or* fourth, *or* fifth *borough*, &c. STEEVENS.

This corrupt reading had paſſed down through all the copies,

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll anſwer him by law: I'll not budge an inch, boy; let him come, and kindly.

[*Lies down on the ground, and falls aſleep.*[8]

and none of the editors pretended to gueſs at the poet's conceit. What an inſipid unmeaning reply does Sly make to his Hoſteſs? How do *third*, or *fourth*, or *fifth* borough relate to *Headborough?* The author intended but a poor witticiſm, and even that is loſt. The Hoſteſs would ſay, that ſhe'd fetch a *conſtable:* and this officer ſhe calls by his other name, a *Third-borough:* and upon this term Sly founds the conundrum in his anſwer to her. Who does not perceive at a ſingle glance, ſome conceit ſtarted by this certain correction? There is an attempt at wit, tolerable enough for a tinker, and one drunk too. *Third-borough* is a Saxon term ſufficiently explained by the gloſſaries: and in our ſtatute-books, no further back than the 28th year of Henry VIII. we find it uſed to ſignify a *conſtable.* Theobald.

In the Perſonæ Dramatis to Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*, the *high-conſtable*, the *petty-conſtable*, the *head-borough*, and the *third-borough*, are enumerated as diſtinct characters. It is difficult to ſay preciſely what the office of a *third-borough* was. Steevens.

The office of *thirdborough* is known to all acquainted with the civil conſtitution of this country, to be co-extenſive with that of the conſtable. Sir J. Hawkins.

The office of *Thirdborough* is the ſame with that of *Conſtable*, except in places where there are both, in which caſe the former is little more than the conſtable's aſſiſtant. The *headborough*, *petty conſtable*, and *thirdborough*, introduced by Ben Jonſon in *The Tale of a Tub*, being all of different places, are but one and the ſame officer under ſo many different names. In a book intitled, *The Conſtable's Guide*, &c. 1771, it is ſaid that "there are in ſeveral counties of this realm other officers; that is, by other titles, but not much inferior to our conſtables; as in *Warwickſhire* a *thirdborough*." The etymology of the word is uncertain. Ritson.

[8] ——*falls aſleep.*] The ſpurious play, already mentioned, begins thus:

"*Enter a Tapſter, beating out of his doores* Slie *drunken.*

"*Tapſ.* You whoreſon drunken ſlave, you had beſt be gone,
"And empty your drunken panch ſomewhere elſe,
"For in this houſe thou ſhalt not reſt to night. [*Exit* Tapſter.

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord *from hunting, with Huntſmen and Servants.*

Lord. Huntſman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman,—the poor cur is emboſs'd,[1]

" *Slie.* Tilly vally; by criſee Tapſter Ile *feſe you* anone:
" Fills the t'other pot, and all's paid for: looke you,
" I doe drink it of mine own inſtigation. *Omne bene.*
" Heere Ile lie awhile: why Tapſter, I ſay,
" Fill's a freſh cuſhen heere:
" Heigh ho, here's good warme lying. [*He falls aſleepe.*
" *Enter a noble man and his men from hunting.*"
STEEVENS.

[1] Brach *Merriman,—the poor cur is* emboſs'd,] Here, ſays Pope, *brach* ſignifies a degenerate hound: but Edwards explains it a hound in general.

That the latter of theſe criticks is right, will appear from the uſe of the word *brach*, in Sir T. More's *Comfort againſt Tribulation*, Book III. ch. xxiv:—" Here it muſt be known of ſome men that can ſkill of hunting, whether that we miſtake not our terms, for then are we utterly aſhamed as ye wott well.—And I am ſo cunning, that I cannot tell, whether among them a bitche be a bitche or no; but as I remember ſhe is no bitch but a *brache*." The meaning of the latter part of the paragraph ſeems to be, " I am ſo little ſkilled in hunting, that I can hardly tell whether a bitch be a bitch or not; my judgment goes no further, than juſt to direct me to call either dog or bitch by their general name—Hound." I am aware that Spelman acquaints his reader, that *brache* was uſed in his days for a *lurcher*, and that Shakſpeare himſelf has made it a dog of a particular ſpecies:

" Maſtiff, greyhound, mungrill grim,
" Hound or ſpaniel, *brach* or lym."
King Lear, Act III. ſc. v.

But it is manifeſt from the paſſage of *More* juſt cited, that it was ſometimes applied in a general ſenſe, and may therefore be ſo underſtood in the paſſage before us; and it may be added, that *brache* appears to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" *A.* Is that your brother?
" *E.* Yes, have you loſt your memory?

And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.

" *A.* As I live he is a pretty fellow.
" *Y.* O this is a ſweet *brach.*"
Scornful Lady, Act I. ſc. i. T. WARTON.

I believe *brach Merriman* means only *Merriman the brach.* So in the old ſong:

" *Cow Crumbock* is a very good cow."

Brach, however, appears to have been a particular ſort of hound. In an old metrical charter, granted by Edward the Confeſſor to the hundred of Cholmer and Dancing, in Eſſex, there are the two following lines:

" Four greyhounds & ſix *Bratches*,
" For hare, fox, and wild cattes."

Merriman ſurely could not be deſigned for the name of a *female* of the canine ſpecies. STEEVENS.

It ſeems from the commentary of Ulitius upon *Gratius*, from *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*, from *bracco*, in Spelman's *Gloſſary*, and from Markham's *Country Contentments*, that *brache* originally meant a bitch. Ulitius, p. 163, obſerves, that bitches have a ſuperior ſagacity of noſe:—" fœminis [canibus] ſagacitatis plurimum ineſſe, uſus docuit;" and hence, perhaps, any hound with eminent quickneſs of ſcent, whether dog or bitch, was called *brache*, for the term *brache* is ſometimes applied to males. Our anceſtors hunted much with the large ſouthern hounds, and had in every pack a couple of dogs peculiarly good and cunning to find game, or recover the ſcent, as Markham informs us. To this cuſtom Shakſpeare ſeems here to allude, by naming *two braches*, which, in my opinion, are beagles; and this diſcriminates *brach*, from the *lym*, a blood-hound mentioned together with it, in the tragedy of *King Lear*. In the following quotation offered by Mr. Steevens on another occaſion, the *brache* hunts truly by the ſcent, behind the doe, while the hounds are on every ſide:

" For as the dogs purſue the filly doe,
" The *brache* behind, the hounds on every ſide;
" So trac'd they me among the mountains wide."
Phaer's *Legend of Owen Glendower*. TOLLET.

The word is certainly uſed by Chapman in his *Gentleman Uſher*, a comedy, 1606, as ſynonymous to *bitch*: " *Venus*, your *brach* there, runs ſo proud," &c. So, alſo, our author in *King Henry IV.* P. I: " I'd rather hear *Lady*, my *brach*, howl in Iriſh." The ſtructure of the paſſage before us, and the manner in which the next line is connected with this, [*And*

Saw'ſt thou not, boy, how Silver made it good[1]

couple &c.] added to the circumſtance of the word *brach* occurring in the end of that line, incline me to think that *Brach* is here a corruption, and that the line before us began with a verb, not a noun. MALONE.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*Leech* Merriman; that is, *apply ſome remedies* to Merriman, the poor cur has his *joints ſwelled*. —Perhaps we might read—*bathe* Merriman, which is, I believe, the common practice of huntſmen; but the preſent reading may ſtand. JOHNSON.

Emboſs'd is a hunting term. When a deer is hard run, and foams at the mouth, he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*. A dog alſo when he is ſtrained with hard running (eſpecially upon hard ground,) will have his knees ſwelled, and then he is ſaid to be *emboſs'd*: from the French word *boſſe*, which ſignifies a tumour. This explanation of the word will receive illuſtration from the following paſſage in the old comedy, intitled, *The Shoemakers Holiday, or the Gentle Craft*, acted at court, and printed in the year 1600, ſignat. C:

" ——Beate every brake, the game's not farre,
" This way with winged feet he fled from death:
" Beſides, the miller's boy told me even now,
" He ſaw him take ſoyle, and he hallowed him,
" Affirming him ſo *emboſs'd*." T. WARTON.

Mr. T. Warton's firſt explanation may be juſt. Lyly, in his *Midas*, 1592, has not only given us the term, but the explanation of it:

" *Pet.* There was a boy leaſhed on the ſingle, becauſe when he was *imboſſed* he took ſoyle.

" *Li.* What's that?

" *Pet.* Why a boy was beaten on the tayle with a leathern thong, becauſe, when he *fom'de at the mouth* with running, he went into the water."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the fourth *Iliad*:

" ——like hinds that have no hearts,
" Who, wearied with a long-run field, are inſtantly *emboſt*,
" Stand ſtill," &c.— STEEVENS.

From the Spaniſh, *des embocar*, to caſt out of the mouth. We have again the ſame expreſſion in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——the boar of Theſſaly
" Was never ſo *emboſs'd*." MALONE.

Can any thing be more evident than that *imboſs'd* means

At the hedge corner, in the coldeſt fault?
I would not loſe the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he, my lord;
He cried upon it at the mereſt loſs,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dulleſt ſcent:
Truſt me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool; if Echo were as fleet,
I would eſteem him worth a dozen ſuch.
But ſup them well, and look unto them all;
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk? See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord: Were he not warm'd with ale,
This were a bed but cold to ſleep ſo ſoundly.

Lord. O monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
Grim death, how foul and loathſome is thine image!
Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man.——
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in ſweet clothes, rings put upon his fingers,
A moſt delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he wakes,
Would not the beggar then forget himſelf?

ſwelled in the knees, and that we ought to read *bathe?* What has the *imboſſing* of a *deer* to do with that of a *hound?* "*Imboſſed* ſores" occur in *As you like it*; and in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* the Prince calls Falſtaff "*imboſs'd* raſcal."

Ritson.

[1] —— *how Silver* made it good—] This, I ſuppoſe, is a technical term. It occurs likewiſe in the 23d ſong of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"What's offer'd by the firſt, the other *good doth make.*"

Steevens.

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he cannot chooſe.

2 *Hun.* It would ſeem ſtrange unto him when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream, or worthleſs fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jeſt:—
Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures:
Balm his foul head with warm diſtilled waters,
And burn ſweet wood to make the lodging ſweet:
Procure me muſick ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly ſound;
And if he chance to ſpeak, be ready ſtraight,
And, with a low ſubmiſſive reverence,
Say,—What is it your honour will command?
Let one attend him with a ſilver baſon,
Full of roſe-water, and beſtrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And ſay,—Will't pleaſe your lordſhip cool your hands?
Some one be ready with a coſtly ſuit,
And aſk him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his hounds and horſe,
And that his lady mourns at his diſeaſe:
Perſuade him, that he hath been lunatick;
And, when he ſays he is —, ſay, that he dreams,
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.[2]

[2] *And, when he ſays he is —, ſay, that he dreams,*
For he is nothing but a mighty lord.] I rather think, (with Sir Thomas Hanmer) that Shakſpeare wrote:
And when he ſays he's poor, *ſay that he dreams.*
The dignity of a lord is then ſignificantly oppoſed to the poverty which it would be natural for Sly to acknowledge. Steevens.

If any thing ſhould be inſerted, it may be done thus:
And when he ſays he's Sly, *ſay that he dreams.*

This do, and do it kindly,[3] gentle ſirs;
It will be paſtime paſſing excellent,
If it be huſbanded with modeſty.[4]

1 *Hun.* My lord, I warrant you, we'll play our part,
As he ſhall think, by our true diligence,
He is no leſs than what we ſay he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him;
And each one to his office, when he wakes.—
[*Some bear out* Sly. *A trumpet ſounds.*
Sirrah, go ſee what trumpet 'tis that ſounds:—
[*Exit* Servant.
Belike, ſome noble gentleman; that means,
Travelling ſome journey, to repoſe him here.—

Re-enter a Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it pleaſe your honour,
Players that offer ſervice to your lordſhip.

The likeneſs in writing of *Sly* and *ſay* produced the omiſſion. Johnson.

This is hardly right; for how ſhould the Lord know the beggar's name to be *Sly*? Steevens.

Perhaps the ſentence is left imperfect, becauſe he did not know by what name to call him. Blackstone.

I have no doubt that the blank was intended by the author. It is obſervable that the metre of the line is perfect, without any ſupplemental word. In *The Tempeſt* a ſimilar blank is found, which Shakſpeare there alſo certainly intended:—"I ſhould know that voice; it ſhould be ——; but he is drowned, and theſe are devils." Malone.

[3] *This do, and do it* kindly,] *Kindly*, means naturally. M. Mason.

[4] —— *modeſty.*] By *modeſty* is meant *moderation*, without ſuffering our merriment to break into an exceſs. Johnson.

Lord. Bid them come near:—

Enter Players.[5]

Now, fellows, you are welcome.

1 *Play.* We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to ſtay with me to-night?

2 *Play.* So pleaſe your lordſhip to accept our duty.[6]

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,
Since once he play'd a farmer's eldeſt ſon;—
'Twas where you woo'd the gentlewoman ſo well:

[5] *Enter Players.*] The old play already quoted reads:
" *Enter two of the plaiers with packs at their backs, and a boy.*
" Now, ſirs, what ſtore of plaies have you?
" *San.* Marry my lord you may have a tragicall,
" Or a commoditie, or what you will.
" *The other.* A comedie thou ſhouldſt ſay, ſouns thou'lt ſhame us all.
" *Lord.* And what's the name of your comedie?
" *San.* Marrie my lord, 'tis calde *The Taming of a Shrew:*
" 'Tis a good leſſon for us my L. for us that are married men," &c. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *to accept our duty.*] It was in thoſe times the cuſtom of players to travel in companies, and offer their ſervice at great houſes. JOHNSON.

In the fifth *Earl of Northumberland's Houſehold Book*, (with a copy of which I was honoured by the late ducheſs,) the following article occurs. The book was begun in the year 1512:
" Rewards to Playars.
" Item, to be payd to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy for rewards to players for playes playd in Chryſtinmas by ſtranegers in my houſe after xxd. every play by eſtimacion ſomme xxxiijs. iiijd. Which ys appoynted to be paid to the ſaid Richard Gowge and Thomas Percy at the ſaid Chriſtynmas in full contentacion of the ſaid rewardys xxxiijs. iiijd." STEEVENS.

I have forgot your name; but, ſure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

1 *Play.* I think, 'twas Soto[7] that your honour means.

Lord. 'Tis very true;—thou didſt it excellent.—
Well, you are come to me in happy time;
The rather for I have ſome ſport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can aſſiſt me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night:

[7] *I think, 'twas* Soto—] I take our author here to be paying a compliment to Beaumont and Fletcher's *Woman Pleaſed*, in which comedy there is the character of *Soto*, who is a farmer's ſon, and a very facetious ſerving-man. Mr. Rowe and Mr. Pope prefix the name of *Sim* to the line here ſpoken; but the firſt folio has it *Sincklo*; which, no doubt, was the name of one of the players here introduced, and who had played the part of *Soto* with applauſe. Theobald.

As the old copy prefixes the name of *Sincklo* to this line, why ſhould we diſplace it? *Sincklo* is a name elſewhere uſed by Shakſpeare. In one of the parts of *King Henry VI. Humphrey* and *Sincklo* enter with their bows, as foreſters.

With this obſervation I was favoured by a learned lady, and have replaced the old reading. Steevens.

It is true that *Soto*, in the play of *Woman Pleaſed*, is a *farmer's eldeſt ſon*, but *he does not wooe any gentlewoman*; ſo that it may be doubted, whether that be the character alluded to. There can be little doubt that *Sincklo* was the name of one of the players, which has crept in, both here and in *The Third Part of Henry VI.* inſtead of the name of the perſon repreſented.

Again, at the concluſion of *The Second Part of K. Henry IV:* "Enter *Sincklo* and three or four officers." See the quarto, 1600. Tyrwhitt.

If *Soto* were the character alluded to, the compliment would be to the perſon who played the part, not to the author. M. Mason.

Sincklo or *Sinkler*, was certainly an actor in the ſame company with Shakſpeare, &c.—He is introduced together with Burbage, Condell, Lowin, &c. in the Induction to Marſton's *Malcontent*, 1604, and was alſo a performer in the entertainment entitled *The Seven Deadlie Sinns*. Malone.

But I am doubtful of your modeſties;
Leſt, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into ſome merry paſſion,
And ſo offend him; for I tell you, ſirs,
If you ſhould ſmile, he grows impatient.

1 *Play.* Fear not, my lord; we can contain ourſelves,
Were he the verieſt antick in the world.[8]

[8] ——*in the world.*] Here follows another inſertion made by Mr. Pope from the old play. Theſe words are not in the folio, 1623. I have therefore degraded them, as we have no proof that the firſt ſketch of the piece was written by Shakſpeare:

"*San.* [*to the other.*] Go, get a diſhclout to make cleane your ſhooes, and Ile ſpeak for the properties.* [*Exit Player.*

"My lord, we muſt have a ſhoulder of mutton for a propertie, and a little vinegre to make our diuell rore."†

The *ſhoulder of mutton* might indeed be neceſſary afterwards for the dinner of Petruchio, but there is no devil in this piece, or in the original on which Shakſpeare formed it; neither was it yet determined what comedy ſhould be repreſented.

Steevens.

* *Property*] in the language of a playhouſe, is every implement neceſſary to the exhibition. Johnson.

† ——*a little* vinegre *to make our* diuell rore.] When the acting the myſteries of the Old and New Teſtament was in vogue, at the repreſentation of the myſtery of the Paſſion, Judas and the Devil made a part. And the Devil, wherever he came, was always to ſuffer ſome diſgrace, to make the people laugh: as here, the buffoonery was to apply the gall and vinegar to make him roar. And the Paſſion being that, of all the myſteries, which was moſt frequently repreſented, vinegar became at length the ſtanding implement to torment the Devil; and was uſed for this purpoſe even after the myſteries ceaſed, and the moralities came in vogue; where the Devil continued to have a conſiderable part. The mention of it here, was to ridicule ſo abſurd a circumſtance in theſe old farces. Warburton.

All that Dr. Warburton has ſaid relative to *Judas* and the *vinegar*, wants confirmation. I have met with no ſuch circumſtances in any myſteries, whether in MS. or in print; and yet both the *Chester* and *Coventry* collections are preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum. See MS. Harl. 2013, and Cotton MS. Veſpaſian D. viii.

Perhaps, however, ſome entertainments of a farcical kind might have been introduced between the Acts. Between the diviſions of one of the *Chester Myſteries*, I meet with this marginal direction: *Here the Boy and Pig*; and perhaps the Devil in the intervals of this firſt comedy of *The Taming of the*

Lord. Go, ſirrah, take them to the buttery,[9]

[9] ——*take them to the* buttery,] Mr. Pope had probably theſe words in his thoughts, when he wrote the following paſſage of his preface: "—the top of the profeſſion were then mere players, not gentlemen of the ſtage; they were led into the *buttery* by the ſteward, not placed at the lord's table, or the lady's toilette." But he ſeems not to have obſerved, that the players here introduced are *ſtrollers*; and there is no reaſon to ſuppoſe that our author, Heminge, Burbage, Condell, &c. who were licenſed by King James, were treated in this manner.

MALONE.

Shrew, might be tormented for the entertainment of the audience; or, according to a cuſtom obſerved in ſome of our ancient puppet-ſhews, might beat his wife with a ſhoulder of mutton. In the Preface to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, the Printer ſays:

"I have (purpoſelie) omitted and left out ſome fond and frivolous jeſtures, digreſſing (and in my poore opinion) farre unmeete for the matter, which I thought might ſeeme more tedious unto the wiſe, than any way els to be regarded, though (happly) they have bene of ſome vaine conceited fondlings greatly gaped at, what time they were ſhowed upon the ſtage in their graced deformities: nevertheleſſe now to be mixtured in print with ſuch matter of worth, it would prove a great diſgrace," &c.

The *bladder of vinegar* was, however, uſed for other purpoſes. I meet with the following ſtage direction in the old play of *Cambyses*, (by T. Preſton,) when one of the characters is ſuppoſed to die from the wounds he had juſt received: *Here let a ſmall bladder of vinegar be pricked.* I ſuppoſe to counterfeit blood: red-wine vinegar was chiefly uſed, as appears from the ancient books of cookery.

In the ancient Tragedy, or rather Morality, called *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578, *Sin* ſays.

"I knew I would make him ſoon change his note,
"I will make him ſing the Black Sanctus, I hold him a groat."
"Here *Satan* ſhall *cry and roar.*"

Again, a little after:

"Here he *roareth and crieth.*"

Of the kind of wit current through theſe productions, a better ſpecimen can hardly be found than the following:

"*Satan.* Whatever thou wilt have, I will not thee denie.
"*Sinne.* Then give me a piece of thy tayle to make a flappe for a flie.
"For if I had a piece thereof, I do verely believe
"The humble bees ſtinging ſhould never me grieve.
"*Satan.* No, my friend, no, my tayle I cannot ſpare,
"But aske what thou wilt beſides, and I will it prepare.
"*Sinne.* Then your noſe I would have to ſtop my tayle behind,
"For I am combred with collike and letting out of winde:
"And if it be too little to make thereof a caſe,
"Then I would be ſo bold to borrowe your face."

Such were the entertainments, of which our maiden Queen ſat a ſpectatreſs in the earlier part of her reign. STEEVENS.

And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my houſe affords.—
[*Exeunt* Servant *and* Players.
Sirrah, go you to Bartholomew my page,
[*To a* Servant.
And ſee him dreſs'd in all ſuits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's chamber,
And call him—madam, do him obeiſance.
Tell him from me, (as he will win my love,)
He bear himſelf with honourable action,
Such as he hath obſerv'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords, by them accompliſhed:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With ſoft low tongue,[1] and lowly courteſy;
And ſay,—What is't your honour will command,
Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May ſhow her duty, and make known her love?
And then—with kind embracements, tempting kiſſes,
And with declining head into his boſom,—
Bid him ſhed tears, as being overjoy'd
To ſee her noble lord reſtor'd to health,

At the period when this comedy was written, and for many years after, the profeſſion of a player was ſcarcely allowed to be reputable. The imagined dignity of thoſe who did not belong to itinerant companies, is, therefore, unworthy conſideration. I can as eaſily believe that the blundering editors of the firſt folio were ſuffered to lean their hands on Queen Elizabeth's chair of ſtate, as that they were admitted to the table of the Earl of Leiceſter, or the toilette of Lady Hunſdon. Like Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, the greateſt indulgence our hiſtrionic leaders could have expected, would have been "a trencher and a napkin in the *buttery*." STEEVENS.

[1] *With* ſoft low *tongue,*] So, in *King Lear:*
"——— Her voice was ever *ſoft,*
"Gentle and *low*; an excellent thing in woman."
MALONE.

Who, for twice ſeven years, hath eſteemed him
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar:[2]
And if the boy have not a woman's gift,
To rain a ſhower of commanded tears,
An onion[3] will do well for ſuch a ſhift;
Which in a napkin being cloſe convey'd,
Shall in deſpite enforce a watery eye.

[2] *Who, for* twice *ſeven years,* &c.] In former editions:

Who for this *ſeven years hath eſteemed him*
No better than a poor and loathſome beggar.

I have ventured to alter a word here, againſt the authority of the printed copies; and hope, I ſhall be juſtified in it by two ſubſequent paſſages. That the poet deſigned the tinker's ſuppoſed lunacy ſhould be of fourteen years ſtanding at leaſt, is evident upon two parallel paſſages in the play to that purpoſe.

THEOBALD.

The remark is juſt, but perhaps the alteration may be thought unneceſſary by thoſe who recollect that our author rarely reckons time with any great correctneſs. Both Falſtaff and Orlando forget the true hour of their appointments. STEEVENS.

In both theſe paſſages the term mentioned is *fifteen,* not *fourteen* years. The ſervants may well be ſuppoſed to forget the preciſe period dictated to them by their maſter, or, as is the cuſtom of ſuch perſons, to aggravate what they have heard. There is, therefore, in my opinion, no need of change.

MALONE.

——*hath eſteemed* him—] This is an error of the preſs:—We ſhould read *himſelf,* inſtead of *him.* M. MASON.

Him is uſed inſtead of *himſelf,* as *you* is uſed for *yourſelves* in *Macbeth:*

"Acquaint *you* with the perfect ſpy o' the time—."

i. e. acquaint *yourſelves.*

Again, in Ovid's *Banquet of Sence,* by Chapman, 1595:

"Sweet touch, the engine that love's bow doth bend,
"The ſence wherewith he feeles *him* deified."

STEEVENS.

[3] *An* onion—] It is not unlikely that the *onion* was an expedient uſed by the actors of interludes. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"The tears live in an *onion* that ſhould water this ſorrow."

STEEVENS.

See this deſpatch'd with all the haſte thou canſt;
Anon I'll give thee more inſtructions.——
[*Exit* Servant.
I know, the boy will well uſurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman:
I long to hear him call the drunkard, huſband;
And how my men will ſtay themſelves from laughter,
When they do homage to this ſimple peaſant.
I'll in to counſel them: haply, my preſence
May well abate the over-merry ſpleen,
Which otherwiſe would grow into extremes.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Bedchamber in the Lord's Houſe.[4]

SLY *is diſcovered*[5] *in a rich night gown, with Attendants; ſome with apparel, others with baſon, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter* Lord, *dreſſed like a Servant.*

Sly. For God's ſake, a pot of ſmall ale.[6]

[4] *A Bedchamber* &c.] From the original ſtage direction in the firſt folio it appears that Sly and the other perſons mentioned in the Induction, were intended to be exhibited here, and during the repreſentation of the comedy, in a balcony above the ſtage. The direction here is—*Enter* aloft the *drunkard with attendants*, &c. So afterwards, at the end of this ſcene—*The Preſenters* above *ſpeak*. See the Account of our old Theatres, Vol. II. MALONE.

[5] *Sly is diſcovered* &c.] Thus, in the original play:

" *Enter two with a table and a banquet on it, and two other, with* Slie *aſleepe in a chaire, richlie apparelled, and the muſick plaieng.*

" *One.* So, firha, now go call my lord;

" And tell him all things are ready as he will'd it.

1 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your lordſhip drink a cup of ſack?

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your honour taſte of theſe conſerves?

3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?

Sly. I am Chriſtophero Sly; call not me—honour,

" *Another.* Set thou ſome wine upon the boord,
" And then Ile go fetch my lord preſently. [*Exit.*
" *Enter the Lord and his men.*
" *Lord.* How now, what is all things readie?
" *One.* Yea, my lord.
" *Lord.* Then ſound the muſicke, and Ile wake him ſtrait,
" And ſee you doe as earſt I gave in charge.
" My lord, my lord, (he ſleeps ſoundly,) my lord.
" *Slie.* Tapſter, give's a little ſmall ale: heigh ho.
" *Lord.* Heere's wine, my lord, the pureſt of the grape.
" *Slie.* For which lord?
" *Lord.* For your honor, my lord.
" *Slie.* Who I, am I a lord?—Ieſus, what fine apparell have I got!
" *Lord.* More richer far your honour hath to weare,
" And if it pleaſe you, I will fetch them ſtraight.
" *Wil.* And if your honour pleaſe to ride abroad,
" Ile fetch your luſtie ſteedes more ſwift of pace
" Then winged Pegaſus in all his pride,
" That ran ſo ſwiftlie over Perſian plaines.
" *Tom.* And if your honour pleaſe to hunt the deere,
" Your hounds ſtands readie cuppled at the doore,
" Who in running will oretake the row,
" And make the long-breathde tygre broken-winded."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſmall ale.*] This beverage is mentioned in the accounts of the Stationers' Company in the year 1558: " For a ſtande of *ſmall ale*;" I ſuppoſe it was what we now call *ſmall beer*, no mention of that liquor being made on the ſame books, though *duble bere*, and *duble duble ale*, are frequently recorded.

STEEVENS.

It appears from *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Act IV. ſc. ii. that *ſingle beer* and *ſmall beer* were ſynonymous terms. MALONE.

nor lordſhip: I never drank ſack in my life; and if you give me any conſerves, give me conſerves of beef: Ne'er aſk me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more ſtockings than legs, nor no more ſhoes than feet; nay, ſometimes, more feet than ſhoes, or ſuch ſhoes as my toes look through the overleather.

Lord. Heaven ceaſe this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of ſuch deſcent,
Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad? Am not I Chriſtopher Sly, old Sly's ſon of Burton-heath;[7] by birth a pedler, by education a card-maker, by tranſmutation a bear-herd, and now by preſent pro-

[7] —— *of* Burton-heath;——*Marian Hacket the fat ale-wife of* Wincot,] I ſuſpect we ſhould read—*Barton*-heath. *Barton* and *Woodmancot*, or, as it is vulgarly pronounced, *Woncot*, are both of them in Glouceſterſhire, near the reſidence of Shakſpeare's old enemy, Juſtice Shallow. Very probably too, this fat ale-wife might be a real character. Steevens.

Wilnecotte is a village in Warwickſhire, with which Shakſpeare was well acquainted, near Stratford. The houſe kept by our genial hoſteſs, ſtill remains, but is at preſent a mill. The meaneſt hovel to which Shakſpeare has an alluſion, intereſts curioſity, and acquires an importance: at leaſt, it becomes the object of a poetical antiquarian's inquiries. T. Warton.

Burton Dorſet is a village in Warwickſhire. Ritson.

There is likewiſe a village in Warwickſhire called *Burton* Haſtings.

Among Sir A Cockayn's *Poems* (as Dr. Farmer and Mr. Steevens have obſerved,) there is an epigram on Sly and his ale, addreſſed to Mr. Clement Fiſher of *Wincot*.

The text is undoubtedly right.

There is a village in Warwickſhire called *Barton on the Heath*, where Mr. Dover, the founder of the Cotſwold games, lived. Malone.

ſeſſion a tinker? Aſk Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if ſhe know me not: if ſhe ſay I am not fourteen pence on the ſcore for ſheer ale, ſcore me up for the lyingeſt knave in Chriſtendom. What, I am not beſtraught:[8] Here's——

1 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.

2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your ſervants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred ſhun your houſe,
As beaten hence by your ſtrange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth;
Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment,
And baniſh hence theſe abject lowly dreams:
Look how thy ſervants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.

[8] —— *I am not* beſtraught:] I once thought that if our poet did not deſign to put a corrupted word into the mouth of the Tinker, we ought to read—*diſtraught*, i. e. *diſtracted*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" O, if I wake, ſhall I not be *diſtraught*," &c.

For there is no verb extant from which the participle *beſtraught* can be formed. In *Albion's England*, however, by Warner, 1602, I meet with the word as ſpelt by Shakſpeare:

" Now teares had drowned further ſpeech, till ſhe as one *beſtrought*
" Did crie," &c.

Again, in the old ſong, beginning: " When griping grief," &c. No. 53. *Paradyſe of dainty Deuiſes*, edit. 1576:

" *Be-ſtraughted* heads relyef hath founde."

Again, in Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the 4th Book of Virgil's *Æneid*:

" Well near *beſtraught*, upſtart his heare for dread."

STEEVENS.

Beſtraught ſeems to have been ſynonymous to *diſtraught* or diſtracted. See Minſheu's DICT. 1617: " *Beſtract*, a Lat. diſtractus mente. Vi. *Mad* and Bedlam." MALONE.

Wilt thou have muſick? hark! Apollo plays,
[*Muſick.*
And twenty caged nightingales do ſing:
Or wilt thou ſleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and ſweeter than the luſtful bed
On purpoſe trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will beſtrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horſes ſhall be trapp'd,
Their harneſs ſtudded all with gold and pearl.
Doſt thou love hawking? thou haſt hawks will ſoar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds ſhall make the welkin anſwer them,
And fetch ſhrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt courſe; thy greyhounds are as ſwift
As breathed ſtags, ay, fleeter than the roe.

2 *Serv.* Doſt thou love pictures? we will fetch thee ſtraight
Adonis, painted by a running brook:
And Cytherea all in ſedges hid;
Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll ſhow thee Io, as ſhe was a maid;
And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs that one ſhall ſwear ſhe bleeds:
And at that ſight ſhall ſad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 *Serv.* And, till the tears that ſhe hath ſhed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er-ran her lovely face,
She was the faireſt creature in the world;
And yet ſhe is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord? and have I ſuch a lady?
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not ſleep: I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Chriſtophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our ſight;
And once again, a pot o' the ſmalleſt ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't pleaſe your mightineſs to waſh your hands?

[Servants *preſent an ewer, baſon, and napkin.*

O, how we joy to ſee your wit reſtor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
Theſe fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, ſo wak'd as if you ſlept.

Sly. Theſe fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never ſpeak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord; but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you ſay, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hoſteſs of the houſe;
And ſay, you would preſent her at the leet,[9]

[9] —— *leet,*] At the *Court-leet,* or courts of the manor. JOHNSON.

And ſay, you would preſent her at the leet,
Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone jugs, and no ſeal'd quarts:] The *leet* is the *Court-leet,* or *View of frank pledge,* held anciently once a year, within a particular hundred, manor, or lordſhip, before the ſteward of the leet. See Kitchen, *On Courts,* 4th edit. 1663: "The reſidue of the matters of the charge which

Becauſe ſhe brought ſtone jugs and no ſeal'd quarts:
Sometimes you would call out for Cicely Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the houſe.

3 *Serv.* Why, ſir, you know no houſe, nor no ſuch maid;
Nor no ſuch men, as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,[1]

enſue," ſays that writer, on Court Leets, p. 21, "are enquirable and *preſentable*, and alſo puniſhable in a leet." He then enumerates the various articles, of which the following is the twenty-ſeventh: "Alſo if tiplers ſell by CUPS *and diſhes, or meaſures ſealed, or* not ſealed, *is inquirable.*" See alſo, *Characteriſmi*, or *Lenton's Leaſures*, 12mo. 1631: "He [an informer] transforms himſelfe into ſeveral ſhapes, to avoid ſuſpicion of *inne-holders*, and inwardly joyes at the ſight of a blacke pot or *jugge*, knowing that their ſale by *ſealed quarts*, ſpoyles his market." MALONE.

[1] ——*John Naps of* Greece,] A *hart of Greece*, was a *fat hart*. *Graiſſe*, Fr. So, in the old ballad of *Adam Bell*, &c.

"Eche of them ſlew a hart of *graece*."

Again, in Ives's *Select Papers*, at the coronation feaſt of Elizabeth of York, queen of King Henry VII. among other diſhes were "capons *of high Greece*."

Again, in Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the ſeventh *Iliad*, 4to. 1581:

"A bull *of greaſe* of five yeares olde the yoke that never bare."

Perhaps this expreſſion was uſed to imply that *John Naps* (who might have been a real character,) was *a fat man*: or as Poins calls the aſſociates of Falſtaff, *Trojans*, John Naps might be called a *Grecian* for ſuch another reaſon. STEEVENS.

For *old John Naps* of Greece, read—*old John Naps* o' th' Green. BLACKSTONE.

The addition ſeems to have been a common one. So, in our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Who is next?—Peter Bullcalf *of the Green*."

In *The London Chanticleers*, a comedy, 1659, a ballad, entitled "George *o' the Green*" is mentioned. Again, in our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II: "I beſeech you, ſir, to countenance William Viſor of Woncot, againſt Clement Perkes o' *the*

And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more ſuch names and men as theſe,
Which never were, nor no man ever ſaw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!

All. Amen.[2]

Sly. I thank thee; thou ſhalt not loſe by it.

Enter the Page, *as a lady, with Attendants.*[3]

Page. How fares my noble lord?

hill."—The emendation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone was alſo ſuggeſted in Theobald's edition, and adopted by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

[2] In this place, Mr. Pope, and after him other editors, had introduced the three following ſpeeches, from the old play 1607. I have already obſerved that it is by no means probable, that this former comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew* was written by Shakſpeare, and have therefore removed them from the text:

" *Sly.* By the maſs, I think I am a lord indeed:
" What is thy name?
" Man. *Sim,* an it pleaſe your honour.
" Sly. *Sim?* that's as much as to ſay, *Simeon,* or *Simon.*
" Put forth thy hand, and fill the pot." STEEVENS.

[3] *Enter the* Page, *&c.*] Thus, in the original play:

" *Enter the Boy in woman's attire.*
" Slie. *Sim,* is this ſhe?
" *Lord.* I, my lord.
" *Slie.* Maſſe 'tis a pretty wench; what's her name?
" *Boy.* Oh that my lovelie lord would once vouchſafe
" To looke on me, and leave theſe frantike fits!
" Or were I now but halfe ſo eloquent
" To paint in words what Ile performe in deedes,
" I know your honour then would pittie me.
" *Slie.* Harke you, miſtreſſe; will you eat a peece of bread?
" Come, ſit downe on my knee: *Sim,* drinke to her, *Sim;*
" For ſhe and I will go to bed anon.
" *Lord.* May it pleaſe you, your honour's plaiers be come
" To offer your honour a plaie.
" *Slie.* A plaie, *Sim,* O brave! be they my plaiers?
" *Lord.* I my lord.

Sly. Marry, I fare well; for here is cheer enough. Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord; What is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—huſband?
My men ſhould call me—lord; I am your good-man.

Page. My huſband and my lord, my lord and huſband;
I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well:—What muſt I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing elſe; ſo lords call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife,[4] they ſay that I have dream'd, and ſlept
Above ſome fifteen year and more.

" *Slie.* Is there not a foole in the plaie?
" *Lord.* Yes, my lord.
" *Slie.* When will they plaie, *Sim?*
" *Lord.* Even when it pleaſe your honour; they be readie.
" *Boy.* My lord, Ile go bid them begin their plaie.
" *Slie.* Doo, but looke that you come againe.
" *Boy.* I warrant you, my lord; I will not leave you thus. [*Exit Boy.*
" *Slie.* Come, *Sim,* where be the plaiers? *Sim,* ſtand by me,
" And we'll flowt the plaiers out of their coates.
" *Lord.* Ile cal them my lord. Ho, where are you there?
" *Sound trumpets.*
" *Enter two young gentlemen, and a man, and a boy.*"
STEEVENS.

[4] *Madam wife,*] Mr. Pope gives likewiſe the following prefix to this ſpeech from the elder play:
" *Sly.* Come, ſit down on my knee. *Sim,* drink to her."
Madam, &c. STEEVENS.

Page. Ay, and the time ſeems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much;——Servants, leave me and her alone.——
Madam, undreſs you, and come now to bed.[5]

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or, if not ſo, until the ſun be ſet:
For your phyſicians have expreſsly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I ſhould yet abſent me from your bed:
I hope, this reaſon ſtands for my excuſe.

Sly. Ay, it ſtands ſo, that I may hardly tarry ſo long. But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again; I will therefore tarry, in deſpite of the fleſh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your amendment,
Are come to play a pleaſant comedy,
For ſo your doctors hold it very meet;
Seeing too much ſadneſs hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurſe of frenzy,
Therefore, they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thouſand harms, and lengthens life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it: Is not a commonty a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling-trick?[6]

[5] —— *come now to bed.*] Here Mr. Pope adds again,—*Sim, drink to her.* Steevens.

[6] *Is not a* commonty *a Chriſtmas gambol, or a tumbling*

Page. No, my good lord; it is more pleaſing ſtuff.

Slr. What, houſhold ſtuff?

Page. It is a kind of hiſtory.

Slr. Well, we'll ſee't: Come, madam wife, ſit by my ſide, and let the world ſlip; we ſhall ne'er be younger. [*They ſit down.*

trick?] Thus the old copies; the modern ones read—*It is* not a *commodity*, &c. *Commonty* for comedy, &c. Steevens.

In the old play the players themſelves uſe the word *commodity* corruptly for a *comedy*. Blackstone.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Padua. *A public Place.*

Enter LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, ſince—for the great deſire I had
To ſee fair Padua, nurſery of arts,—
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,[7]
The pleaſant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
Moſt truſty ſervant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily inſtitute
A courſe of learning, and ingenious[8] ſtudies.
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,

[7] —— for *fruitful Lombardy,*] Mr. Theobald reads *from*. The former editions, inſtead of *from* had *for*. JOHNSON.

Padua is a city of Lombardy, therefore Mr. Theobald's emendation is unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *ingenious*—] I rather think it was written—*ingenuous* ſtudies, but of this and a thouſand ſuch obſervations there is little certainty. JOHNSON.

In Cole's *Dictionary*, 1677, it is remarked—"*ingenuous* and *ingenious* are too often confounded."

Thus, in *The Match at Midnight*, by Rowley, 1633:—"Methinks he dwells in my opinion: a right *ingenious* ſpirit, veil'd merely with the variety of youth, and wildneſs."

Again, in *The Bird in a Cage*, 1633:

"—— deal *ingeniouſly*, ſweet lady."

Again, ſo late as the time of the *Spectator*, No. 437, 1ſt. edit. "A parent who forces a child of a liberal and *ingenious* ſpirit," &c. REED.

Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.[9]
Vincentio his ſon,[1] brought up in Florence.
It ſhall become, to ſerve all hopes conceiv'd,[2]
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I ſtudy,
Virtue, and that part of philoſophy[3]

[9] *Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,* &c.] This paſſage, think, ſhould be read and pointed thus:

Piſa, renowned for grave citizens,
Gave me my being, and my father firſt,
A merchant of great traffick through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.

In the next line, which ſhould begin a new ſentence, *Vincentio his ſon,* is the ſame as *Vincentio's ſon,* which Mr. Heath not apprehending, has propoſed to alter Vincentio into Lucentio. It may be added, that Shakſpeare in other places expreſſes the genitive caſe in the ſame improper manner. See *Troilus and Creſſida,* Act II. ſc. i: "*Mars his* ideot." And *Twelfth-Night,* Act III. ſc. iii: "The *Count his* gallies." TYRWHITT.

Vincentio, *come of the Bentivolii.*] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's.* The emendation was made by Sir T. Hanmer. I am not ſure that it is right. Our author might have written:

Vincentio's ſon, *come of the Bentivolii.*

If that be the true reading, this line ſhould be connected with the following, and a colon placed after *world* in the preceding line; as is the caſe in the original copy, which adds ſome ſupport to the emendation now propoſed:

Vincentio's ſon, *come of the Bentivolii,*
Vincentio's ſon brought up in Florence,
It ſhall become, &c. MALONE.

[1] *Vincentio* his *ſon,*] The old copy reads—*Vincentio's.* STEEVENS.

Vincentio's is here uſed as a quadriſyllable. Mr. Pope, I ſuppoſe, not perceiving this, unneceſſarily reads—Vincentio *his* ſon, which has been too haſtily adopted by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

Could I have read the line, as a verſe, without Mr. Pope's emendation, I would not have admitted it. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*to* ſerve *all hopes conceiv'd,*] To fulfil the expectations of his friends. MALONE.

[3] *Virtue, and that part of philoſophy* —] Sir Thomas Han-

Will I apply, that treats of happineſs,
By virtue ſpecially to be achiev'd.
Tell me thy mind: for I have Piſa left,
And am to Padua come; as he that leaves
A ſhallow plaſh, to plunge him in the deep,
And with ſatiety ſeeks to quench his thirſt.

TRA. *Mi perdonate*,[4] gentle maſter mine,
I am in all affected as yourſelf;
Glad that you thus continue your reſolve,
To ſuck the ſweets of ſweet philoſophy.
Only, good maſter, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral diſcipline,
Let's be no ſtoicks, nor no ſtocks, I pray;
Or ſo devote to Ariſtotle's checks,[5]

mer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*to* virtue; but formerly *ply* and *apply* were indifferently uſed, as to *ply* or *apply* his ſtudies. JOHNSON.

The word *ply* is afterwards uſed in this ſcene, and in the ſame manner, by Tranio:

" For who ſhall bear your part, &c.
" Keep houſe and *ply* his book?" M. MASON.

So, in *The Nice Wanton*, an ancient interlude, 1560:

" O ye children, let your time be well ſpent,
" *Applye* your learning, and your elders obey."

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Suppoſes*, 1566: " I feare he *applyes* his ſtudy ſo, that he will not leave the minute of an houre from his booke." MALONE.

[4] *Mi perdonate*,] Old copy—*Me pardonato*. The emendation was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[5] —— *Ariſtotle's* checks,] Are, I ſuppoſe, the harſh rules of Ariſtotle. STEEVENS.

Such as tend to *check* and reſtrain the indulgence of the paſſions. MALONE.

Tranio is here deſcanting on academical learning, and mentions by name ſix of the ſeven liberal ſciences. I ſuſpect this to be a miſ-print, made by ſome copyiſt or compoſitor, for *ethicks*. The ſenſe confirms it. BLACKSTONE.

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent Woman*, Act IV. ſc. iv: " I, in ſome caſes: but in theſe they are beſt, and Ariſtotle's *ethicks*." STEEVENS.

As Ovid be an outcaſt quite abjur'd:
Talk logick[6] with acquaintance that you have,
And practice rhetorick in your common talk:
Muſick and poeſy uſe to quicken you;[7]
The mathematicks, and the metaphyſicks,
Fall to them, as you find your ſtomach ſerves you:
No profit grows, where is no pleaſure ta'en;—
In brief, ſir, ſtudy what you moſt affect.

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well doſt thou adviſe.
If, Biondello, thou wert come aſhore,
We could at once put us in readineſs;
And take a lodging, fit to entertain
Such friends, as time in Padua ſhall beget.
But ſtay awhile: What company is this?

Tra. Maſter, ſome ſhow, to welcome us to town.

Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO, *and* HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO *and* TRANIO *ſtand aſide.*

Bap. Gentlemen, impórtune me no further,
For how I firmly am reſolv'd you know;
That is,—not to beſtow my youngeſt daughter,
Before I have a huſband for the elder:
If either of you both love Katharina,
Becauſe I know you well, and love you well,
Leave ſhall you have to court her at your pleaſure.

Gre. To cart her rather: She's too rough for me:—
There, there Hortenſio, will you any wife?

[6] Talk *logick*—] Old copy—*Balk.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] —— *to* quicken *you*;] i. e *animate.* So, in *All's well that ends well:*

"*Quicken* a rock, and make you dance canary." STEEVENS.

Kath. I pray you, ſir, [*To* Bap.] is it your will
To make a ſtale of me amongſt theſe mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that? no mates for you,
Unleſs you were of gentler, milder mould.

Kath. I'faith, ſir, you ſhall never need to fear;
I wis, it is not half way to her heart:
But, if it were, doubt not her care ſhould be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd ſtool,
And paint your face, and uſe you like a fool.

Hor. From all ſuch devils, good Lord, deliver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Huſh, maſter! here is ſome good paſtime toward;
That wench is ſtark mad, or wonderful froward.

Luc. But in the other's ſilence I do ſee
Maids' mild behaviour and ſobriety.
Peace, Tranio.

Tra. Well ſaid, maſter; mum! and gaze your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may ſoon make good
What I have ſaid,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not diſpleaſe thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the leſs, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat![8] 'tis beſt
Put finger in the eye,—an ſhe knew why.

[8] *A pretty* peat!] *Peat* or *pet* is a word of endearment from *petit, little,* as if it meant pretty little thing. Johnson.

This word is uſed in the old play of *King Leir,* (not Shakſpeare's:)

"*Gon.* I marvel, Ragan, how you can endure
"To ſee that proud, pert *peat,* our youngeſt ſiſter," &c.

Bian. Siſter, content you in my diſcontent.—
Sir, to your pleaſure humbly I ſubſcribe:
My books, and inſtruments, ſhall be my company;
On them to look, and practiſe by myſelf.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'ſt hear Minerva ſpeak. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Signior Baptiſta, will you be ſo ſtrange?[9]
Sorry am I, that our good will effects
Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up,
Signior Baptiſta, for this fiend of hell,
And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am reſolv'd:—
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* Bianca.
And for I know, ſhe taketh moſt delight
In muſick, inſtruments, and poetry,
Schoolmaſters will I keep within my houſe,
Fit to inſtruct her youth.—*If* you, *Hortenſio,*
Or ſignior Gremio, you,—know *any ſuch,*
Prefer them hither; *for to cunning men*[1]
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing-up;

Again, in *Coridon's Song*, by Thomas Lodge; publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

" And God ſend every *pretty peate,*
" Heigh hoe the *pretty peate,*" &c.

and is, I believe, of Scotch extraction. I find it in one of the proverbs of that country, where it ſignifies *darling:*

" He has fault of a wife, that marries mam's *pet.*" i. e. He is in great want of a wife who marries one that is her mother's darling. Steevens.

[9] ——*ſo ſtrange?*] That is, ſo odd, ſo different from others in your conduct. Johnson.

[1] ——*cunning men,*] *Cunning* had not yet loſt its original ſignification of *knowing, learned,* as may be obſerved in the tranſlation of the Bible. Johnson.

And ſo farewell. Katharina you may ſtay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca. [*Exit.*

Kath. Why, and I truſt, I may go too; May I not?
What, ſhall I be appointed hours; as though, belike,
I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha! [*Exit.*

Gre. You may go to the devil's dam; your gifts[2] are ſo good, here is none will hold you. Their love is not ſo great, Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out;[3] our cake's dough on both ſides. Farewell:—Yet, for the love I bear my ſweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man, to teach her that wherein ſhe delights, I will wiſh him to her father.[4]

Hor. So will I, ſignior Gremio: But a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never

——*your* gifts—] *Gifts* for *endowments.* Malone.

So, before in this comedy:

"——a woman's *gift*,
"To rain a ſhower of commanded tears." Steevens.

——Their *love is not ſo great, Hortenſio, but we may blow our nails together, and faſt it fairly out;*] I cannot conceive whoſe love Gremio can mean by the words *their love*, as they had been talking of no love but that which they themſelves felt for Bianca. We muſt therefore read, *our* love, inſtead of *their*. M. Mason.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*Your* love. In the old manner of writing yr ſtood for either *their* or *your*. The editor of the third folio and ſome modern editors, with, I think, leſs probability, read *our*. If *their* love be right, it muſt mean—the good will of Baptiſta and Bianca towards us. Malone.

[4] ——*I will* wiſh *him to her father.*] i. e. I will *recommend* him. So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:

"To *wiſh* him wreſtle with affection." Reed.

brook'd parle, know now, upon advice,[5] it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have acceſs to our fair miſtreſs, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing 'ſpecially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, ſir, to get a huſband for her ſiſter.

Gre. A huſband! a devil.

Hor. I ſay, a huſband.

Gre. I ſay, a devil: Think'ſt thou, Hortenſio, though her father be very rich, any man is ſo very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tuſh, Gremio, though it paſs your patience, and mine, to endure her loud alarums, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, an a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough.

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-croſs every morning.

Hor. 'Faith, as you ſay, there's ſmall choice in rotten apples. But, come; ſince this bar in law makes us friends, it ſhall be ſo far forth friendly maintained,—till by helping Baptiſta's eldeſt daughter to a huſband, we ſet his youngeſt free for a huſband, and then have to't afreſh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole![6] He that runs faſteſt, gets the ring.[7] How ſay you, ſignior Gremio?

[5] ——*upon* advice,] i. e. on conſideration, or reflection. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"How ſhall I dote on her, with more *advice,*
"That thus, without *advice,* begin to love her!"

STEEVENS.

[6] *Happy man be his* dole!] A proverbial expreſſion. It is uſed in *Damon and Pithias,* 1571. *Dole* is any thing dealt out or

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the beſt horſe in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the houſe of her. Come on.

[*Exeunt* Gremio *and* Hortensio.

Tra. [*Advancing.*] I pray, ſir, tell me,—Is it poſſible
That love ſhould of a ſudden take ſuch hold?

Luc. O Tranio, till I found it to be true,
I never thought it poſſible, or likely;
But ſee! while idly I ſtood looking on,
I found the effect of love in idleneſs:
And now in plainneſs do confeſs to thee,—
That art to me as ſecret, and as dear,
As Anna to the queen of Carthage was,—
Tranio, I burn, I pine, I periſh, Tranio,
If I achieve not this young modeſt girl:
Counſel me, Tranio, for I know thou canſt;
Aſſiſt me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Maſter, it is no time to chide you now;
Affection is not rated[8] from the heart:

diſtributed, though its original meaning was the proviſion given away at the doors of great men's houſes. Steevens.

In *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, we meet with a ſimilar expreſſion, which may ſerve to explain that before us: "Then *happy man* be his *fortune!*" i. e. May his fortune be that of a happy man! Malone.

[7] —— *He that runs faſteſt, gets the* ring.] An alluſion to the ſport of running at the ring. Douce.

[8] ——*is not* rated—] Is not driven out by chiding. Malone.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"——'tis to be chid,
"As we *rate* boys." Steevens.

If love have touch'd you, nought remains but ſo,[9]—
Redime te captum quam queas minimo.[1]

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward: this contents;
The reſt will comfort, for thy counſel's ſound.

Tra. Maſter, you look'd ſo longly[2] on the maid,
Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O yes, I ſaw ſweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor[3] had,
That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,
When with his knees he kiſs'd the Cretan ſtrand.

Tra. Saw you no more? mark'd you not, how her ſiſter

[9] *If love have* touch'd *you, nought remains but ſo,*] The next line from Terence ſhows that we ſhould read:

If Love hath toyl'd *you,*——

i. e. taken you in his toils, his nets. Alluding to the *captus eſt, habet,* of the ſame author. WARBURTON.

It is a common expreſſion at this day to ſay, when a bailiff has arreſted a man, that he has *touched* him on the ſhoulder. Therefore *touch'd* is as good a tranſlation of *captus*, as *toyl'd* would be. Thus, in *As you like it*, Roſalind ſays to Orlando: "Cupid hath *clapt* him on the ſhoulder, but I warrant him heart-whole."

M. MASON.

[1] *Redime* &c.] Our author had this line from *Lilly*, which I mention, that it may not be brought as an argument for his learning. JOHNSON.

Dr. Farmer's pamphlet affords an additional proof that this line was taken from Lilly, and not from Terence; becauſe it is quoted, as it appears in the *grammarian*, and not as it appears in the *poet*. It is introduced alſo in Decker's *Bellman's Night-Walk*, &c. It may be added, that *captus eſt, habet*, is not in the ſame play which furniſhed the quotation. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*longly*—] i. e. longingly. I have met with no example of this adverb. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*daughter of Agenor*—] Europa, for whoſe ſake Jupiter transformed himſelf into a bull. STEEVENS.

Began to ſcold; and raiſe up ſuch a ſtorm,
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I ſaw her coral lips to move,
And with her breath ſhe did perfume the air;
Sacred, and ſweet, was all I ſaw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 'tis time to ſtir him from his trance.
I pray, awake, ſir; If you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus it ſtands:—
Her elder ſiſter is ſo curſt and ſhrewd,
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Maſter, your love muſt live a maid at home;
And therefore has he cloſely mew'd her up,
Becauſe ſhe ſhall not be annoy'd[4] with ſuitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he!
But art thou not advis'd, he took ſome care
To get her cunning ſchoolmaſters to inſtruct her?

Tra. Ay, marry, am I, ſir; and now 'tis plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Maſter, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one.

Luc. Tell me thine firſt.

Tra. You will be ſchoolmaſter,
And undertake the teaching of the maid:
That's your device.

Luc. It is: May it be done?

Tra. Not poſſible; For who ſhall bear your part,
And be in Padua here Vincentio's ſon?

[4] ——*ſhe* ſhall *not be annoy'd*—] Old copy—ſhe *will* not. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Keep houſe, and ply his book; welcome his friends;
Viſit his countrymen, and banquet them?

Luc. Baſta;[5] content thee; for I have it full.[6]
We have not yet been ſeen in any houſe;
Nor can we be diſtinguiſhed by our faces,
For man, or maſter: then it follows thus;—
Thou ſhalt be maſter, Tranio, in my ſtead,
Keep houſe, and port,[7] and ſervants, as I ſhould:
I will ſome other be; ſome Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or mean man of Piſa.[8]
'Tis hatch'd, and ſhall be ſo:—Tranio, at once
Uncaſe thee; take my colour'd hat and cloak:
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee;
But I will charm him firſt to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. [*They exchange habits.*
In brief then, ſir, ſith it your pleaſure is,
And I am tied to be obedient;
(For ſo your father charg'd me at our parting;
Be ſerviceable to my ſon, quoth he,
Although, I think, 'twas in another ſenſe,)
I am content to be Lucentio,
Becauſe ſo well I love Lucentio.

[5] *Baſta;*] i. e. *'tis enough*; Italian and Spaniſh. This expreſſion occurs in *The Mad Lover,* and *The Little French Lawyer,* of Beaumont and Fletcher. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*I have it full.*] i. e. conceive our ſtratagem in its full extent, I have already planned the whole of it. So, in *Othello*:
"I have it, *'tis engender'd*—." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*port,*] *Port* is figure, ſhow, appearance. JOHNSON.
So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,
"How much I have diſabled mine eſtate
"By ſomething ſhowing a more ſwelling *port*
"Than my faint means would grant continuance."
REED.

[8] ——*or* mean *man of Piſa.*] The old copy, regardleſs of metre, reads—*meaner.* STEEVENS.

Luc. Tranio, be ſo, becauſe Lucentio loves:
And let me be a ſlave, to achieve that maid
Whoſe ſudden ſight hath thrall'd my wounded eye.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have you been?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how now, where are you?
Maſter, has my fellow Tranio ſtol'n your clothes?
Or you ſtol'n his? or both? pray, what's the news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither; 'tis no time to jeſt,
And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to ſave my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my eſcape have put on his;
For in a quarrel, ſince I came aſhore,
I kill'd a man, and fear I was deſcried:[9]
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to ſave my life:
You underſtand me?

Bion. I, ſir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth;
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him; 'Would I were ſo too!

Tra. So would I,[1] 'faith, boy, to have the next wiſh after,—

[9] ——*and fear I* was *deſcried*:] i. e. I fear I was obſerved in the act of killing him. The editor of the third folio reads—*I* am *deſcried*; which has been adopted by the modern editors. MALONE.

[1] *So* would *I*,] The old copy has—*could*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

That Lucentio indeed had Baptiſta's youngeſt daughter.
But, ſirrah,—not for my ſake, but your maſter's,—I adviſe
You uſe your manners diſcreetly in all kind of companies:
When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio;
But in all places elſe, your maſter[2] Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go:—
One thing more reſts, that thyſelf execute;—
To make one among theſe wooers: If thou aſk me why,—
Sufficeth, my reaſons are both good and weighty.[3]
[*Exeunt.*[4]

1 SERV. *My lord, you nod; you do not mind the play.*

SLY. *Yes, by ſaint Anne, do I. A good matter, ſurely; Comes there any more of it?*

PAGE. *My lord, 'tis but begun.*

SLY. *'Tis a very excellent piece of work, madam lady; 'Would't were done!*

[2] ——your *maſter*—] Old copy—*you* maſter. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] —— *good and weighty.*] The diviſion for the ſecond Act of this play is neither marked in the folio nor quarto editions. Shakſpeare ſeems to have meant the firſt Act to conclude here, where the ſpeeches of the Tinker are introduced; though they have been hitherto thrown to the end of the firſt Act, according to a modern and arbitrary regulation. STEEVENS.

[4] *Exeunt.*] Here in the old copy we have—"The Preſenters above ſpeak."—meaning Sly, &c. who were placed in a balcony raiſed at the back of the ſtage. After the words—"Would it were done," the marginal direction is—*They ſit and mark.* MALONE.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before Hortenſio's *Houſe.*

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.

PET. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To ſee my friends in Padua; but, of all,
My beſt beloved and approved friend,
Hortenſio; and, I trow, this is his houſe:—
Here, ſirrah Grumio; knock, I ſay.

GRU. Knock, ſir! whom ſhould I knock? is there any man has rebuſed your worſhip?[5]

PET. Villain, I ſay, knock me here ſoundly.

GRU. Knock you here,[6] ſir? why, ſir, what am I ſir, that I ſhould knock you here, ſir?

PET. Villain, I ſay, knock me at this gate,
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's pate.

GRU. My maſter is grown quarrelſome: I ſhould knock you firſt,
And then I know after who comes by the worſt.

PET. Will it not be?
'Faith, ſirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring it;[7]
I'll try how you can *ſol, fa,* and ſing it.

[*He wrings* GRUMIO *by the ears.*

[5] —— *has* rebuſed *your worſhip?*] What is the meaning of *rebuſed?* or is it a falſe print for *abuſed?* TYRWHITT.

[6] *Knock you here,*] Grumio's pretenſions to wit have a ſtrong reſemblance to thoſe of Dromio in *The Comedy of Errors*; and this circumſtance makes it the more probable that theſe two plays were written at no great diſtance of time from each other. MALONE.

[7] —— wring *it*;] Here ſeems to be a quibble between *ringing* at a door, and *wringing* a man's ears. STEEVENS.

Gru. Help, maſters,[8] help! my maſter is mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: ſirrah! villain!

Enter Hortensio.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My old friend Grumio! and my good friend Petruchio!—How do you all at Verona?

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, come you to part the fray?

Con tutto il core bene trovato, may I ſay.

Hor. *Alla noſtra caſa bene venuto,*
Molto honorato ſignor mio Petruchio.

Riſe, Grumio, riſe; we will compound this quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, what he 'leges in Latin.[9]—If this be not a lawful cauſe for me to

[8] *Help,* maſters,] The old copy reads—*here*; and in ſeveral other places in this play *miſtreſs,* inſtead of *maſters.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. In the MSS. of our author's age, *M* was the common abbreviation of *Maſter* and *Miſtreſs.* Hence the miſtake. See *The Merchant of Venice,* Act V. 1600, and 1623:

"What ho, M. [Maſter] Lorenzo, and M. [Miſtreſs] Lorenzo." Malone.

[9] —— *what he* 'leges *in Latin.*] i. e. I ſuppoſe, what he *alleges* in Latin. Petruchio has been juſt ſpeaking Italian to Hortenſio, which Grumio miſtakes for the other language. Steevens.

I cannot help ſuſpecting that we ſhould read—*Nay, 'tis no matter what* be leges *in Latin, if this be not a lawful cauſe for me to leave his ſervice. Look you, ſir.*—That is, 'Tis no matter what is *law,* if this be not a lawful cauſe," &c. Tyrwhitt.

Tyrwhitt's amendment and explanation of this paſſage is evidently right. Mr. Steevens appears to have been a little abſent when he wrote his note on it. He forgot that Italian was Grumio's native language, and that therefore he could not poſſibly miſtake it for Latin. M. Mason.

I am grateful to Mr. M. Maſon for his hint, which may prove

leave his ſervice,—Look you, ſir,—he bid me knock him, and rap him ſoundly, ſir: Well, was it fit for a ſervant to uſe his maſter ſo; being, perhaps, (for aught I ſee,) two and thirty,—a pip out?[1]
Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at firſt,
Then had not Grumio come by the worſt.

Pet. A ſenſeleſs villain!—Good Hortenſio,
I bade the raſcal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate?—O heavens!
Spake you not theſe words plain,—*Sirrah, knock me here,*
Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me ſoundly?[2]
And come you now with—knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I adviſe you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience; I am Grumio's pledge:

beneficial to me on ſome future occaſion, though at the preſent moment it will not operate ſo forcibly as to change my opinion. I was well aware that Italian was Grumio's native language, but was not, nor am now, certain of our author's attention to this circumſtance, becauſe his Italians neceſſarily ſpeak Engliſh throughout the play, with the exception of a few colloquial ſentences. So little regard does our author pay to petty proprieties, that as often as *Signior*, the Italian appellation, does not occur to him, or ſuit the meaſure of his verſe, he gives us in its room, "*Sir* Vincentio," and "*Sir* Lucentio." Steevens.

[1] —— *a* pip *out*?] The old copy has—*peepe*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[2] —— knock me *ſoundly*?] Shakſpeare ſeems to deſign a ridicule on this clipped and ungrammatical phraſeology; which yet he has introduced in *Othello*:

"I pray *talk me* of Caſſio."

It occurs again, and more improperly, in heroic tranſlation:

"—— upon advantage ſpide,
"Did wound *me* Molphey on the leg," &c.
Arthur Golding's *Ovid*, B. V. p. 66, b.
Steevens.

Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you;[3]
Your ancient, truſty, pleaſant ſervant Grumio.
And tell me now, ſweet friend,—what happy gale
Blows you to Padua here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as ſcatters young men through the world,
To ſeek their fortunes further than at home,
Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a few,[4]
Signior Hortenſio, thus it ſtands with me:—
Antonio, my father, is deceas'd;
And I have thruſt myſelf into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as beſt I may:
Crowns in my purſe I have, and goods at home,
And ſo am come abroad to ſee the world.

Hor. Petruchio, ſhall I then come roundly to thee,
And wiſh thee to a ſhrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thoud'ſt thank me but a little for my counſel:
And yet I'll promiſe thee ſhe ſhall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my friend,
And I'll not wiſh thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortenſio, 'twixt ſuch friends as we,
Few words ſuffice: and, therefore, if thou know
One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife,
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance,[5])

[3] *Why, this* a *heavy chance* &c.] I ſhould read:
Why this ſo *heavy chance* &c. M. Mason.

[4] *Where ſmall experience grows. But, in a* few,] *In a few*, means the ſame as *in ſhort, in few* words. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:
"In *few*;—his death, whoſe ſpirit lent a fire," &c.
Steevens.

[5] (*As wealth is* burthen *of my wooing* dance,)] The *burthen* of a *dance* is an expreſſion which I have never heard; the *burthen of his wooing ſong* had been more proper. Johnson.

Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,[6]
As old as Sybil, and as curſt and ſhrewd

Be ſhe as foul as was Florentius' love,] I ſuppoſe this alludes to the ſtory of a Florentine, which is met with in the eleventh Book of Thomas Lupton's *Thouſand Notable Things,* and perhaps in other Collections:

"39. A *Florentine* young gentleman was ſo deceived by the luſtre and orientneſs of her jewels, pearls, rings, lawns, ſcarfes, laces, gold ſpangles, and other gaudy devices, that he was raviſhed overnight, and was mad till the marriage was ſolemnized. But next morning by light viewing her before ſhe was ſo gorgeouſly trim'd up, ſhe was ſuch a leane, yellow, riveled, deformed creature, that he never lay with her, nor lived with her afterwards; and would ſay that he had married himſelf to a ſtinking houſe of office, painted over, and ſet out with fine garments: and ſo for grief conſumed away in melancholy, and at laſt poyſoned himſelf. *Gomeſius, Lib.* 3, *de Sal. Gen. cap.* 22."

FARMER.

The alluſion is to a ſtory told by Gower in the firſt Book *De Confeſſione Amantis. Florent* is the name of a knight who had bound himſelf to marry a deformed hag, provided ſhe taught him the ſolution of a riddle on which his life depended. The following is the deſcription of her:

"*Florent* his wofull heed up lifte,
"And ſaw this vecke, where that ſhe ſit.
"Which was the lotheſt wighte
"That ever man caſte on his eye:
"Hir noſe baas, hir browes hie,
"Hir eyes ſmall, and depe ſette,
"Hir chekes ben with teres wette,
"And rivelyn as an empty ſkyn,
"Hangyng downe unto the chyn;
"Hir lippes ſhronken ben for age,
"There was no grace in hir viſage.
"Hir front was narowe, hir lockes hore,
"She loketh foorth as doth a more:
"Hir necke is ſhorte, hir ſhulders courbe,
"That might a mans luſte diſtourbe:
"Hir bodie great, and no thyng ſmall,
"And ſhortly to deſcrive hir all,
"She hath no lith without a lacke,
"But like unto the woll ſacke:" &c.—
"Though ſhe be the *fouleſte* of all," &c.

This ſtory might have been borrowed by Gower from an older

As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worſe,
She moves me not, or not removes, at leaſt,
Affection's edge in me; were ſhe as rough[7]
As are the ſwelling Adriatick ſeas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, ſir, he tells you flatly what his mind is: Why, give him gold enough and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;[8] or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head, though ſhe have as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes:[9] why, nothing comes amiſs, ſo money comes withal.

Hor. Petruchio, ſince we have ſtepp'd thus far in,
I will continue that I broach'd in jeſt.
I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beauteous;

narrative in the *Geſta Romanorum*. See the Introductory Diſcourſe to *The Canterbury Tales of Chaucer*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition, Vol. IV. p. 153. Steevens.

[7] ——*were ſhe as rough*—] The old copy reads—*were ſhe* is *as rough*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[8] ——*aglet-baby*;] i. e. a diminutive being, not exceeding in ſize the tag of a point.

So, in *Jeronimo*, 1605:

"And all thoſe ſtars that gaze upon her face,
"Are *aglets* on her ſleeve-pins and her train."

Steevens.

An *aglet-baby* was a ſmall image or head cut on the tag of a point, or lace. That ſuch figures were ſometimes appended to them, Dr. Warburton has proved, by a paſſage in Mezeray, the French hiſtorian:—"portant meme ſur les *aiguillettes* [points] des petites *tetes* de mort." Malone.

[9] ——*as many diſeaſes as two and fifty horſes*:] I ſuſpect this paſſage to be corrupt, though I know not how to rectify it. —*The fifty diſeaſes of a horſe* ſeem to have been proverbial. So, in *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608: "O ſtumbling jade! the ſpavin o'ertake thee! the *fifty diſeaſes* ſtop thee!" Malone.

Brought up, as beſt becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault (and that is faults enough,)[1]
Is,—that ſhe is intolerably curſt,
And ſhrewd,[2] and froward; ſo beyond all meaſure,
That, were my ſtate far worſer than it is,
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortenſio, peace; thou know'ſt not gold's effect:—
Tell me her father's name, and 'tis enough;
For I will board her, though ſhe chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptiſta Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman:
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her ſcolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her;
And he knew my deceaſed father well:—
I will not ſleep, Hortenſio, till I ſee her;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this firſt encounter,
Unleſs you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray you, ſir, let him go while the humour laſts. O' my word, an ſhe knew him as well as I do, ſhe would think ſcolding would do little good upon him: She may, perhaps, call him half a ſcore

[1] —— (*and that is* faults *enough,*)] And that one is itſelf a hoſt of faults. The editor of the ſecond folio, who has been copied by all the ſubſequent editors, unneceſſarily reads—*and that is* fault *enough.* MALONE.

[2] ——*ſhrewd,*] Here means, having the qualities of a *ſhrew.* The adjective is now uſed only in the ſenſe of *acute, intelligent.* MALONE.

I believe *ſhrewd* only ſignifies *bitter, ſevere.* So, in *As you like it,* ſc. ult:

"That have endur'd *ſhrewd* days and nights with us."

STEEVENS.

knaves, or ſo: why, that's nothing; an he begin once, he'll rail in his rope-tricks.[3] I'll tell you what, ſir,—an ſhe ſtand him[4] but a little, he will throw a figure in her face, and ſo diſfigure her with it, that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat:[5] You know him not, ſir.

[3] —— *an he begin once, he'll rail in his* rope-tricks.] This is obſcure. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—*he'll rail in his* rhetorick; *I'll tell you*, &c. Rhetorick agrees very well with *figure* in the ſucceeding part of the ſpeech, yet I am inclined to believe that *rope-tricks* is the true word. JOHNSON.

In *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakſpeare uſes *ropery* for *roguery*, and therefore certainly wrote *rope-tricks*.

Rope-tricks we may ſuppoſe to mean tricks of which the contriver would deſerve the *rope*. STEEVENS.

Rope-tricks is certainly right.—*Ropery* or *rope-tricks* originally ſignified abuſive language, without any determinate idea; ſuch language as parrots are taught to ſpeak. So, in *Hudibras*:

" Could tell what ſubt'leſt parrots mean,
" That ſpeak, and think contrary clean;
" What member 'tis of whom they talk,
" When they cry *rope*, and walk, knave walk."

The following paſſage in Wilſon's *Arte of Rhetorique*, 1553, ſhews that this was the meaning of the term: " Another good fellow in the countrey, being an officer and maiour of a toune, and deſirous to ſpeak like a fine learned man, having juſt occaſion to rebuke a runnegate fellow, ſaid after this wiſe in great heate: Thou yngram and vacation knave, if I take thee any more within the circumciſion of my damnacion, I will ſo corrupte thee that all vacation knaves ſhall take ill ſample by thee." So, in *May-day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611: " Lord! how you roll in your *rope-ripe* terms." MALONE.

[4] —— ſtand *him*—] i. e. withſtand, reſiſt him. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *that ſhe ſhall have no more eyes to ſee withal than a cat*:] The humour of this paſſage I do not underſtand. This animal is remarkable for the keenneſs of its ſight. In *The Caſtell of Laboure*, however, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1506, is the following line: " That was as *blereyed* as a cat."

There are two proverbs which any reader who can, may apply to this alluſion of Grumio:

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I muſt go with thee;
For in Baptiſta's keep[6] my treaſure is:
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngeſt daughter, beautiful Bianca;
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love:[7]
Suppoſing it a thing impoſſible,
(For thoſe defects I have before rehears'd,)
That ever Katharina will be woo'd,
Therefore this order hath Baptiſta ta'en;[8]—
That none ſhall have acceſs unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curſt have got a huſband.

Gru. Katherine the curſt!
A title for a maid, of all titles the worſt.

Hor. Now ſhall my friend Petruchio do me grace;
And offer me, diſguis'd in ſober robes,
To old Baptiſta as a ſchoolmaſter
Well ſeen in muſick,[9] to inſtruct Bianca:

"Well might the *cat* wink when both her eyes were out."
"A *muffled* cat was never a good hunter."
The firſt is in Ray's *Collection*, the ſecond in Kelly's. Steevens.

It may mean, that he ſhall ſwell up her eyes with blows, till ſhe ſhall ſeem to peep with a contracted pupil, like a cat in the light. Johnson.

[6] ——*in Baptiſta's* keep—] *Keep* is cuſtody. The ſtrongeſt part of an ancient caſtle was called the *keep*. Steevens.

[7] *And her withholds* &c.] It ſtood thus:
And her withholds from me,
Other more ſuitors to her, and rivals in my love, &c.
The regulation which I have given to the text, was dictated to me by the ingenious Dr. Thirlby. Theobald.

[8] *Therefore this* order *hath Baptiſta* ta'en;] To *take order* is to *take meaſures*. So, in *Othello*:
"Honeſt Iago hath *ta'en order* for it." Steevens.

[9] *Well* ſeen *in muſick,*] *Seen* is verſed, practiſed. So, in a

That ſo I may by this device, at leaſt,
Have leave and leiſure to make love to her,
And, unſuſpected, court her by herſelf.

Enter GREMIO; *with him* LUCENTIO *diſguiſed, with books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery! See; to beguile the old folks, how the young folks lay their heads together! Maſter, maſter, look about you: Who goes there? ha!

Hor. Peace, Grumio; 'tis the rival of my love:—Petruchio, ſtand by a while.

Gru. A proper ſtripling, and an amorous!

[*They retire.*

Gre. O, very well; I have perus'd the note.
Hark you, ſir; I'll have them very fairly bound:
All books of love, ſee that at any hand;[1]
And ſee you read no other lectures to her:
You underſtand me:—Over and beſide
Signior Baptiſta's liberality,

very ancient comedy called *The longer thou liveſt the more Fool thou art:*

"Sum would have you *ſeen* in ſtories,
"Sum to feates of arms will you allure, &c.
"Sum will move you to reade Scripture.
"Marry, I would have you *ſeene* in cardes and diſe."

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. IV. c. ii:

"Well *ſeene* in every ſcience that mote bee."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the 19th *Iliad:*

"Seven ladies *excellently ſeen* in all Minerva's ſkill."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*at any hand*;] i. e. at all events. So, in *All's well that ends well:*

"——let him fetch off his drum, *in any hand.*"

STEEVENS.

I'll mend it with a largeſs:—Take your papers too,
And let me have them very well perfum'd;
For ſhe is ſweeter than perfume itſelf,
To whom they go.[2] What will you read to her?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for you,
As for my patron, (ſtand you ſo aſſur'd,)
As firmly as yourſelf were ſtill in place:
Yea, and (perhaps) with more ſucceſsful words
Than you, unleſs you were a ſcholar, ſir.

Gre. O this learning! what a thing it is!

Gru. O this woodcock! what an aſs it is!

Pet. Peace, ſirrah.

Hor. Grumio, mum!—God ſave you, ſignior Gremio!

Gre. And you're well met, ſignior Hortenſio. Trow you,
Whither I am going?—To Baptiſta Minola.
I promis'd to enquire carefully
About a ſchoolmaſter for fair Bianca:[3]
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man; for learning, and behaviour,
Fit for her turn; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant you.

Hor. 'Tis well: and I have met a gentleman,
Hath promis'd me to help me[4] to another,
A fine muſician to inſtruct our miſtreſs;

[2] *To whom they go.*] The old copy reads—*To whom they go* to. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*for fair Bianca:*] The old copy redundantly reads—"for *the* fair Bianca." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *help* me—] The old copy reads—help *one*. STEEVENS

Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

So ſhall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, ſo belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me,—and that my deeds ſhall prove.

Gru. And that his bags ſhall prove. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Gremio, 'tis now no time to vent our love:
Liſten to me, and if you ſpeak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking,
Will undertake to woo curſt Katharine;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry pleaſe.

Gre. So ſaid, ſo done, is well:—
Hortenſio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, ſhe is an irkſome brawling ſcold;
If that be all, maſters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, ſay'ſt me ſo, friend? What country-man?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's ſon:[5]
My father dead, my fortune lives for me;
And I do hope good days, and long, to ſee.

Gre. O, ſir, ſuch a life, with ſuch a wife, were ſtrange:
But, if you have a ſtomach, to't o'God's name;
You ſhall have me aſſiſting you in all.
But will you woo this wild cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gru. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang her. [*Aſide.*

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?

[5] —— *old* Antonio's *ſon*:] The old copy reads—*Butonio's* ſon. Steevens.
Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the ſea, puff'd up with winds
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with ſweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the ſkies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing ſteeds, and trumpets' clang?[6]
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue;
That gives not half ſo great a blow to the ear,[7]

[6] —— *and trumpets'* clang?] Probably the word *clang* is here uſed adjectively, as in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. XI. v. 834, and not as a verb:

" —— an iſland ſalt and bare,
" The haunt of ſeals, and orcs, and ſea-mews *clang*."
T. WARTON.

I believe Mr. Warton is miſtaken. *Clang*, as a ſubſtantive, is uſed in *The Noble Gentleman* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" I hear the *clang* of trumpets in this houſe."

Again, in *Tamburlaine*, &c. 1590:

" —— hear you the *clang*
" Of Scythian trumpets?"—

Again, in *The Cobler's Prophecy*, 1594:

" The trumpets *clang*, and roaring noiſe of drums."

Again, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

" Hath not the *clang* of harſh Armenian troops," &c.

Again, in Drant's tranſlation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, 1567:

" Fit for a chorus, and as yet the boyſtus ſounde and ſhryll
" Of trumpetes *clang* the ſtalles was not accuſtomed to fill."

Laſtly, in Turberville's tranſlation of Ovid's epiſtle from *Medea to Jaſon*:

" Doleful to me than is the trumpet's *clang*."

The Trumpet's clang is certainly the *clang of trumpets*, and not an epithet beſtowed on thoſe inſtruments. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*ſo great a blow to* the ear,] The old copy reads—to *hear*. STEEVENS.

As will a chefnut in a farmer's fire?
Tufh! tufh! fear boys with bugs.[8]

Gru. For he fears none.
[*Afide.*

Gre. Hortenfio, hark!
This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind prefumes, for his own good, and yours.

Hor. I promis'd, we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatfoe'er.

Gre. And fo we will; provided, that he win her.

Gru. I would, I were as fure of a good dinner.
[*Afide.*

Enter TRANIO, *bravely apparell'd*; *and* BIONDELLO.

Tra. Gentlemen, God fave you! If I may be bold,
Tell me, I befeech you, which is the readieft way
To the houfe of fignior Baptifta Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—is't [*Afide to* TRANIO.] he you mean?[9]

This aukward phrafe could never come from Shakfpeare. He wrote, without queftion:

——*fo great a blow to* th' ear. WARBURTON.

The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

So, in *King John*:

" Our *ears* are *cudgell'd*; not a word of his
" But *buffets* better than a fift of France." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*with* bugs.] i. e. with *bug-bears*.

So, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— are become
" The mortal *bugs* o' the field." STEEVENS.

[9] *He that has the two fair daughters:* &c.] In the old copy, this fpeech is given to *Biondello*. STEEVENS.

Tra. Even he. Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, ſir; You mean not her to——

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, ſir; What have you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, ſir, at any hand, I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, ſir:—Biondello, let's away.

Luc. Well begun, Tranio. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go;—
Are you a ſuitor to the maid you talk of, yea, or no?

Tra. An if I be, ſir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if, without more words, you will get you hence.

Tra. Why, ſir, I pray, are not the ſtreets as free
For me, as for you?

Gre. But ſo is not ſhe.

Tra. For what reaſon, I beſeech you?

It ſhould rather be given to Gremio; to whom, with the others, Tranio has addreſſed himſelf. The following paſſages might be written thus:

Tra. *Even he. Biondello!*
Gre. *Hark you, ſir; you mean not her* too.

TYRWHITT.

I think the old copy, both here and in the preceding ſpeech is right. Biondello adds to what his maſter had ſaid, the words—"He that has the two fair daughters," to aſcertain more preciſely the perſon for whom he had enquired; and then addreſſes Tranio: "is't he you mean?"

——*You mean not her* to—] I believe, an abrupt ſentence was intended; or perhaps Shakſpeare might have written—her to *woo*. Tranio in his anſwer might mean, that he would *woo* the father, to obtain his conſent, and the daughter for herſelf. This, however, will not complete the metre. I incline, therefore, to my firſt ſuppoſition. MALONE.

We have followed Mr. Tyrwhitt's regulation. STEEVENS.

Gre. For this reaſon, if you'll know,——
That ſhe's the choice love of ſignior Gremio.

Hor. That ſhe's the choſen of ſignior Hortenſio.

Tra. Softly, my maſters! if you be gentlemen,
Do me this right,—hear me with patience.
Baptiſta is a noble gentleman,
To whom my father is not all unknown;
And, were his daughter fairer than ſhe is,
She may more ſuitors have, and me for one.
Fair Leda's daughter had a thouſand wooers;
Then well one more may fair Bianca have:
And ſo ſhe ſhall; Lucentio ſhall make one,
Though Paris came, in hope to ſpeed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head; I know, he'll prove a jade.

Pet. Hortenſio, to what end are all theſe words?

Hor. Sir, let me be ſo bold as to aſk you,
Did you yet ever ſee Baptiſta's daughter?

Tra. No, ſir; but hear I do, that he hath two;
The one as famous for a ſcolding tongue,
As is the other for beauteous modeſty.

Pet. Sir, ſir, the firſt's for me; let her go by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Hercules;
And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, underſtand you this of me, inſooth;—
The youngeſt daughter, whom you hearken for,
Her father keeps from all acceſs of ſuitors;
And will not promiſe her to any man,
Until the elder ſiſter firſt be wed:
The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be ſo, ſir, that you are the man

Muſt ſtead us all, and me among the reſt;
An if you break the ice, and do this feat,[1]—
Achieve the elder, ſet the younger free
For our acceſs,—whoſe hap ſhall be to have her,
Will not ſo graceleſs be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you ſay well, and well you do conceive;
And ſince you do profeſs to be a ſuitor,
You muſt, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all reſt generally beholden.

Tra. Sir, I ſhall not be ſlack: in ſign whereof,
Pleaſe ye we may contrive this afternoon,[2]
And quaff carouſes to our miſtreſs' health;
And do as adverſaries do in law,[3]—
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.

[1] —— *this* feat,] The old copy reads—this *ſeek*. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. STEEVENS.

[2] *Pleaſe ye we may* contrive *this afternoon,*] Mr. Theobald aſks *what they were to contrive?* and then ſays, *a fooliſh corruption poſſeſſes the place,* and ſo alters it to *convive*; in which he is followed, as he pretty conſtantly is, when wrong, by the Oxford editor. But the common reading is right, and the critic was only ignorant of the meaning of it. *Contrive* does not ſignify here to *project* but to *ſpend,* and *wear out.* As in this paſſage of Spenſer:

" Three ages ſuch as mortal men *contrive.*"
Fairy Queen, B. XI. ch. ix. WARBURTON.

The word is uſed in the ſame ſenſe of *ſpending* or *wearing out,* in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Damon and Pithias,* 1571:

" In travelling countries, we three have *contrived*
" Full many a year," &c.

Contrive, I ſuppoſe, is from *contero.* So, in the *Hecyra* of Terence: " Totum hunc *contrivi* diem." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *as* adverſaries *do in* law,] By *adverſaries in law,* I believe, our author means not ſuitors, but *barriſters,* who, how-

Gru. Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows, let's begone.[4]

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and be it ſo;—

Petruchio, I ſhall be your *ben venuto.*

[*Exeunt.*

ever warm in their oppoſition to each other in the courts of law, live in greater harmony and friendſhip in private, than perhaps thoſe of any other of the liberal profeſſions. Their *clients* ſeldom "eat and drink with their adverſaries as friends." MALONE.

[4] —— Fellows, *let's begone.*] *Fellows* means *fellow-ſervants.* Grumio and Biondello addreſs each other, and alſo the diſguiſed Lucentio. MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* BIANCA.

BIAN. Good ſiſter, wrong me not, nor wrong yourſelf,[5]
To make a bondmaid and a ſlave of me;
That I diſdain: but for theſe other gawds,[6]
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myſelf,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or, what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

KATH. Of all thy ſuitors, here I charge thee,[7] tell
Whom thou lov'ſt beſt: ſee thou diſſemble not.

BIAN. Believe me, ſiſter, of all the men alive,
I never yet beheld that ſpecial face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

KATH. Minion, thou lieſt; Is't not Hortenſio?

BIAN. If you affect him, ſiſter, here I ſwear,
I'll plead for you myſelf, but you ſhall have him.

[5] —— *nor* wrong *yourſelf,*] Do not act in a manner unbecoming a woman and a ſiſter. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: "Maſter Ford, this *wrongs* you." MALONE.

[6] —— *but for theſe other* gawds,] The old copy reads—*theſe other* goods. STEEVENS.

This is ſo trifling and unexpreſſive a word, that I am ſatisfied our author wrote *gawds*, (i. e. toys, trifling ornaments;) a term that he frequently uſes and ſeems fond of. THEOBALD.

[7] —— *I charge* thee,] *Thee*, which was accidentally omitted in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Kath. O then, belike, you fancy riches more;
You will have Gremio to keep you fair,[8]

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me ſo?
Nay, then you jeſt; and now I well perceive,
You have but jeſted with me all this while:
I pr'ythee, ſiſter Kate, untie my hands.

Kath. If that be jeſt, then all the reſt was ſo: [*Strikes her.*

Enter Baptista.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows this inſolence?——
Bianca, ſtand aſide;—poor girl! ſhe weeps:—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For ſhame, thou hilding[9] of a deviliſh ſpirit,
Why doſt thou wrong her that did ne'er wrong thee?
When did ſhe croſs thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her ſilence flouts me, and I'll be reveng'd. [*Flies after* Bianca.

Bap. What, in my ſight?—Bianca, get thee in. [*Exit* Bianca.

Kath. Will you not ſuffer me?[1] Nay, now I ſee,
She is your treaſure, ſhe muſt have a huſband;
I muſt dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,

[8] ——*to keep you* fair.] I wiſh to read—*to keep you* fine. But either word may ſerve. Johnson.

[9] ——*hilding*—] The word *hilding* or *hinderling*, is a *low wretch*; it is applied to Katharine for the coarſeneſs of her behaviour. Johnson.

[1] *Will you not ſuffer me?*] The old copy reads—*What*, will, &c. The compoſitor probably caught the former word from the preceding line. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[2]
Talk not to me; I will go ſit and weep,
Till I can find occaſion of revenge.
[*Exit* KATHARINA.

BAP. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as I?
But who comes here?

Enter GREMIO, *with* LUCENTIO *in the habit of a mean man*; PETRUCHIO, *with* HORTENSIO *as a Muſician*; *and* TRANIO, *with* BIONDELLO *bearing a lute and books.*

GRE. Good-morrow, neighbour Baptiſta.

BAP. Good-morrow, neighbour Gremio: God ſave you, gentlemen!

PET. And you, good ſir! Pray, have you not a daughter
Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

BAP. I have a daughter, ſir, call'd Katharina.

GRE. You are too blunt, go to it orderly.

PET. You wrong me, ſignior Gremio; give me leave.—
I am a gentleman of Verona, ſir,

[2] *And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.*] "To lead apes" was in our author's time, as at preſent, one of the employments of a bear-herd, who often carries about one of thoſe animals along with his bear: but I know not how this phraſe came to be applied to old maids. We meet with it again in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Therefore (ſays Beatrice,) I will even take ſix-pence in earneſt of the *bear-herd*, and lead his *apes* to hell." MALONE.

That women who refuſed to bear children, ſhould, after death, be condemned to the care of apes in leading-ſtrings, might have been conſidered as an act of poſthumous retribution.
STEEVENS.

That,—hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour,—
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
[*Presenting* HORTENSIO.
Cunning in musick, and the mathematicks,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong;
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

BAP. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake:
But for my daughter Katharine,—this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

PET. I see, you do not mean to part with her;
Or else you like not of my company.

BAP. Mistake me not, I speak but as I find.
Whence are you, sir? what may I call your name?

PET. Petruchio is my name; Antonio's son,
A man well known throughout all Italy.

BAP. I know him well: you are welcome for his sake.

GRE. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too:
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.[3]

[3] Beccare! *you are marvellous forward.*] We must read—*Baccalare*; by which the Italians mean, thou arrogant, presumptuous man! the word is used scornfully upon any one that would assume a port of grandeur. WARBURTON.

The word is neither wrong nor Italian: it was an old prover-

Pet. O, pardon me, ſignior Gremio; I would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing.——

Neighbour,[4] this is a gift[5] very grateful, I am ſure of it. To expreſs the like kindneſs myſelf, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young ſcholar,[6] [*Preſent-*

bial one, uſed by John Heywood; who hath made, what he pleaſes to call, *Epigrams* upon it. Take two of them, ſuch as they are:

" *Backare,* quoth Mortimer to his ſow,
" Went that ſow *backe* at that bidding, trow you?"

" *Backare,* quoth Mortimer to his ſow: ſe,
" Mortimer's ſow ſpeaketh as good Latin as he."

Howel takes this from Heywood, in his *Old Sawes and Adages:* and Philpot introduces it into the proverbs collected by Camden. FARMER.

Again, in the ancient Enterlude of *The Repentance of Mary Magdalene,* 1567:

" Nay, hoa there, *Backare,* you muſt ſtand apart:
" You love me beſt, I trow, miſtreſſe Mary."

Again, in John Lyly's *Midas,* 1592: " The maſculine gender is more worthy than the feminine, and therefore, Licio, *Backare.*" Again, in John Grange's *Golden Aphroditis,* 1577: " —yet wreſted he ſo his effeminate bande to the ſiege of *backwarde* affection, that both trumpe and drumme ſounded nothing for their larum, but *Baccare, Baccare.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Neighbour,*] The old copy has—*neighbours.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[5] *I doubt it not, ſir; but you will curſe your wooing.—*
Neighbour, this is a gift—] The old copy gives the paſſage as follows:

I doubt it not, ſir. But you will curſe
Your wooing neighbors: this is a guift—. STEEVENS.

This nonſenſe may be rectified by only pointing it thus: *I doubt it not, ſir, but you will curſe your wooing. Neighbour, this is a gift,* &c. addreſſing himſelf to Baptiſta. WARBURTON.

[6] *I freely give unto you this young ſcholar,*] Our modern edi-

ing LUCENTIO.] that hath been long ſtudying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as the other in muſick and mathematicks: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his ſervice.

BAP. A thouſand thanks, ſignior Gremio: welcome, good Cambio.—But, gentle ſir, [*To* TRANIO.] methinks, you walk like a ſtranger; May I be ſo bold to know the cauſe of your coming?

TRA. Pardon me, ſir, the boldneſs is mine own;
That, being a ſtranger in this city here,
Do make myſelf a ſuitor to your daughter,
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.
Nor is your firm reſolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldeſt ſiſter:
This liberty is all that I requeſt,—
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongſt the reſt that woo,
And free acceſs and favour as the reſt.
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here beſtow a ſimple inſtrument,

tors had been long content with the following ſophiſticated reading:—*free leave give to this young ſcholar*—. STEEVENS.

This is an injudicious correction of the firſt folio, which reads —*freely give unto* this young ſcholar. We ſhould read, I believe:

I *freely give unto* you *this young ſcholar,*
That hath been long ſtudying at Rheims; as cunning
In Greek, &c. TYRWHITT.

If this emendation wanted any ſupport, it might be had in the preceding part of this ſcene, where Petruchio, preſenting Hortenſio to Baptiſta, uſes almoſt the ſame form of words:

"And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
"*I* do *preſent you* with a man of mine,
"Cunning in muſick," &c.

Free leave give, &c. was the abſurd correction of the editor of the third folio. MALONE.

And this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books:[7]
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name?[8] of whence, pray?

Tra. Of Piſa, ſir; ſon to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well:[9] you are very welcome, ſir.—

[7] —— *this ſmall packet of Greek and Latin books:*] In Queen Elizabeth's time the young ladies of quality were uſually inſtructed in the learned languages, if any pains were beſtowed on their minds at all. Lady Jane Grey and her ſiſters, Queen Elizabeth, &c. are trite inſtances. PERCY.

[8] Lucentio *is your name?*] How ſhould Baptiſta know this? Perhaps a line is loſt, or perhaps our author was negligent. Mr. Theobald ſuppoſes they converſe privately, and that thus the name is learned; but then the action muſt ſtand ſtill; for there is no ſpeech interpoſed between that of Tranio and this of Baptiſta. Another editor imagines that Lucentio's name was written on the packet of books. MALONE.

[9] *I know him well:*] It appears in a ſubſequent part of this play, that Baptiſta was not *perſonally* acquainted with Vincentio. The pedant indeed talks of Vincentio and Baptiſta having lodged together twenty years before at an inn in Genoa; but this appears to have been a fiction for the *nonce*; for when the pretended Vincentio is introduced, Baptiſta expreſſes no ſurpriſe at his not being the ſame man with whom he had formerly been acquainted; and, when the real Vincentio appears, he ſuppoſes him an impoſtor. The words therefore, *I know him well,* muſt mean, "I know well who he is." Baptiſta uſes the ſame words before, ſpeaking of Petruchio's father: "*I* know him well; you are welcome for his ſake"—where they muſt have the ſame meaning; viz. *I know who he was*; for Petruchio's father is ſuppoſed to have died before the commencement of this play.

Some of the modern editors point the paſſage before us thus:

A mighty man of Piſa; by report
I know him well.—

but it is not ſo pointed in the old copy, and the regulation ſeems unneceſſary, the very ſame words having been before uſed with equal licence concerning the father of Petruchio.

Again, in *Timon of Athens*: "We *know him* for no leſs, though we are but ſtrangers to him." MALONE.

Take you [*To* HOR.] the lute, and you [*To* L.
the ſet of books,
You ſhall go ſee your pupils preſently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
Theſe gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them
both,
Theſe are their tutors; bid them uſe them well.
[*Exit* Servant, *with* HORTENSIO, LUCENTIO, *and* BIONDELLO.
We will go walk a little in the orchard,
And then to dinner: You are paſſing welcome,
And ſo I pray you all to think yourſelves.

PET. Signior Baptiſta, my buſineſs aſketh haſte,
And every day I cannot come to woo.[1]
You knew my father well; and in him, me,
Left ſolely heir to all his lands and goods,
Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd:
Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,
What dowry ſhall I have with her to wife?

BAP. After my death, the one half of my lands:
And, in poſſeſſion, twenty thouſand crowns.

PET. And, for that dowry, I'll aſſure her of
Her widowhood,[2]—be it that ſhe ſurvive me,—

[1] *And every day I cannot come to woo,*] This is the burthen of part of an old ballad entitled *The Ingenious Braggadocio:*

" And I cannot come every day to wooe."

It appears alſo from a quotation in Puttenham's *Arte of Engliſh Poeſie*, 1589, that it was a line in his Interlude, entitled *The Woer:*

" Iche praye you good mother tell our young dame
" Whence I am come, and what is my name;
" *I cannot come a woing every day.*" STEEVENS.

[2] ——————*I'll aſſure her* of
Her widowhood,] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*for* her widowhood.

In all my lands and leaſes whatſoever:
Let ſpecialties be therefore drawn between us,
That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the ſpecial thing is well obtain'd,
This is,—her love; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing; for I tell you, fa-
ther,
I am as peremptory as ſhe proud-minded;
And where two raging fires meet together,
They do conſume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme guſts will blow out fire and all:
So I to her, and ſo ſhe yields to me;
For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'ſt thou woo, and happy be thy
ſpeed!
But be thou arm'd for ſome unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof; as mountains are for
winds,
That ſhake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter Hortensio, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend? why doſt thou look
ſo pale?

Hor. For fear, I promiſe you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good mu-
ſician?

The reading of the old copy is harſh to our ears, but it might have been the phraſeology of the time. Malone.

Perhaps we ſhould read—*on* her widowhood. In the old copies *on* and *of* are not unfrequently confounded, through the printers' inattention. Steevens.

Hor. I think, ſhe'll ſooner prove a ſoldier;
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canſt not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no; for ſhe hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her, ſhe miſtook her frets,[3]
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;
When, with a moſt impatient deviliſh ſpirit,
Frets, call you theſe? quoth ſhe: *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, ſhe ſtruck me on the head,
And through the inſtrument my pate made way;
And there I ſtood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute:
While ſhe did call me,—raſcal fiddler,
And—twangling Jack;[4] with twenty ſuch vile terms,
As ſhe had[5] ſtudied to miſuſe me ſo.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a luſty wench;

[3] ——*her* frets,] A fret is that ſtop of a muſical inſtrument which cauſes or regulates the vibration of the ſtring. JOHNSON.

[4] *And*—twangling Jack;] Of this contemptuous appellation I know not the preciſe meaning. Something like it, however, occurs in *Magnificence*, an ancient folio interlude by Skelton, printed by Raſtell:

" ——ye wene I were ſome hafter,
" Or ellys ſome *jangelynge jacke* of the vale."

STEEVENS.

To *twangle* is a provincial expreſſion, and ſignifies to flouriſh capriciouſly on an inſtrument, as performers often do after having tuned it, previous to their beginning a regular compoſition.

HENLEY.

Twangling Jack is, *mean, paltry* lutaniſt. MALONE.

I do not ſee with Mr. Malone, that *twangling Jack* means " paltry *lutaniſt*," though it may " paltry *muſician*." DOUCE.

[5] ——*ſhe had*—] In the old copy theſe words are accidentally tranſpoſed. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

I love her ten times more than e'er I did:
O, how I long to have ſome chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not ſo diſcomfited:
Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good turns.—
Signior Petruchio, will you go with us;
Or ſhall I ſend my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,—
[*Exeunt* Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, *and* Hortensio.
And woo her with ſome ſpirit when ſhe comes.
Say, that ſhe rail; Why, then I'll tell her plain,
She ſings as ſweetly as a nightingale:
Say, that ſhe frown; I'll ſay, ſhe looks as clear
As morning roſes newly waſh'd with dew:[6]
Say, ſhe be mute, and will not ſpeak a word;
Then I'll commend her volubility,
And ſay—ſhe uttereth piercing eloquence:
If ſhe do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,
As though ſhe bid me ſtay by her a week;
If ſhe deny to wed, I'll crave the day
When I ſhall aſk the banns, and when be married:—
But here ſhe comes; and now, Petruchio, ſpeak.

Enter Katharina.

Good-morrow, Kate;[7] for that's your name, I hear.

[6] *As morning roſes newly* waſh'd with dew:] Milton has honoured this image by adopting it in his *Allegro*:
"And freſh-blown roſes *waſh'd in dew*." Steevens.

[7] *Good-morrow, Kate*; &c.] Thus, in the original play:
"*Feran.* Twenty good-morrows to my lovely *Kate*.
"*Kate.* You jeaſt I am ſure; is ſhe yours already?
"*Feran.* I tel thee *Kate*, I know thou lov'ſt me well.

Kath. Well have you heard, but ſomething hard
of hearing;[8]
They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.

" *Kate.* The divel you do; who told you ſo?
" *Feran.* My mind, ſweet *Kate*, doth ſay I am the man,
" Muſt wed, and bed, and marrie bonnie *Kate.*
" *Kate.* Was ever ſeene ſo groſſe an aſſe as this?
" *Feran.* I, to ſtand ſo long and never get a kiſſe.
" *Kate.* Hands off, I ſay, and get you from this place;
" Or I will ſet my ten commandements in your face.
" *Feran.* I prithy do, *Kate*; they ſay thou art a ſhrew,
" And I like thee better, for I would have thee ſo.
" *Kate.* Let go my hand, for feare it reach your eare.
" *Feran.* No, *Kate*, this hand is mine, and I thy love.
" *Kate.* Yfaith, ſir, no; the woodcoke wants his taile.
" *Feran.* But yet his bil will ſerve, if the other faile.
" *Alſon.* How now, *Ferando?* what [ſays] my daughter?
" *Feran.* Shee's willing, ſir, and loves me as her life.
" *Kate.* 'Tis for your ſkin then, but not to be your wife.
" *Alſon.* Come hither, *Kate*, and let me give thy hand,
" To him that I have choſen for thy love;
" And thou to-morrow ſhalt be wed to him.
" *Kate.* Why, father, what do you mean to do with me,
" To give me thus unto this brainſicke man,
" That in his mood cares not to murder me?
[*She turnes aſide and ſpeaks.*
" But yet I will conſent and marry him,
" (For I methinkes have liv'd too long a maide,)
" And match him too, or elſe his manhood's good.
" *Alſon.* Give me thy hand: *Ferando* loves thee well,
" And will with wealth and eaſe maintaine thy ſtate.
" Here *Ferando*, take her for thy wife,
" And Sunday next ſhall be our wedding-day.
" *Feran.* Why ſo, did I not tel thee I ſhould be the man?
" Father, I leave my lovely *Kate* with you.
" Provide yourſelves againſt our marriage day,
" For I muſt hie me to my country-houſe
" In haſte, to ſee proviſion may be made
" To entertaine my *Kate* when ſhe doth come," &c.

STEEVENS.

[8] *Well have you* heard, *but ſomething* hard *of hearing*;] A poor quibble was here intended. It appears from many old Engliſh books that *heard* was pronounced in our author's time, as if it were written *hard*. MALONE.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and ſometimes Kate the curſt;
But Kate, the prettieſt Kate in Chriſtendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my ſuper-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my conſolation;—
Hearing thy mildneſs prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues ſpoke of, and thy beauty ſounded,
(Yet not ſo deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myſelf am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the firſt,
You were a moveable.

Pet. Why, what's a moveable?

Kath. A joint-ſtool.[9]

Pet. Thou haſt hit it: come, ſit on me.

Kath. Aſſes are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and ſo are you.

Kath. No ſuch jade, ſir,[1] as you, if me you mean.

[9] *A joint-ſtool.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion:
" Cry you mercy, I took you for a join'd ſtool."
See Ray's *Collection*. It is likewiſe repeated as a proverb in *Mother Bombie*, a comedy, by Lyly, 1594, and by the Fool in *King Lear*. Steevens.

[1] *No ſuch* jade, ſir,] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Perhaps we ſhould read—no ſuch *jack*. However, there is authority for *jade* in a male ſenſe. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*, *Piſton* ſays of *Baſiliſco*, " He juſt like a *knight!* He'll *juſt* like a *jade*." Farmer.

So, before, p. 68: " I know *he'll* prove a *jade*." Malone.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden thee;
For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for ſuch a ſwain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight ſhould be.

Pet. Should be? ſhould buz.

Kath. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O, ſlow-wing'd turtle! ſhall a buzzard take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.[2]

Pet. Come, come, you waſp; i'faith, you are too angry.

Kath. If I be waſpiſh, beſt beware my ſting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a waſp doth wear his ſting?
In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whoſe tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails;[3] and ſo farewell.

[2] *Ay, for a turtle*; as *he takes a buzzard.*] Perhaps we may read better—

Ay, for a turtle, and *he takes a buzzard.*

That is, he may take me for a *turtle,* and he ſhall find me a *hawk.* JOHNSON.

This kind of expreſſion likewiſe ſeems to have been proverbial. So, in *The Three Lords of London,* 1590:

" ——haſt no more ſkill,
" Than *take a faulcon for a buzzard?*" STEEVENS.

[3] *Yours, if you talk of* tails;] The old copy reads—*tales,* and it may perhaps be right.—" Yours, if your talk be no better than an *idle tale.*" Our author is very fond of uſing words of

Pet. What, with my tongue in your tail? nay, come again,
Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try.
[*Striking him.*

Pet. I ſwear I'll cuff you, if you ſtrike again.

Kath. So may you loſe your arms:
If you ſtrike me, you are no gentleman;
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your creſt? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combleſs cock, ſo Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.[4]

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you muſt not look ſo ſour.

Kath. It is my faſhion, when I ſee a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab; and therefore look not four.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then ſhow it me.

ſimilar ſounds in different ſenſes.—I have, however, followed the emendation made by Mr. Pope, which all the modern editors have adopted. Malone.

[4] —— *a* craven.] A *craven* is a degenerate, diſpirited cock. So, in *Rhodon and Iris*, 1631:

"That he will pull the *craven* from his neſt."

Steevens.

Craven was a term alſo applied to thoſe who in appeals of battle became recreant, and by pronouncing this word, called for quarter from their opponents; the conſequence of which was, that they for ever after were deemed infamous.

See note on *'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore.* Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. VIII, p. 10, edit. 1780. Reed.

Kath. Had I a glaſs, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of ſuch a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in ſooth, you 'ſcape not ſo.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry; let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit; I find you paſſing gentle.
'Twas told me, you were rough, and coy, and ſullen,
And now I find report a very liar;
For thou art pleaſant, gameſome, paſſing courteous;
But ſlow in ſpeech, yet ſweet as ſpring-time flowers:
Thou canſt not frown, thou canſt not look aſkance,
Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;
Nor haſt thou pleaſure to be croſs in talk;
But thou with mildneſs entertain'ſt thy wooers,
With gentle conference, ſoft and affable.
Why does the world report, that Kate doth limp?
O ſlanderous world! Kate, like the hazle-twig,
Is ſtraight, and ſlender; and as brown in hue
As hazle nuts, and ſweeter than the kernels.
O, let me ſee thee walk: thou doſt not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.[5]

Pet. Did ever Dian ſo become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?

[5] *Go, fool, and whom thou keep'ſt command.*] This is exactly the Πασσάμενος επιτασσε of Theocritus, Eid. xv. v. 90, and yet I would not be poſitive that Shakſpeare had ever read even a tranſlation of Theocritus. Tyrwhitt.

O, be thou Dian, and let her be Kate;
And then let Kate be chaſte, and Dian ſportful!

Kath. Where did you ſtudy all this goodly ſpeech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witleſs elſe her ſon.

Pet. Am I not wiſe?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.[6]

Pet. Marry, ſo I mean, ſweet Katharine in thy bed:
And therefore, ſetting all this chat aſide,
Thus in plain terms:—Your father hath conſented
That you ſhall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;
And, will you, nill you,[7] I will marry you.
Now, Kate, I am a huſband for your turn;
For, by this light, whereby I ſee thy beauty,
(Thy beauty, that doth make me like thee well,)
Thou muſt be married to no man but me:
For I am he, am born to tame you, Kate;
And bring you from a wild cat to a Kate[8]

[6] Pet. *Am I not wife?*
Kath. *Yes; keep you warm.*] So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady:*
" ——your houſe has been kept *warm*, ſir.
" I am glad to hear it; pray God, you are *wife* too."
Again, in our poet's *Much Ado about Nothing:*
" ——that if he has *wit* enough to keep himſelf *warm*."
STEEVENS.

[7] —— nill *you,*] So, in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:
" *Will* you or *nill* you, you muſt yet go in."
Again, in *Damon and Pithias*, 1571:
" Neede hath no law; *will I, or nill I*, it muſt be done."
STEEVENS.

[8] —— *a wild* cat *to a Kate*—] The firſt folio reads:
—— *a wild* Kate *to a Kate*, &c.
The ſecond folio—
—— *a wild* Kat *to a* Kate &c. STEEVENS.

Conformable, as other houſhold Kates.
Here comes your father; never make denial,
I muſt and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, *and* TRANIO.

BAP. Now,
Signior Petruchio: How ſpeed you with
My daughter?

PET. How but well, ſir? how but well?
It were impoſſible, I ſhould ſpeed amiſs.

BAP. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

KATH. Call you me, daughter? now I promiſe you,
You have ſhow'd a tender fatherly regard,
To wiſh me wed to one half lunatick;
A mad-cap ruffian, and a ſwearing Jack,
That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

PET. Father, 'tis thus,—yourſelf and all the world,
That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiſs of her;
If ſhe be curſt, it is for policy:
For ſhe's not froward, but modeſt as the dove;
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;
For patience ſhe will prove a ſecond Griſſel;[9]

The editor of the ſecond folio with ſome probability reads—*from a wild* Kat (meaning certainly *cat*). So before: "But will you woo this *wild cat*?" MALONE.

[9] ——*a ſecond* Griſſel; *&c.*] So, in *The Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1604, bl. l:

"I will become as mild and dutiful
"As ever *Griſſel* was unto her lord,
"And for my conſtancy as *Lucrece* was."

There is a play entered at Stationers' Hall, May 28, 1599, called

And Roman Lucrece for her chaſtity:
And to conclude,—we have 'greed ſo well together,
That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll ſee thee hang'd on Sunday firſt.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio! ſhe ſays, ſhe'll ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Tra. Is this your ſpeeding? nay, then, good night our part!

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen; I chooſe her for myſelf;
If ſhe and I be pleas'd, what's that to you?
'Tis bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
That ſhe ſhall ſtill be curſt in company.
I tell you, 'tis incredible to believe
How much ſhe loves me: O, the kindeſt Kate!—
She hung about my neck; and kiſs on kiſs
She vied ſo faſt,[1] proteſting oath on oath,

"The plaie of *Patient Griſſel.*" Bocaccio was the firſt known writer of the ſtory, and Chaucer copied it in his *Clerke of Oxenforde's Tale.* STEEVENS.

The ſtory of *Griſel* is older than Bocaccio, and is to be found among the compoſitions of the French Fabliers. DOUCE.

[1] ——— *kiſs on kiſs*
She vied *ſo faſt*] *Vye* and *revye* were terms at cards, now ſuperſeded by the more modern word, *brag.* Our author has in another place: "time *revyes* us," which has been unneceſſarily altered. The words were frequently uſed in a ſenſe ſomewhat remote from the original one. In the famous trial of the ſeven biſhops, the chief juſtice ſays: "We muſt not permit *vying and revying* upon one another." FARMER.

It appears from a paſſage in Green's *Tu Quoque,* that to *vie* was one of the terms uſed at the game of *Gleek*—"I *vie* it."—"I'll none of it;"—nor I."

The ſame expreſſion occurs in Randolph's *Jealous Lovers,* 1632:

That in a twink ſhe won me to her love.
O, you are novices! 'tis a world to ſee,[2]
How tame, when men and women are alone,
A meacock wretch[3] can make the curſteſt ſhrew.—
Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainſt the wedding-day:—
Provide the feaſt, father, and bid the gueſts;
I will be ſure, my Katharine ſhall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to ſay: but give me your hands;
God ſend you joy, Petruchio! 'tis a match.

Gre. Tra. Amen, ſay we; we will be witneſſes.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu;
I will to Venice, Sunday comes apace:——

" All that I have is thine, though I could *vie*,
" For every ſilver hair upon my head,
" A piece of gold." STEEVENS.

Vie and *Revie* were terms at *Primero*, the faſhionable game in our author's time. See Florio's *Second Frutes*, quarto, 1591: " S. Let us play at Primero then. A. What ſhall we play for? S. One ſhilling ſtake and three reſt.—I *vye* it; will you hould it? A. Yea, ſir, I hould it, and *revye* it."

To *out-vie* Howel explains in his Dictionary, 1660, thus: " Faire peur ou intimider avec un vray ou feint *envy*, et faire quitter le jeu a la partie contraire." MALONE.

[2] ——*'tis a world to ſee,*] i. e. it is wonderful to ſee. This expreſſion is often met with in old hiſtorians as well as dramatic writers. So, in Holinſhed, Vol. I. p. 209: " *It is a world to ſee* how many ſtrange heartes," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *A* meacock *wretch*—] i. e. a timorous daſtardly creature. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1604:

" A woman's well holp up with ſuch a *meacock*."

Again, in Glapthorne's *Hollander*, 1640:

" They are like my huſband; mere *meacocks* verily."

Again, in *Apius and Virginia*, 1575:

" As ſtout as a ſtockfiſh, as meek as a *meacock*."

STEEVENS.

We will have rings, and things, and fine array;
And kiſs me, Kate, we will be married o'Sunday.
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINE, *ſeverally.*

GRE. Was ever match clapp'd up ſo ſuddenly?

BAP. Faith, gentlemen, now I play a merchant's part,
And venture madly on a deſperate mart.

TRA. 'Twas a commodity lay fretting by you:
'Twill bring you gain, or periſh on the ſeas.

BAP. The gain I ſeek is—quiet in the match.[4]

GRE. No doubt, but he hath got a quiet catch.
But now, Baptiſta, to your younger daughter;—
Now is the day we long have looked for;
I am your neighbour, and was ſuitor firſt.

TRA. And I am one, that love Bianca more
Than words can witneſs, or your thoughts can gueſs.

GRE. Youngling! thou canſt not love ſo dear as I.

TRA. Grey-beard! thy love doth freeze.

GRE. But thine doth fry.[5]

[4] ——in *the match.*] Old copy—*me* the match. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[5] *But thine doth fry.*] Old Gremio's notions are confirmed by Shadwell:

" The fire of love in youthful blood,
" Like what is kindled in bruſh-wood,
" But for the moment burns:—
" But when crept into aged veins,
" It ſlowly burns, and long remains;
" It glows, and with a ſullen heat,
" Like fire in logs, it burns, and warms us long;
" And though the flame be not ſo great,
" Yet is the heat as ſtrong." JOHNSON.

So alſo, in *A Wonder, a Woman never vex'd*, a comedy, by Rowley, 1632:

Skipper, ſtand back; 'tis age, that nouriſheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that flouriſheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll compound this ſtrife:
'Tis deeds, muſt win the prize; and he, of both,
That can aſſure my daughter greateſt dower,
Shall have Bianca's love.—
Say, ſignior Gremio, what can you aſſure her?

Gre. Firſt, as you know, my houſe within the city
Is richly furniſhed with plate and gold;
Baſons, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;
My hangings all of Tyrian tapeſtry:
In ivory coffers I have ſtuff'd my crowns;
In cypreſs cheſts my arras, counterpoints,[6]

" My old dry wood ſhall make a luſty bonfire, when thy green chips lie hiſſing in the chimney-corner."

The thought, however, might originate from Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book II:

" Let not old age diſgrace my high deſire,
" O heavenly ſoule in humane ſhape contain'd!
" Old wood inflam'd doth yeeld the braveſt fire,
" When yonger doth in ſmoke his vertue ſpend."

STEEVENS.

[6] —— *counterpoints,*] So, in *A Knack to know a Knave*, 1594:

" Then I will have rich *counterpoints* and muſk."

Theſe coverings for beds are at preſent called *counterpanes*; but either mode of ſpelling is proper.

Counterpoint is the monkiſh term for a particular ſpecies of muſick, in which, notes of equal duration, but of different harmony, are ſet in oppoſition to each other.

In like manner *counterpanes* were anciently compoſed of patch-work, and ſo contrived that every *pane* or partition in them, was contraſted with one of a different colour, though of the ſame dimenſions. STEEVENS.

Counterpoints were in ancient times extremely coſtly. In Wat Tyler's rebellion, Stowe informs us, when the inſurgents broke into the wardrobe in the Savoy, they deſtroyed a coverlet, worth a thouſand marks. MALONE.

Coſtly apparel, tents, and canopies,[7]
Fine linen, Turky cuſhions boſs'd with pearl,
Valance of Venice gold in needle-work,
Pewter[8] and braſs, and all things that belong
To houſe, or houſekeeping: then, at my farm,
I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,
Sixſcore fat oxen ſtanding in my ſtalls,
And all things anſwerable to this portion.
Myſelf am ſtruck in years, I muſt confeſs;
And, if I die to-morrow, this is hers,
If, whilſt I live, ſhe will be only mine.

Tra. That, only, came well in——Sir, liſt to me,
I am my father's heir, and only ſon:
If I may have your daughter to my wife,
I'll leave her houſes three or four as good,
Within rich Piſa walls, as any one
Old ſignior Gremio has in Padua;
Beſides two thouſand ducats by the year,
Of fruitful land, all which ſhall be her jointure.—
What, have I pinch'd you, ſignior Gremio?

[7] —— tents, *and canopies,*] I ſuppoſe by *tents* old Gremio means work of that kind which the ladies call *tent-ſtitch.* He would hardly enumerate *tents* (in their common acceptation) among his domeſtick riches. Steevens.

I ſuſpect, the furniture of ſome kind of bed, in the form of a pavillion, was known by this name in our author's time. Malone.

I conceive, the *pavillon,* or tent-bed, to have been an article of furniture unknown in the age of Shakſpeare. Steevens.

[8] *Pewter*—] We may ſuppoſe that *pewter* was, even in the time of Queen Elizabeth, too coſtly to be uſed in common. It appears from "The regulations and eſtabliſhment of the houſehold of Henry Algernon Percy, the fifth Earl of Northumberland," &c. that veſſels of *pewter* were hired by the year. *This Houſehold Book* was begun in the year 1512. See Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England,* p. 188, and 189. Steevens.

Gre. Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land!
My land amounts not to ſo much in all:
That ſhe ſhall have; beſides[1] an argoſy,
That now is lying in Marſeilles' road:—
What, have I chok'd you with an argoſy?

Tra. Gremio, 'tis known, my father hath no leſs
Than three great argoſies; beſides two galliaſſes,[2]
And twelve tight gallies: theſe I will aſſure her,
And twice as much, whate'er thou offer'ſt next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no more;

Gre. *Two thouſand ducats by the year, of land!*
My land amounts not *to ſo much in all:*
That ſhe ſhall have; beſides—] Though all copies concur in this reading, ſurely, if we examine the reaſoning, ſomething will be found wrong. Gremio is ſtartled at the high ſettlement Tranio propoſes: ſays, his whole eſtate in land can't match it, yet he'll ſettle ſo much a year upon her, &c. This is playing at croſs purpoſes. The change of the *negative* in the ſecond line ſalves the abſurdity, and ſets the paſſage right. Gremio and Tranio vying in their offers to carry Bianca, the latter boldly propoſes to ſettle land to the amount of two thouſand ducats per annum. My whole eſtate, ſays the other, in land, amounts *but* to that value; yet ſhe ſhall have *that:* I'll endow her with the *whole*; and conſign a rich veſſel to her uſe over and above. Thus all is intelligible, and he goes on to out-bid his rival. WARBURTON.

Gremio only ſays, his whole eſtate in land doth not indeed amount to two thouſand ducats a year, but ſhe ſhall have that, whatever be its value, and an argoſy over and above; which argoſy muſt be underſtood to be of very great value from his ſubjoining:

What, have I chok'd you with an argoſy? HEATH.

[2] ——*two* galliaſſes,] A *galeas* or *galliaſs*, is a heavy low-built veſſel of burthen, with both ſails and oars, partaking at once of the nature of a ſhip and a galley. So, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"—to have rich gulls come aboard their pinnaces, for then they are ſure to build *galliaſſes*." STEEVENS.

And ſhe can have no more than all I have;—
If you like me, ſhe ſhall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all the world,
By your firm promiſe; Gremio is out-vied.[3]

Bap. I muſt confeſs, your offer is the beſt;
And, let your father make her the aſſurance,
She is your own; elſe, you muſt pardon me:
If you ſhould die before him, where's her dower?

Tra. That's but a cavil; he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well as old?

Bap. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus reſolv'd:—On Sunday next you know,
My daughter Katharine is to be married:
Now, on the Sunday following, ſhall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this aſſurance;
If not, to ſignior Gremio:
And ſo I take my leave, and thank you both.
[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear thee not;
Sirrah, young gameſter,[4] your father were a fool

[3] ——*out-vied.*] This is a term at the old game of *gleek*. When one man was *vied* upon another, he was ſaid to be *out-vied*. So, in Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592: "They draw a card, and the barnacle *vies* upon him," &c.

Again, in *The Jealous Lovers*, by Randolph, 1632:

"Thou canſt not finde out wayes enow to ſpend it;
"They will *out-vie* thy pleaſures." STEEVENS.

[4] *Sirrah, young* gameſter,] Perhaps alluding to the pretended Lucentio's having before talked of *out-vying* him. See the laſt note. MALONE.

Gameſter, in the preſent inſtance, has no reference to gaming,

To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table: Tut! a toy!
An old Italian fox is not ſo kind, my boy. [*Exit.*

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd hide!
Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.[5]

and only ſignifies—a wag, a frolickſome character. So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"You are a merry *gameſter*, my lord Sands."

STEEVENS.

[5] *Yet I have faced it with a* card of ten.] That is, with the higheſt card, in the old ſimple games of our anceſtors. So that this became a proverbial expreſſion. So, Skelton:

"Fyrſte pycke a quarrel, and fall out with him then,
"And ſo outface him with *a card of ten.*"

And, Ben Jonſon, in his *Sad Shepherd:*

"——a *hart of ten*
"I trow he be."

i. e. an extraordinary good one. WARBURTON.

A hart of ten has no reference to *cards*, but is an expreſſion taken from *The Laws of the Foreſt*, and relates to the age of the deer. When a hart is paſt ſix years old, he is generally called *a hart of ten.* See *Foreſt Laws*, 4to. 1598.

Again, in the ſixth ſcene of *The Sad Shepherd:*

"——a great large deer!
"*Rob.* What head?
"*John.* Forked. *A hart of ten.*"

The former expreſſion is very common. So, in *Law-Tricks*, &c. 1608:

"I may be out-fac'd with *a card of ten.*"

Mr. Malone is of opinion that the phraſe was "applied to thoſe perſons who gained their ends by impudence, and bold confident aſſertion."

As we are on the ſubject of cards, it may not be amiſs to take notice of a common blunder relative to their names. We call the *king*, *queen*, and *knave*, *court-cards*, whereas they were anciently denominated *coats*, or *coat-cards*, from their *coats* or dreſſes. So, Ben Jonſon, in his *New Inn:*

"When ſhe is pleas'd to trick or trump mankind,
"Some may be *coats*, as in the cards."

Again, in *May-day*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1611:

"She had in her hand the ace of harts and a *coat-card.* She led the board with her *coat*; I plaid the varlet, and took up her

'Tis in my head to do my maſter good:—
I ſee no reaſon, but ſuppos'd Lucentio
Muſt get a father, call'd—ſuppos'd Vincentio;
And that's a wonder: fathers, commonly,
Do get their children; but, in this caſe of wooing,
A child ſhall get a ſire, if I fail not of my cunning.[6]
[*Exit.*

coat; and meaning to lay my finger on her ace of hearts, up ſtarted a quite contrary card."

Again, in Rowley's *When you ſee me you know me*, 1621:

"You have been at *noddy*, I ſee.

"Ay, and the firſt *card* comes to my hand is a *knave*.

"I am a *coat-card*, indeed.

"Then thou muſt needs be a *knave*, for thou art neither *queen* nor *king*." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*if I fail not of my* cunning.] As this is the concluſion of an act, I ſuſpect that the poet deſigned a rhyming couplet. Inſtead of *cunning* we might read—*doing*, which is often uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe here wanted, and agrees perfectly well with the beginning of the line—"a child ſhall *get* a ſire."

After this, the former editors add—

"*Sly*. Sim, when will the fool come again?*

"*Sim*. Anon, my lord.

"*Sly*. Give us ſome more drink here; where's the tapſter?

"Here, Sim, eat ſome of theſe things.

"*Sim*. I do, my lord.

"*Sly*. Here, Sim, I drink to thee."

Theſe ſpeeches of the preſenters, (as they are called,) are not in the folio. Mr. Pope, as in ſome former inſtances, introduced them from the old ſpurious play of the ſame name; and therefore we may eaſily account for their want of connection with the preſent comedy. I have degraded them as uſual into the note. By the *fool* in the original piece, might be meant *Sander* the ſervant to *Ferando*, (who is the *Petruchio* of Shakſpeare,) or *Ferando* himſelf.

It appears, however, from the following paſſage in the eleventh

* ——*when will the fool come again?*] The character of the *fool* has not been introduced in this drama, therefore I believe that the word *again* ſhould be omitted, and that Sly aſks, *When will the fool come?* the fool being the favourite of the vulgar, or, as we now phraſe it, of the upper gallery, was naturally expected in every interlude. JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, *and* BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear; you grow too forward, ſir:
Have you ſo ſoon forgot the entertainment
Her ſiſter Katharine welcom'd you withal?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is[7]
The patroneſs of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in muſick we have ſpent an hour,
Your lecture ſhall have leiſure for as much.

Luc. Prepoſterous aſs! that never read ſo
To know the cauſe why muſick was ordain'd!
Was it not, to refreſh the mind of man,
After his ſtudies, or his uſual pain?

Book of Thomas Lupton's *Notable Things*, edit. 1660, that it was the conſtant office of the fool to preſerve the ſtage from vacancy:

"79. When Stage-plays were in uſe, there was in every place one that was called the *Foole*; as the Proverb ſaies, *Like a Fool in a Play*. At the Red Bull Play-houſe it did chance that the *Clown* or the *Fool*, being in the attireing houſe, was ſuddenly called upon the ſtage, for it was empty. He ſuddenly going, forgot his Fooles-cap. One of the players bad his boy take it, and put it on his head as he was ſpeaking. No ſuch matter (ſaies the Boy,) there's no manners nor wit in that, nor wiſdom neither; and my maſter needs no cap, for he is known to be a Fool without it, as well as with it." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*this is*—] Probably our author wrote—this *lady* is, which completes the metre, *wrangling* being uſed as a triſyllable. MALONE.

We ſhould read, with Sir T. Hanmer:
But, wrangling pedant, know *this* lady *is.* RITSON.

Then give me leave to read philoſophy,
And, while I pauſe, ſerve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear theſe braves of thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double wrong,
To ſtrive for that which reſteth in my choice:
I am no breeching ſcholar[8] in the ſchools;
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my leſſons as I pleaſe myſelf.
And, to cut off all ſtrife, here ſit we down:—
Take you your inſtrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done, ere you have tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?

[*To* Bianca.—Hortensio *retires.*

Luc. That will be never;—tune your inſtrument.

Bian. Where left we laſt?

Luc. Here, madam:——

Hac ibat Simois; hic eſt Sigeia tellus;
Hic ſteterat Priami regia celſa ſenis.

Bian. Conſtrue them.

Luc. *Hac ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic eſt*, ſon unto Vincentio of Piſa,—*Sigeia tellus*, diſguiſed thus to get your love;—*Hic ſteterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my

[8] —— *no* breeching *ſcholar* —] i. e. no ſchool-boy liable to corporal correction. So, in *King Edward the Second*, by Marlow, 1598:

"Whoſe looks were as a *breeching* to a boy."

Again, in *The Hog has loſt his Pearl*, 1614:

"——he went to fetch whips, I think, and, not reſpecting my honour, he would have *breech'd* me."

Again, in *Amends for Ladies*, 1618:

"If I had had a ſon of fourteen that had ſerved me ſo, I would have *breech'd* him." Steevens.

port,—*celſa ſenis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.[9]

Hor. Madam, my inſtrument's in tune.

[*Returning.*

Bian. Let's hear;— [Hortensio *plays.*
O fye! the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me ſee if I can conſtrue it: *Hac ibat Simois*, I know you not; *hic eſt Sigeia tellus*, I truſt you not;—*Hic ſteterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not;—*regia*, preſume not;—*celſa ſenis*, deſpair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.

Luc. All but the baſe.

Hor. The baſe is right; 'tis the baſe knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is!
Now, for my life, the knave doth court my love:
Pedaſcule,[1] I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.[2]

Luc. Miſtruſt it not; for, ſure, Æacides
Was Ajax,[3]—call'd ſo from his grandfather.

[9] ——*pantaloon.*] The old cully in Italian farces. Johnson.

[1] *Pedaſcule,*] He ſhould have ſaid, *Didaſcale*, but thinking this too honourable, he coins the word *Pedaſcule*, in imitation of it, from *pedant*. Warburton.

I believe it is no coinage of Shakſpeare's, it is more probable that *it lay in his way, and he found it.* Steevens.

[2] *In time I may believe, yet I miſtruſt.*] This and the ſeven verſes that follow, have in all the editions been ſtupidly ſhuffled and miſplaced to wrong ſpeakers; ſo that every word ſaid was glaringly out of character. Theobald.

[3] ——*for, ſure, Æacides* &c.] This is only ſaid to deceive

Bian. I muſt believe my maſter; elſe, I promiſe you,
I ſhould be arguing ſtill upon that doubt:
But let it reſt.—Now, Licio, to you:—
Good maſters,[4] take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleaſant with you both.

Hor. You may go walk, [*To* Lucentio.] and give me leave awhile;
My leſſons make no muſick in three parts.

Luc. Are you ſo formal, ſir? well, I muſt wait,
And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,[5]
Our fine muſician groweth amorous. [*Aſide.*

Hor. Madam, before you touch the inſtrument.
To learn the order of my fingering,
I muſt begin with rudiments of art;
To teach you gamut in a briefer ſort,
More pleaſant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am paſt my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortenſio.

Hortenſio, who is ſuppoſed to liſten. The pedigree of *Ajax*, however, is properly made out, and might have been taken from Golding's verſion of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, Book XIII:

"——The higheſt Jove of all
"Acknowledgeth this *Æacus*, and dooth his ſonne him call.
"Thus am I *Ajax* third from Jove." Steevens.

Good maſters,] Old copy—*maſter*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

——but *I be deceiv'd*,] *But* has here the ſignification of *unleſs*. Malone.

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BIAN. [*Reads.*] Gamut *I am, the ground of all accord,*
A re, *to plead Hortenſio's paſſion;*
B mi, *Bianca, take him for thy lord,*
C faut, *that loves with all affection:*
D ſol re, *one cliff, two notes have I;*
E la mi, *ſhow pity, or I die.*
Call you this—gamut? tut! I like it not:
Old faſhions pleaſe me beſt; I am not ſo nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.[6]

Enter a Servant.[7]

SERV. Miſtreſs, your father prays you leave your books,
And help to dreſs your ſiſter's chamber up;
You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

BIAN. Farewell, ſweet maſters, both; I muſt be gone. [*Exeunt* BIANCA *and* Servant.

LUC. 'Faith, miſtreſs, then I have no cauſe to ſtay. [*Exit.*

HOR. But I have cauſe to pry into this pedant;
Methinks, he looks as though he were in love:—

[6] *To* change *true rules for* odd *inventions.*] The old copy reads —*To* charge *true rules for* old *inventions:* The former emendation was made by the editor of the ſecond folio; the latter by Mr. Theobald. *Old,* however, may be right. I believe, an oppoſition was intended. As *change* was corrupted into *charge,* why might not *true* have been put inſtead of *new?* Perhaps the author wrote:

To change new *rules for old inventions.*

i. e. to accept of new rules in exchange for old inventions.

MALONE.

[7] *Enter a* Servant.] The old copy reads—*Enter a* Meſſenger —who, at the beginning of his ſpeech is called—*Nicke.*

RITSON.

Meaning, I ſuppoſe, *Nicholas Tooley.* See Mr. Malone's *Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage.* STEEVENS.

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be ſo humble,
To caſt thy wand'ring eyes on every ſtale,
Seize thee, that liſt: If once I find thee ranging,
Hortenſio will be quit with thee by changing.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINE, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

BAP. Signior Lucentio, [*To* TRANIO.] this is the 'pointed day
That Katharine and Petruchio ſhould be married,
And yet we hear not of our ſon-in-law:
What will be ſaid? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the prieſt attends
To ſpeak the ceremonial rites of marriage?
What ſays Lucentio to this ſhame of ours?

KATH. No ſhame but mine: I muſt, forſooth, be forc'd
To give my hand, oppos'd againſt my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudeſby, full of ſpleen;[8]
Who woo'd in haſte, and means to wed at leiſure.
I told you, I, he was a frantick fool,
Hiding his bitter jeſts in blunt behaviour:
And, to be noted for a merry man,
He'll woo a thouſand, 'point the day of marriage,

[8] ——*full of* ſpleen;] That is, *full of* humour, caprice, and inconſtancy. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV:*

" A hare-brain'd Hotſpur, govern'd by a *ſpleen.*"

M. MASON.

Make friends, invite, yes, and proclaim the banns ;[9]
Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.
Now muſt the world point at poor Katharine,
And ſay,—*Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,*
If it would pleaſe him come and marry her.

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptiſta too ;
Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune ſtays him from his word :
Though he be blunt, I know him paſſing wiſe ;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honeſt.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never ſeen him though !

[*Exit, weeping, followed by* Bianca, *and others.*

Bap. Go, girl; I cannot blame thee now to weep;
For ſuch an injury would vex a ſaint,[1]
Much more a ſhrew of thy impatient humour.[2]

Enter Biondello.

Bion. Maſter, maſter ! news, old news,[3] and ſuch news as you never heard of !

[9] *Make friends, invite,* yes, *and proclaim the banns ;*] Mr. Malone reads :

Make friends, invite them, *&c.* Steevens.

Them is not in the old copy. For this emendation I am anſwerable. The editor of the ſecond folio, to ſupply the defect in the metre, reads, with leſs probability in my opinion—

Make friends, invite, yes, *and proclaim* &c. Malone.

[1] ——*vex a ſaint,*] The old copy redundantly reads—vex a *very* ſaint. Steevens.

[2] —— *of* thy *impatient humour.*] *Thy,* which is not in the old copy, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[3] —— *old news,*] Theſe words were added by Mr. Rowe, and neceſſarily, for the reply of Baptiſta ſuppoſes them to have

Bap. Is it new and old too? how may that be?

Bion. Why, is it not news, to hear of Petruchio's coming?

Bap. Is he come?

Bion. Why, no, ſir.

Bap. What then?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he ſtands where I am, and ſees you there.

Tra. But, ſay, what:—To thine old news.

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-caſes, one buckled, another laced; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs; with two broken points:[4] His horſe

been already ſpoken; *old laughing—old utis*, &c. are expreſſions of that time merely hyperbolical, and have been more than once uſed by Shakſpeare. See note on *Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *a pair of boots—one buckled, another laced; an old ruſty ſword ta'en out of the town armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs*; *with* two broken points:] How a ſword ſhould have *two broken points*, I cannot tell. There is, I think, a tranſpoſition cauſed by the ſeeming relation of *point* to *ſword*. I read, *a pair of boots, one buckled, another laced* with two broken points; *an old ruſty ſword—with a broken hilt, and chapeleſs*. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect that ſeveral words giving an account of Petruchio's *belt* are wanting. The belt was then broad and rich, and worn on the outſide of the doublet.—*Two broken points* might therefore have concluded the deſcription of its oſtentatious meanneſs. STEEVENS.

The *broken points* might be the two broken tags to the laces. TOLLET.

—— *that have been* candle-caſes,] That is, I ſuppoſe, boots

hipped with an old mothy ſaddle, the ſtirr ups of no kindred:[5] beſides, poſſeſſed with the glanders, and like to moſe in the chine; troubled with the lampaſs, infected with the faſhions, full of wind-galls, ſped with ſpavins, raied with the yellows, paſt cure of the fives,[6] ſtark ſpoiled with the ſtaggers, begnawn with the bots; ſwayed in the back,[7] and

long left off, and after having been converted into caſes to hold the ends of candles, returning to their firſt office. I do not know that I have ever met with the word *candle-caſe* in any other place, except the following preface to a dramatic dialogue, 1604, entitled, *The Caſe is Alter'd, How?*—"I write upon caſes, neither knife-caſes, pin-caſes, nor *candle-caſes*."

And again, in *How to chooſe a Good Wife from a Bad*, 1602: "A bow-caſe, a cap-caſe, a comb-caſe, a lute-caſe, a fiddle-caſe, and a *candle-caſe*." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *the ſtirrups of* no kindred:] So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. III: "To this purpoſe many willing hands were about him, letting him have reynes, pettrell, with the reſt of the furniture, and very brave baſes; but all comming from divers horſes, neither in colour nor faſhion ſhowing *any kindred* one with the other." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *infected with the* faſhions,——*paſt cure of the* fives.] *Faſhions.* So called in the Weſt of England, but by the beſt writers on farriery, *farcens*, or *farcy*.

Fives. So called in the Weſt: *vives* elſewhere, and *avives* by the French; a diſtemper in horſes, little differing from the ſtrangles. GREY.

Shakſpeare is not the only writer who uſes *faſhions* for *farcy*. So, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"*Shad.* What ſhall we learn by travel?

"*Andel. Faſhions.*

"*Shad.* That's a *beaſtly diſeaſe*."

Again, in *The New Ordinary*, by Brome:

"My old beaſt is infected with the *faſhions*, faſhion-ſick."

Again, in Decker's *Guls Hornbook*, 1609: "*Faſhions* was then counted a diſeaſe, and *horſes* died of it." STEEVENS.

[7] —— ſwayed *in the back*,] The old copy has—*waid*. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. MALONE.

So, in Philemon Holland's tranſlation of the 28th Book of

ſhoulder-ſhotten; ne'er-legged before,[8] and with a half-checked bit, and a head-ſtall of ſheep's leather; which, being reſtrained to keep him from ſtumbling, hath been often burſt, and now repaired with knots: one girt ſix times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velure,[9] which hath two letters for her name, fairly ſet down in ſtuds, and here and there pieced with packthread.

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, ſir, his lackey, for all the world capariſoned like the horſe; with a linen ſtock[1] on one leg, and a kerſey boot-hoſe on the other, gartered with a red and blue liſt; an old hat, and *The humour of forty fancies* pricked in't for a feather:[2] a

Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, ch. iv. p. 300: "—for let them be *ſwaied in the backe*, or hipped by ſome ſtripe," &c.

STEEVENS.

[8] ——ne'er *legg'd before*,] i. e. founder'd in his fore-feet; having, as the jockies term it, *never* a *fore leg* to ſtand on. The ſubſequent words—"which, being reſtrained to keep him from *ſtumbling*,"—ſeem to countenance this interpretation. The modern editors read—*near-legg'd* before; but to go near before is not reckoned a defect, but a perfection, in a horſe.

MALONE.

[9] ——*crupper of* velure,] *Velure* is velvet. *Velours*, Fr. So, in *The World toſſed at Tennis*, by Middleton and Rowley:

"Come, my well-lined ſoldier (with valour,
"Not *velure*,) keep me warm."

Again, in *The Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"——an old hat,
"Lin'd with *velure*." STEEVENS.

[1] ——*ſtock*—] i. e. ſtocking. So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "—it [his leg] does indifferent well in a flame-coloured *ſtock*."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*an old hat, and* The humour of forty fancies *pricked in't for a feather*:] This was ſome ballad or drollery at that time, which the poet here ridicules, by making Petruchio prick it up in his foot-boy's hat for a feather. His ſpeakers are perpetually quoting ſcraps and ſtanzas of old ballads, and often very

monſter, a very monſter in apparel; and not like a chriſtian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey.

obſcurely; for, ſo well are they adapted to the occaſion, that they ſeem of a piece with the reſt. In Shakſpeare's time, the kingdom was over-run with theſe doggrel compoſitions, and he ſeems to have borne them a very particular grudge. He frequently ridicules both them and their makers, with excellent humour. In *Much Ado about Nothing*, he makes Benedick ſay: "Prove that ever I loſe more blood with love than I get again with drinking, prick out my eyes with a ballad-maker's pen." As the bluntneſs of it would make the execution of it extremely painful. And again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Pandarus in his diſtreſs having repeated a very ſtupid ſtanza from an old ballad, ſays, with the higheſt humour: "There never was a truer rhyme; let's caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe. We ſee it, we ſee it." WARBURTON.

I have ſome doubts concerning this interpretation. A *fancy* appears to have been ſome ornament worn formerly in the hat. So, Peacham, in his *Worth of a Penny*, deſcribing "an indigent and diſcontented ſoldat," ſays, "he walks with his arms folded, his belt without a ſword or rapier, that perhaps being ſomewhere in trouble; a *hat* without a band, hanging over his eyes; only it wears a weather-beaten *fancy* for faſhion-ſake." This lackey therefore did not wear a common *fancy* in his hat, but ſome fantaſtical ornament, comprizing the humour of forty different fancies. Such, I believe, is the meaning. A couplet in one of Sir John Davies's *Epigrams*, 1598, may alſo add ſupport to my interpretation:

"Nor for thy love will I once gnaſh a bricke,
"Or ſome *pied colours* in my bonnet *ſtickes*"

A *fancy*, however, meant alſo a love-ſong or ſonnet, or other poem. So, in *Sapho and Phao*, 1591: "I muſt now fall from love to labour, and endeavour with mine oar to get a fare, not with my pen to write a *fancy*." If the word was uſed here in this ſenſe, the meaning is, that the lackey had ſtuck forty ballads together, and made ſomething like a feather out of them.
MALONE.

Dr. Warburton might have ſtrengthened his ſuppoſition by obſerving, that the *Humour of Forty Fancies* was probably a collection of thoſe ſhort poems which are called *Fancies*, by Falſtaff, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV*: "—ſung thoſe tunes which he heard the carmen whiſtle, and ſwore they were his *Fancies*, his good-nights." Nor is the *Humour of Forty*

Tra. 'Tis ſome odd humour pricks him to this faſhion;—
Yet oftentimes he goes but mean apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howſoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, ſir, he comes not.

Bap. Didſt thou not ſay, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, ſir; I ſay, his horſe comes with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one.

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy, I hold you a penny,
A horſe and a man is more than one, and yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO *and* GRUMIO.[3]

Pet. Come, where be theſe gallants? who is at home?

Fancies a more extraordinary title to a collection of poems, than the well-known *Hundred ſundrie Flowers bounde up in one ſmall Poeſie. —A Paradiſe of dainty Deviſes.—The Arbor of amorous Conceits.—The gorgeous Gallery of gallant Inventions.—The Foreſt of Hiſtories.—The Ordinary of Humors*, &c. Chance, at ſome future period, may eſtabliſh as a certainty what is now offered as a conjecture. A penny book, containing forty ſhort poems, would, properly managed, furniſh no unapt imitation of a plume of feathers for the hat of a humouriſt's ſervant. STEEVENS.

[3] *Enter Petruchio and Grumio.*] Thus, in the original play:
"*Enter* Ferando, *baſely attired, and a red cap on his head.*
"*Feran.* Good morrow, father: *Polidor* well met,
"You wonder, I know, that I have ſtaide ſo long.
"*Alſon.* Yea, marry ſonne: we were almoſt perſuaded
"That we ſhould ſcarce have had our bridegroome heere:
"But ſay, why art thou thus baſely attired?
"*Feran.* Thus richly, father, you ſhould have ſaide;

Bap. You are welcome, ſir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not ſo well apparell'd
As I wiſh you were.

Pet. Were it better I ſhould ruſh in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely bride?—
How does my father?—Gentles, methinks you frown:
And wherefore gaze this goodly company;
As if they ſaw ſome wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unuſual prodigy?

Bap. Why, ſir, you know, this is your wedding-day:

" For when my wife and I are married once,
" Shee's ſuch a ſhrew, if we ſhould once fall out,
" Sheele pull my coſtly ſutes over mine ears,
" And therefore I am thus attir'd a while:
" For many things I tell you's in my head,
" And none muſt know thereof but *Kate* and I;
" For we ſhall live like lambes and lions ſure:
" Nor lambes to lions never were ſo tame,
" If once they lie within the lions pawes,
" As *Kate* to me, if we were married once:
" And therefore, come, let's to church preſently.
" *Pol.* Fie, *Ferando!* not thus attired: for ſhame,
" Come to my chamber, and there ſuite thyſelfe,
" Of twenty ſutes that I did never weare.
" *Feran.* Tuſh, *Polidor:* I have as many ſutes
" Fantaſtike made to fit my humour ſo,
" As any in *Athens*; and as richly wrought
" As was the maſſie robe that late adorn'd
" The ſtately legat of the *Perſian* king,
" And this from them I have made choiſe to weare.
" *Alfon.* I prethee, *Ferando*, let me intreat,
" Before thou go'ſt unto the church with us,
" To put ſome other ſute upon thy backe.
" *Feran.* Not for the world," &c. STEEVENS.

Firſt were we ſad, fearing you would not come;
Now ſadder, that you come ſo unprovided.
Fye! doff this habit, ſhame to your eſtate,
An eye-ſore to our ſolemn feſtival.

Tra. And tell us, what occaſion of import
Hath all ſo long detain'd you from your wife,
And ſent you hither ſo unlike yourſelf?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harſh to hear:
Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in ſome part enforced to digreſs;[4]
Which, at more leiſure, I will ſo excuſe
As you ſhall well be ſatisfied withal.
But, where is Kate? I ſtay too long from her;
The morning wears, 'tis time we were at church.

Tra. See not your bride in theſe unreverent robes;
Go to my chamber, put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me; thus I'll viſit her.

Bap. But thus, I truſt, you will not marry her.

Pet. Good ſooth, even thus; therefore have done with words;
To me ſhe's married, not unto my clothes:
Could I repair what ſhe will wear in me,
As I can change theſe poor accoutrements,
'Twere well for Kate, and better for myſelf.
But what a fool am I, to chat with you,
When I ſhould bid good-morrow to my bride,
And ſeal the title with a lovely kiſs?

[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Grumio, *and* Biondello.

Tra. He hath ſome meaning in his mad attire:
We will perſuade him, be it poſſible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

[4] —— *to digreſs*;] To deviate from my promiſe. Johnson.

Bap. I'll after him, and ſee the event of this.
[*Exit.*

Tra. But, ſir, to her love[5] concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: Which to bring to paſs,
As I before imparted[6] to your worſhip,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,
It ſkills not much; we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he ſhall be Vincentio of Piſa;
And make aſſurance, here in Padua,
Of greater ſums than I have promiſed.
So ſhall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry ſweet Bianca with conſent.

[5] Tra. *But, ſir,* to her *love*—] Mr. Theobald reads—*our* love. STEEVENS.

Our is an injudicious interpolation. The firſt folio reads—*But, ſir, love concerneth us to add, Her father's liking*—which, I think, ſhould be thus corrected:

But ſir, to her *love concerneth us to add*
Her father's liking.—

We muſt ſuppoſe, that Lucentio had before informed Tranio in private of his having obtained Bianca's love; and Tranio here reſumes the converſation, by obſerving, that *to her love* it concerns them to add *her father's conſent*; and then goes on to propoſe a ſcheme for obtaining the latter. TYRWHITT.

The nominative caſe to the verb *concerneth* is here underſtood. A ſimilar licence may be found in *Coriolanus*:

"*Remains* that in the official marks inveſted,
"You anon do meet the ſenate."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"The beauty that is borne here in the face
"The bearer knows not, but *commends* itſelf
"To others' eyes." MALONE.

[6] *As I before imparted*—] *I*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio; but with his uſual inaccuracy was inſerted in the wrong place. MALONE.

The ſecond folio reads:

As before I imparted, &c.

As this paſſage is now pointed, where is the inaccuracy of it? or, if there be any, might it not have happened through the careleſſneſs of the compoſitor? STEEVENS.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow ſchoolmaſter
Doth watch Bianca's ſteps ſo narrowly,
'Twere good, methinks, to ſteal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world ſay—no,
I'll keep mine own, deſpite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this buſineſs:
We'll over-reach the greybeard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola;
The quaint muſician, amorous Licio;
All for my maſter's ſake, Lucentio.—

Re-enter Gremio.

Signior Gremio! came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from ſchool.[7]

Tra. And is the bride and bridegroom coming home?

Gre. A bridegroom, ſay you? 'tis a groom, indeed,
A grumbling groom, and that the girl ſhall find.

Tra. Curſter than ſhe? why, 'tis impoſſible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, ſhe's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! ſhe's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.
I'll tell you, ſir Lucentio; When the prieſt
Should aſk—if Katharine ſhould be his wife,
Ay, by gogs-wouns, quoth he; and ſwore ſo loud,
That, all amaz'd, the prieſt let fall the book:
And, as he ſtoop'd again to take it up,

[7] *As willingly* &c.] This is a proverbial ſaying. See Ray's *Collection.* Steevens.

The mad-brain'd bridegroom took him ſuch a cuff,
That down fell prieſt and book, and book and prieſt;
Now take them up, quoth he, *if any liſt*.

Tra. What ſaid the wench, when he aroſe again?

Gre. Trembled and ſhook; for why, he ſtamp'd, and ſwore,
As if the vicar meant to cozen him.
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—*A health*, quoth he; as if
He had been aboard, carouſing to his mates
After a ſtorm:—Quaff'd off the muſcadel,[8]

[8] —— *Quaff'd off the* muſcadel,] It appears from this paſſage, and the following one in *The Hiſtory of the Two Maids of Moreclacke*, a comedy, by Robert Armin, 1609, that it was the cuſtom to drink wine immediately after the marriage ceremony. Armin's play begins thus:

"*Enter a Maid ſtrewing flowers, and a ſerving-man perfuming the door.*

"*Maid.* Strew, ſtrew.

"*Man.* The *muſcadine* ſtays for the bride at church.

"The prieſt and Hymen's ceremonies 'tend
"To make them man and wife."

Again, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

"—and when we are at church, bring the *wine* and cakes."

In Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*, the wine drank on this occaſion is called a "*knitting cup*."

Again, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, by Middleton:

"Even when my lip touch'd the *contracting cup*."

There was likewiſe a flower that borrowed its name from this ceremony:

"Bring ſweet carnations, and *ſops in wine*,
"Worne of paramours."

Hobbinol's Dittie, &c. by Spenſer.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*:

"Were the roſemary branches dipp'd, and all
"The *hippocras* and *cakes* eat and drunk off;
"Were theſe two arms encompaſs'd with the hands
"Of bachelors to lead me to the church," &c.

Again, in *The Articles ordained by King Henry VII. for the Regulation of his Houſehold*: Article—"For the Marriage of a

And threw the ſops all in the ſexton's face;
Having no other reaſon,—
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,

Princeſs."—" Then pottes of *Ipocrice* to bee ready, and to bee putt into the cupps with *ſoppe*, and to bee borne to the eſtates; and to take a *ſoppe* and drinke," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in an old canzonet on a wedding, ſet to muſick by Morley, 1606:

" *Sops in wine*, ſpice-cakes are a dealing." FARMER.

The faſhion of introducing a bowl of wine into the church at a wedding, to be drank by the bride and bridegroom and perſons preſent, was very anciently a conſtant ceremony; and, as appears from this paſſage, not aboliſhed in our author's age. We find it practiſed at the magnificent marriage of Queen Mary and Philip, in Wincheſter Cathedral, 1554: " The trumpetts ſounded, and they both returned to their traverſes in the quire, and there remayned untill maſſe was done: at which tyme, *wyne* and *ſopes* were hallowed and delyvered to them both." Leland's *Collect. Append.* Vol. IV. p. 400, edit. 1770. T. WARTON.

I inſert the following quotation merely to ſhow that the cuſtom remained in Shakſpeare's time. At the marriage of the Elector Palatine to King James's daughter, the 14th day of February, 1612-13, we are told by one who aſſiſted at the ceremonial: " —In concluſion, a joy pronounced by the king and queen, and ſeconded with congratulation of the lords there preſent, which crowned with draughts of *Ippocras* out of a great golden bowle, as an health to the proſperity of the marriage, (began by the prince Palatine and anſwered by the princeſs.) After which were ſerved up by ſix or ſeven barons ſo many bowles filled with wafers, ſo much of that work was conſummate." Finet's *Philoxenis*, 1656, p. 11. REED.

This cuſtom is of very high antiquity; for it ſubſiſted among our Gothick anceſtors:—" Ingreſſus domum convivalem ſponſus cum pronubo ſuo, ſumpto poculo, quod maritale vocant, ac paucis a pronubo de mutato vitæ genere prefatis, in ſignum conſtantiæ, virtutis, defenſionis et tutelæ *propinat* ſponſæ & ſimul morgennaticam [*dotalitium* ob virginitatem] promittit, quod ipſa grato animo recolens, pari ratione & modo, paulo poſt mutato in uxorium habitum operculo capitis, ingreſſa, *poculum*, uti noſtrates vocant, *uxorium leviter delibans*, amorem, fidem, diligentiam, & ſubjectionem promittit." Stiernhook *de Jure Sueonum & Gothorum vetuſto*, p. 163, quarto, 1672. MALONE.

And ſeem'd to aſk him ſops as he was drinking.
This done, he took the bride about the neck;
And kiſs'd her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,
That, at the parting, all the church did echo.[9]
I, ſeeing this,[1] came thence for very ſhame;
And after me, I know, the rout is coming:
Such a mad marriage never was before;
Hark, hark! I hear the minſtrels play. [*Muſick.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, *and Train.*

PET. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great ſtore of wedding cheer;
But ſo it is, my haſte doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

BAP. Is't poſſible, you will away to-night?

PET. I muſt away to-day, before night come:—
Make it no wonder; if you knew my buſineſs,

[9] *And* kiſs'd *her lips with ſuch a clamorous ſmack,*
That, at the parting, all the church *did echo.*] It appears from the following paſſage in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, that this was alſo part of the marriage ceremonial:
"The *kiſſe thou gav'ſt me in the church,* here take."
STEEVENS.

This alſo is a very ancient cuſtom, as appears from the following rubrick, with which I was furniſhed by the late Reverend Mr. Bowle: "Surgant ambo, ſponſus et ſponſa, et accipiat ſponſus pacem a ſacerdote, et ferat ſponſæ, *oſculans eam*, et neminem alium, nec ipſe, nec ipſa." *Manuale Sarum*, Paris, 1533, 4to. fol. 69. MALONE.

[1] I, *ſeeing this,*] The old copy has—*And* I ſeeing. *And* was probably caught from the beginning of the next line. The emendation is Sir T. Hanmer's. MALONE.

You would entreat me rather go than ſtay.
And, honeſt company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myſelf
To this moſt patient, ſweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I muſt hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you ſtay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.[2]

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to ſtay?

Pet. I am content you ſhall entreat me ſtay;
But yet not ſtay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, ſtay.

Pet. Grumio, my horſes.[3]

Gru. Ay, ſir, they be ready; the oats have eaten the horſes.[4]

[2] *Let me entreat you.*] At the end of this ſpeech, as well as of the next but one, a ſyllable is wanting to complete the meaſure. I have no doubt of our poet's having written—in both inſtances—

Let me entreat you ſtay. Steevens.

[3] ——*my* horſes.] Old copy—*horſe*. Steevens.

[4] ——*the oats have eaten the horſes.*] There is ſtill a ludicrous expreſſion uſed when horſes have ſtaid ſo long in a place as to have eaten more than they are worth—viz. *that their heads are too big for the ſtable-door.* I ſuppoſe Grumio has ſome ſuch meaning, though it is more openly expreſſed, as follows, in the original play:

" *Enter* Ferando *and* Kate, *and* Alfonſo *and* Polidor, *and* Emilia, *and* Aurelius *and* Phylema.

" *Feran.* Father, farewel; my *Kate* and I muſt home:
" Sirrha, go make ready my horſe preſently.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canſt, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till [5] I pleaſe myſelf.
The door is open, ſir, there lies your way,

" *Alſon.* Your horſe! what ſon, I hope you do but jeſt,
" I am ſure you will not go ſo ſuddainely.
" *Kate.* Let him go or tarry, I am reſolv'd to ſtay;
" And not to travel on my wedding day.
" *Feran.* Tut, *Kate*, I tel thee we muſt needes go home:
" Vilaine, haſt thou ſadled my horſe?
" *San.* Which horſe? your curtall?
" *Feran.* Souns you ſlave, ſtand you prating here?
" Saddle the bay gelding for your miſtris.
" *Kate.* Not for me, for I wil not go.
" San. *The oſtler will not let me have him: you owe ten pence*
" *For his meate, and 6 pence for ſtuffing my miſtris ſaddle.*
" *Feran.* Here villaine; goe pay him ſtrait.
" *San.* Shall I give them another pecke of lavender?
" *Feran.* Out ſlave, and bring them preſently to the dore.
" *Alſon.* Why ſon, I hope at leaſt youle dine with us.
" *San.* I pray you, maſter, lets ſtay til dinner be done.
" *Feran.* Souns villaine, art thou here yet? [*Exit.* Sander.
" Come, *Kate*, our dinner is provided at home.
" *Kate.* But not for me, for here I meane to dine:
" Ile have my wil in this as wel as you;
" Though you in madding mood would leave your frinds,
" Deſpite of you Ile tarry with them ſtill.
" *Feran.* I *Kate* ſo thou ſhalt, but at ſome other time:
" When as thy ſiſters here ſhall be eſpouſd,
" Then thou and I wil keepe our wedding-day,
" In better ſort then now we can provide;
" For heere I promiſe thee before them all,
" We will ere longe returne to them againe:
" Come, *Kate*, ſtand not on termes; we will away;
" This is my day, to-morrow thou ſhalt rule,
" And I will doe whatever thou commandes.
" Gentlemen, farewell, wee'l take our leaves;
" It will be late before that we come home.
[*Exeunt* Ferando *and* Kate.
" *Pol.* Farewell *Ferando*, ſince you will be gone.
" *Alſon.* So mad a couple did I never ſee," &c. Steevens.

[5] —— nor *till*—] Old copy—*not* till. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

You may be jogging, whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone, till I pleaſe myſelf:—
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly ſurly groom,
That take it on you at the firſt ſo roundly.

Pet. O, Kate, content thee; pr'ythee, be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry; What haſt thou to do?—
Father, be quiet; he ſhall ſtay my leiſure.

Gre. Ay, marry, ſir: now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I ſee, a woman may be made a fool,
If ſhe had not a ſpirit to reſiſt.

Pet. They ſhall go forward, Kate, at thy command:——
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feaſt, revel and domineer,
Carouſe full meaſure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,——or go hang yourſelves;
But for my bonny Kate, ſhe muſt with me.
Nay, look not big, nor ſtamp, nor ſtare, nor fret;
I will be maſter of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; ſhe is my houſe,
My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,[6]
My horſe, my ox, my aſs,[7] my any thing;
And here ſhe ſtands, touch her whoever dare;

[6] *My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn,*] This defective verſe might be completed by reading, with Hanmer:

She is *my houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn*;

or,

My houſhold-ſtuff, my field, my barn, my ſtable—. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*my* houſe,——*my* ox, *my* aſs,] Alluding to the tenth commandment: "—thou ſhalt not covet thy neighbour's *houſe*, —nor his *ox*, nor his *aſs*,—" RITSON.

I'll bring my action on the proudeſt he
That ſtops my way in Padua.——Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beſet with thieves;
Reſcue thy miſtreſs, if thou be a man:—
Fear not, ſweet wench, they ſhall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee againſt a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINE, *and* GRUMIO.

BAP. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.

GRE. Went they not quickly, I ſhould die with laughing.

TRA. Of all mad matches, never was the like!

LUC. Miſtreſs, what's your opinion of your ſiſter?

BIAN. That, being mad herſelf, ſhe's madly mated.

GRE. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

BAP. Neighbours and friends, though bride and bridegroom wants
For to ſupply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the feaſt;—
Lucentio, you ſhall ſupply the bridegroom's place;
And let Bianca take her ſiſter's room.

TRA. Shall ſweet Bianca practiſe how to bride it?

BAP. She ſhall, Lucentio.—Come, gentlemen, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Hall in Petruchio's *Country Houſe.*

Enter GRUMIO.

GRU. Fye, fye, on all tired jades! on all mad maſters! and all foul ways! Was ever man ſo beaten? was ever man ſo rayed?[8] was ever man ſo weary? I am ſent before to make a fire, and they are coming after to warm them. Now, were not I a little pot, and ſoon hot,[9] my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in my belly, ere I ſhould come by a fire to thaw me:—But, I, with blowing the fire, ſhall warm myſelf; for, conſidering the weather, a taller man than I will take cold. Holla, hoa! Curtis!

[8] ——*was ever man ſo* rayed?] That is, was ever man ſo mark'd with laſhes. JOHNSON.

It rather means *bewrayed*, i. e. made dirty. So, Spenſer, ſpeaking of a fountain:

"Which ſhe increaſed with her bleeding heart,
"And the clean waves with purple gore did *ray*."

Again, in B. III. c. viii. ſt. 32:

"Who whiles the pitieous lady up did riſe,
"Ruffled and foully *ray'd* with filthy ſoil." TOLLET.

So, in *Summer's Laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600: "Let there be a few ruſhes laid in the place where Backwinter ſhall tumble, for fear of *raying* his clothes." STEEVENS.

[9] ——*a little pot, and ſoon hot,*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. It is introduced in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1606:

"—Though I be but a *little pot*, I ſhall be as *ſoon hot*, as another." STEEVENS.

Enter CURTIS.

CURT. Who is that, calls ſo coldly?

GRU. A piece of ice: If thou doubt it, thou may'ſt ſlide from my ſhoulder to my heel, with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.

CURT. Is my maſter and his wife coming, Grumio?

GRU. O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; caſt on no water.[1]

CURT. Is ſhe ſo hot a ſhrew as ſhe's reported?

GRU. She was, good Curtis, before this froſt: but, thou know'ſt, winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tamed my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and myſelf, fellow Curtis.[2]

[1] ——*fire, fire; caſt on no water.*] There is an old popular catch of three parts in theſe words:

"Scotland burneth, Scotland burneth.
"Fire, fire;——Fire, fire;
"Caſt on ſome more water." BLACKSTONE.

[2] ——*winter tames man, woman, and beaſt; for it hath tamed my old maſter, and my new miſtreſs, and* myſelf, *fellow Curtis,* &c.] "*Winter,* ſays Grumio, tames *man, woman, and beaſt*; for it has tamed my old maſter, my new miſtreſs, and *myſelf,* fellow *Curtis.*——Away, you three-inch fool, replies *Curtis, I am no beaſt.*" Why, aſks Dr. Warburton, had Grumio called him one? he alters therefore *myſelf* to *thyſelf,* and all the editors follow him. But there is no neceſſity; if Grumio calls *himſelf* a *beaſt,* and *Curtis, fellow*; ſurely he calls *Curtis a beaſt* likewiſe. Malvolio takes this ſenſe of the word: "let this *fellow* be look'd to!——*Fellow!* not *Malvolio,* after my degree, but *fellow!*"

In Ben Jonſon's *Caſe is Altered:* "What ſays my *Fellow Onion?*" quoth *Chriſtophero.*——"All of a houſe," replies *Onion,* "but not *fellows.*"

In the old play, called *The Return from Parnaſſus,* we have

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool![3] I am no beaſt.

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy horn is a foot; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt.[4] But wilt thou make a fire, or ſhall I complain on thee to our miſtreſs, whoſe hand (ſhe being now at hand,) thou ſhalt ſoon feel, to thy cold comfort, for being ſlow in thy hot office.

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me, How goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office but thine; and, therefore, fire: Do thy duty, and have

a curious paſſage, which ſhows the opinion of contemporaries concerning the *learning* of Shakſpeare; this uſe of the word *fellow* brings it to my remembrance. Burbage and Kempe are introduced to teach the univerſity men the art of acting, and are repreſented (particularly Kempe) as *leaden ſpouts—very illiterate.* "Few of the univerſity (ſays Kempe) pen plays well; *they* ſmell too much of that writer *Ovid,* and that writer *Metamorphoſis*:—why here's our *Fellow Shakſpeare* puts them all down."

FARMER.

The ſentence delivered by Grumio, is proverbial:

"Wedding, and ill-wintering, tame both man and beaſt."

See Ray's *Collection.* STEEVENS.

[3] *Away, you* three-inch *fool!*] i. e. with a ſkull three inches thick; a phraſe taken from the thicker ſort of planks.

WARBURTON.

This contemptuous expreſſion alludes to Grumio's diminutive ſize. He has already mentioned it himſelf: "Now, were not I a *little pot*—" His anſwer likewiſe: "—and ſo *long* am I, at the leaſt,"—ſhows that this is the meaning, and that Dr. Warburton was miſtaken in ſuppoſing that theſe words allude to the *thickneſs* of Grumio's *ſkull.* MALONE.

[4] ——*why,* thy *horn is a foot; and ſo long am I, at the leaſt.*] Though all the copies agree in this reading, Mr. Theobald ſays, yet he cannot find what horn Curtis had; therefore he alters it to *my horn.* But the common reading is right, and the meaning is, that he had made Curtis a cuckold.

WARBURTON.

thy duty; for my maſter and miſtreſs are almoſt frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; And therefore, good Grumio, the news?

Gru. Why, *Jack boy! ho boy!*[5] and as much news as thou wilt.[6]

Curt. Come, you are ſo full of conycatching:—

Gru. Why therefore, fire; for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is ſupper ready, the houſe trimmed, ruſhes ſtrewed, cobwebs ſwept; the ſerving-men in their new fuſtian, their white ſtockings,[7] and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,[8] the carpets laid,[9] and every thing in order?

[5] —— *Jack boy! ho boy!*] Is the beginning of an old round in three parts:

Sir J. Hawkins.

[6] —— *as* thou wilt.] Old copy—*wilt thou.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[7] —— their *white ſtockings,*] The old copy reads—*the* white.—Corrected by the editor of the third folio. Malone.

[8] —— *Be the jacks fair within, the jills fair without,*] i. e. are the drinking veſſels clean, and the maid ſervants dreſſed

Curt. All ready; And therefore, I pray thee, news?[1]

Gru. Firſt, know, my horſe is tired; my maſter and miſtreſs fallen out.

Curt. How?

Gru. Out of their ſaddles into the dirt; And thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Gru. Lend thine ear.

But the Oxford editor alters it thus:

" *Are the Jacks fair without, and the Jills fair within?*

What his conceit is in this, I confeſs I know not.

WARBURTON.

Sir T. Hanmer's meaning ſeems to be this: " Are the men who are waiting without the houſe to receive my maſter, dreſſed; and the maids, who are waiting within, dreſſed too?"

I believe the poet meant to play upon the words *Jack* and *Jill*, which ſignify *two drinking meaſures*, as well as *men* and *maid ſervants*. The diſtinction made in the queſtions concerning them, was owing to this: The *Jacks* being of leather, could not be made to appear beautiful on the outſide, but were very apt to contract foulneſs within; whereas, the *Jills*, being of metal, were expected to be kept bright externally, and were not liable to dirt on the inſide, like the leather.

The quibble on the former of theſe words I find in *The Atheiſt's Tragedy*, by C. Tourner, 1611:

" ——have you drunk yourſelves mad?

" 1. *Ser.* My lord, the *Jacks* abus'd me.

" *D'Am.* I think they are *Jacks* indeed that have abus'd thee."

Again, in *The Puritan*, 1607: " I owe money to ſeveral hoſteſſes, and you know ſuch *jills* will quickly be upon a man's *jack*." In this laſt inſtance, the alluſion to drinking meaſures is evident. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*the carpets laid*,] In our author's time it was cuſtomary to cover tables with carpets. Floors, as appears from the preſent paſſage and others, were ſtrewed with ruſhes. MALONE.

[1] ——*I pray* thee, *news*?] I believe the author wrote—*I pray*, thy *news*. MALONE.

Curt. Here.

Gru. There. [*Striking him.*

Curt. This is[2] to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Gru. And therefore 'tis called, a ſenſible tale: and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beſeech liſtening. Now I begin: *Imprimis,* we came down a foul hill, my maſter riding behind my miſtreſs:—

Curt. Both on one horſe?[3]

Gru. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horſe.

Gru. Tell thou the tale:——But hadſt thou not croſſed me, thou ſhould'ſt have heard how her horſe fell, and ſhe under her horſe; thou ſhould'ſt have heard, in how miry a place: how ſhe was bemoiled;[4] how he left her with the horſe upon her; how he beat me becauſe her horſe ſtumbled; how ſhe waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he ſwore; how ſhe prayed—that never prayed before;[5] how I cried; how the horſes ran away; how her bridle was burſt;[6] how I loſt my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now ſhall die in

[2] *This* is—] Old copy—*This* 'tis—. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[3] ——on *one horſe?*] The old copy reads—*of* one horſe? Steevens.

[4] —— *bemoiled;*] i. e. be-draggled; bemired. Steevens.

[5] —— *how he ſwore; how ſhe prayed—that never prayed before;*] Theſe lines, with little variation, are found in the old copy of *King Leir,* publiſhed before that of Shakſpeare. Steevens.

[6] —— *was* burſt;] i. e. broken. So, in the firſt ſcene of this play: "You will not pay for the glaſſes you have *burſt?*" Steevens.

oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning, he is more ſhrew than ſhe.[7]

Gru. Ay; and that, thou and the proudeſt of you all ſhall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—call forth Nathaniel, Joſeph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugarſop, and the reſt; let their heads be ſleekly combed, their blue coats bruſhed,[8] and their garters of an indifferent knit:[9]

[7] —— *he is more* ſhrew *than ſhe.*] The term *ſhrew* was anciently applicable to either ſex. Thus, in the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 66:

" Left that lurdeynes come ſkulkynge oute
" For ever they have bene *ſhrewes*," &c. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *their* blue coats *bruſhed,*] The dreſs of ſervants at the time. So, in Decker's *Belman's Night Walkes*, ſig. E. 3: " — the other act their parts in *blew coates*, as they were their *ſerving men*, though indeed they be all fellowes." Again, in *The Curtain Drawer of the World*, 1612, p. 2: " Not a *ſerving man* dare appeare in a *blew coat*, not becauſe it is the livery of charity, but leſt he ſhould be thought a retainer to their enemy." REED.

[9] —— *garters of an* indifferent *knit:*] What is the ſenſe of this, I know not, unleſs it means, that their *garters* ſhould be *fellows: indifferent*, or *not different*, one from the other. JOHNSON.

This is rightly explained. So, in *Hamlet:*

" As the *indifferent* children of the earth."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

" Look on my wrongs with an *indifferent* eye."

i. e. an impartial one.

In Donne's *Paradoxes*, p. 56, Dr. Farmer obſerves, that we find " one *indifferent* ſhoe;" meaning, I ſuppoſe, a ſhoe that would fit either the right or left foot.

So, in Reynolds's *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, B. V. Hiſt. 22: " Their ſiſter Ceciliana (aged of ſome twenty years,) was of an *indifferent* height, but growing to corpulency and fatneſs." STEEVENS.

Perhaps by " garters of an *indifferent* knit," the author meant

let them curtſey with their left legs; and not preſume to touch a hair of my maſter's horſe-tail, till they kiſs their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Gru. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear, ho? you muſt meet my maſter, to countenance my miſtreſs.

Gru. Why, ſhe hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Gru. Thou, it ſeems; that calleſt for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Gru. Why, ſhe comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter ſeveral Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Gru. Welcome, you;—how now, you; what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting.

parti-coloured garters; garters of a *different* knit. In Shakſpeare's time *indifferent* was ſometimes uſed for *different*. Thus Speed, (*Hiſt. of Gr. Brit.* p. 770,) deſcribing the French and Engliſh armies at the battle of Agincourt, ſays, "—the face of theſe hoaſts were diverſe and *indifferent*."

That garters of a *different knit* were formerly worn appears from TEXNOΓAMIA, *or the Marriage of the Arts*, by Barton Holyday, 1630, where the following ſtage direction occurs: "Phantaſtes in a branched velvet jerkin,—red ſilk ſtockings, and *parti-coloured garters*." MALONE.

Now, my ſpruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready:[1] How near is our maſter?

Gru. E'en at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not,——Cock's paſſion, ſilence!——I hear my maſter.

Enter Petruchio *and* Katharina.[2]

Pet. Where be theſe knaves? What, no man at door,[3]

[1] *All things* is ready:] Though in general it is proper to correct the falſe concords that are found in almoſt every page of the old copy, here it would be improper; becauſe the language ſuits the character. Malone.

[2] *Enter* Petruchio &c.] Thus, the original play:

" *Enter* Ferando *and* Kate.

" *Ferand.* Now welcome *Kate.* Wheres theſe villaines,
" Heere? what, not ſupper yet upon the boord!
" Nor table ſpread, nor nothing done at all!
" Where's that villaine that I ſent before?
" *San.* Now, adſum, ſir.
" *Feran.* Come hither you villaine; Ile cut your noſe
" You rogue: help me off with my bootes: wil't pleaſe
" You to lay the cloth? Sowns the villaine
" Hurts my foote: pull eaſily I ſay: yet againe?
[*He beats them all. They cover the boord, and fetch in the meate.*
" Sowns, burnt and ſcorch't! who dreſt this meate?
" *Will.* Forſooth, *John Cooke.*
[*He throwes downe the table and meate, and all, and beates them all.*
" *Feran.* Goe, you villaines; bring me ſuch meate?
" Out of my ſight, I ſay, and bear it hence.
" Come, *Kate,* wee'l have other meate provided:
" Is there a fire in my chamber, ſir?
" *San.* I, forſooth. [*Exeunt* Ferando *and* Kate.
" *Manent ſerving men, and eate up all the meate.*
" *Tom.* Sownes, I thinke of my conſcience my maſter's madde ſince he was married.

To hold my ſtirrup, nor to take my horſe!
Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?——

All Serv. Here, here, ſir; here, ſir.

Pet. Here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir! here, ſir!—
You logger-headed and unpoliſh'd grooms!
What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?—
Where is the fooliſh knave I ſent before?

Gru. Here, ſir; as fooliſh as I was before.

Pet. You peaſant ſwain! you whoreſon malt-horſe drudge!
Did I not bid thee meet me in the park,
And bring along theſe raſcal knaves with thee?

Gru. Nathaniel's coat, ſir, was not fully made,
And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i'the heel;
There was no link to colour Peter's hat,[4]

" *Will.* I laſt what a box he gave *Sander*
" For pulling off his bootes?
" *Enter* Ferando *again.*
" *San.* I hurt his foot for the nonce, man.
" *Feran.* Did you ſo, you damned villaine?
[*He beates them all out again.*
" This humour muſt I hold to me a while,
" To bridle and holde back my head-ſtrong wife,
" With curbes of hunger, eaſe, and want of ſleepe:
" Nor ſleep nor meate ſhall ſhe enjoy to-night;
" Ile mew her up as men do mew their hawkes,
" And make her gently come unto the lewre:
" Were ſhe as ſtubborne, or as full of ſtrength
" As was the Thracian horſe Alcides tamde,
" That king *Egeus* fed with fleſh of men,
" Yet would I pull her downe and make her come,
" As hungry hawkes do flie unto their lewre." [*Exit.*
Steevens.

[3] —— *at* door,] *Door* is here, and in other places, uſed as a diſſyllable. Malone.

[4] —— *no* link *to colour Peter's hat,*] A *link* is a torch of pitch. Greene, in his *Mihil Mumchance,* ſays—" This cozenage is

And Walter's dagger was not come from ſheathing:
There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;
The reſt were ragged, old, and beggarly;
Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, raſcals, go, and fetch my ſupper in.—
[*Exeunt ſome of the* Servants.
Where is the life that late I led[5]— [Sings.
Where are thoſe——Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, ſoud, ſoud, ſoud![6]

uſed likewiſe in ſelling old hats found upon dung-hills, inſtead of newe, blackt over with the *ſmoake of an old linke.*"

STEEVENS.

[5] *Where* &c.] A ſcrap of ſome old ballad. Ancient Piſtol elſewhere quotes the ſame line. In an old black letter book intituled, *A gorgious Gallery of gallant Inventions*, London, 1578, 4to. is a ſong to the tune of *Where is the life that late I led.*

RITSON.

This ballad was peculiarly ſuited to Petruchio's preſent ſituation: for it appears to have been deſcriptive of the ſtate of a lover who had newly reſigned his freedom. In an old collection of Sonnets, entitled *A handeful of pleaſant Delites, containing ſundrie new Sonets*, &c. by Clement Robinſon, 1584, is "Dame Beautie's replie to the *lover late at libertie*, and now complaineth himſelfe to be her captive, intituled, *Where is the life that late I led:*

"The life that erſt thou led'ſt, my friend,
"Was pleaſant to thine eyes," &c. MALONE.

[6] *Soud, ſoud,* &c.] That is, *ſweet, ſweet. Soot*, and ſometimes *ſooth*, is *ſweet.* So, in Milton, *to ſing ſoothly*, is to ſing ſweetly. JOHNSON.

So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"He'll hang handſome young men for the *ſoote* ſinne of love." STEEVENS.

Theſe words ſeem merely intended to denote the humming of a tune, or ſome kind of ejaculation, for which it is not neceſſary to find out a meaning. M. MASON.

This, I believe, is a word coined by our poet, to expreſs the noiſe made by a perſon heated and fatigued. MALONE.

Re-enter Servants, *with ſupper.*

Why, when, I ſay?—Nay, good ſweet Kate, be merry.
Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains; When?

It was the friar of orders grey,[7] [Sings.
As he forth walked on his way:—

Out, out, you rogue![8] you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking off the other.—
[*Strikes him.*
Be merry, Kate:—Some water, here; what, ho!—
Where's my ſpaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,
And bid my couſin Ferdinand come hither:[9]—
[*Exit* Servant.
One, Kate, that you muſt kiſs, and be acquainted with.—

[7] *It was the friar of orders grey,*] Diſperſed through Shakſpeare's plays are many little fragments of ancient ballads, the entire copies of which cannot now be recovered. Many of theſe being of the moſt beautiful and pathetic ſimplicity, Dr. Percy has ſelected ſome of them, and connected them together with a few ſupplemental ſtanzas; a work, which at once demonſtrates his own poetical abilities, as well as his reſpect to the truly venerable remains of our moſt ancient bards. STEEVENS.

[8] *Out,* out, *you rogue!*] The ſecond word was inſerted by Mr. Pope, to complete the metre. When a word occurs twice in the ſame line, the compoſitor very frequently omits one of them. MALONE.

[9] *And bid my couſin Ferdinand come hither:*] This couſin Ferdinand, who does not make his perſonal appearance on the ſcene, is mentioned, I ſuppoſe, for no other reaſon than to give Katharine a hint, that he could keep even his own relations in order, and make them obedient as his ſpaniel Troilus.
STEEVENS.

Where are my ſlippers?—Shall I have ſome water?
[*A baſon is preſented to him.*
Come, Kate, and waſh,[1] and welcome heartily:—
[Servant *lets the ewer fall.*
You whoreſon villain! will you let it fall?
[*Strikes him.*

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 'twas a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreſon, beetleheaded, flap-ear'd knave! Come, Kate, ſit down; I know you have a ſtomach. Will you give thanks, ſweet Kate; or elſe ſhall I?—What is this? mutton?

1 *Serv.* Ay.

[1] *Come, Kate, and* waſh,] It was the cuſtom in our author's time, (and long before,) to waſh the hands immediately before dinner and ſupper, as well as afterwards. So, in Ives's *Select Papers*, p. 139: "And after that the Queen [Elizabeth, the wife of King Henry VII.] was retourned and *waſhed*, the Archbiſhop ſaid grace." Again, in Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "C. The meate is coming, let us ſit downe. S. I would waſh firſt—. What ho, bring us ſome water to waſh our hands.—Give me a faire, cleane and white towel." From the ſame dialogue it appears that it was cuſtomary to waſh after meals likewiſe, and that ſetting the water on the table was then (as at preſent) peculiar to Great Britain and Ireland: "Bring ſome water (ſays one of the company,) when dinner is ended, to waſh our hands, and ſet the bacin upon the board, *after the Engliſh faſhion*, that all may waſh."

That it was the practice to waſh the hands immediately before ſupper, as well as before dinner, is aſcertained by the following paſſage in *The Fountayne of Fame, erected in an Orcharde of amorous Adventures*, by Anthony Mundy, 1580: "Then was our *ſupper* brought up very orderly, and ſhe brought me *water to waſhe my handes*. And after I had waſhed, I ſat downe, and ſhe alſo; but concerning what good cheere we had, I need not make good report." Malone.

As our anceſtors eat with their fingers, which might not be over-clean before meals, and after them muſt be greaſy, we cannot wonder at ſuch repeated ablutions. Steevens.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 *Serv.* I.

Pet. 'Tis burnt; and so is all the meat:
What dogs are these?—Where is the rascal cook?
How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,
And serve it thus to me that love it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
[*Throws the meat, &c. about the stage.*
You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves!
What, do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray, you, husband, be not so disquiet;
The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 'twas burnt and dried away;
And I expressly am forbid to touch it,
For it engenders choler, planteth anger;
And better 'twere, that both of us did fast,—
Since, of ourselves, ourselves are cholerick,—
Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh.
Be patient; to-morrow it shall be mended,
And, for this night, we'll fast for company:—
Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.
[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Curtis.

Nath. [*Advancing.*] Peter, didst ever see the like?

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter Curtis.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,
Making a sermon of continency to her:
And rails, and swears, and rates; that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to ſtand, to look, to ſpeak;
And ſits as one new-riſen from a dream.
Away, away! for he is coming hither. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politickly begun my reign,
And 'tis my hope to end ſucceſsfully:
My falcon now is ſharp, and paſſing empty;
And, till ſhe ſtoop, ſhe muſt not be full-gorg'd,[2]
For then ſhe never looks upon her lure.
Another way I have to man my haggard,[3]
To make her come, and know her keeper's call,
That is,—to watch her, as we watch theſe kites,[4]
That bate,[5] and beat, and will not be obedient.

[2] ——*full-gorg'd,* &c.] A hawk too much fed was never tractable. So, in *The Tragedie of Cræſus,* 1604:

"And like a hooded hawk, *gorg'd* with vain pleaſures,
"At random flies, and wots not where he is."

Again, in *The Booke of Haukyng,* bl. l. no date:

"—ye ſhall ſay your hauke is *full-gorg'd,* and not cropped."

The *lure* was only a thing ſtuffed like that kind of bird which the hawk was deſigned to purſue. The uſe of the *lure* was to tempt him back after he had flown. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*to* man *my* haggard,] A *haggard* is a *wild-hawk*; to *man* a hawk is to *tame* her. JOHNSON.

[4] ——watch *her, as we* watch *theſe kites,*] Thus, in the ſame book of *Haukyng,* &c. bl. l. commonly called, *The Book of St. Albans:* "And then the ſame night after the teding, *wake* her all night, and on the morrowe all day."

Again, in *The Lady Errant,* by Cartwright: "We'll keep you as they do *hawks*; *watching* you until you leave your wildneſs." STEEVENS.

[5] *That* bate,] i. e. flutter. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"*Bated* like eagles having lately bath'd." STEEVENS.

To *bate* is to flutter as a hawk does when it ſwoops upon its prey. Minſheu ſuppoſes it to be derived either from *batre,* Fr. to beat, or from *s'abatre,* to deſcend. MALONE.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none ſhall eat;
Laſt night ſhe ſlept not, nor to-night ſhe ſhall not;
As with the meat, ſome undeſerved fault
I'll find about the making of the bed;
And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolſter,
This way the coverlet, another way the ſheets:—
Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,[6]
That all is done in reverend care of her;
And, in concluſion, ſhe ſhall watch all night:
And, if ſhe chance to nod, I'll rail, and brawl,
And with the clamour keep her ſtill awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindneſs;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headſtrong humour:—
He that knows better how to tame a ſhrew,
Now let him ſpeak; 'tis charity to ſhow. [*Exit.*

[6] —— *amid this hurly, I* intend,] *Intend* is ſometimes uſed by our author for *pretend,* and is, I believe, ſo uſed here. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw,
"*Intending* deep ſuſpicion." MALONE.

SCENE II.[7]

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter TRANIO *and* HORTENSIO.

TRA. Is't poſſible, friend Licio, that Bianca[8]
Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?
I tell you, ſir, ſhe bears me fair in hand.

HOR. Sir, to ſatisfy you in what I have ſaid,
Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They ſtand aſide.*

[7] *Scene II. Padua,* &c.] This ſcene, Mr. Pope, upon what authority I cannot pretend to gueſs, has in his editions made the *firſt* of the *fifth* Act: in doing which, he has ſhown the very power and force of criticiſm. The conſequence of this judicious regulation is, that two unpardonable abſurdities are fixed upon the author, which he could not poſſibly have committed. For, in the firſt place, by this ſhuffling the ſcenes out of their true poſition, we find Hortenſio, in the fourth Act, already gone from Baptiſta's to Petruchio's country-houſe; and afterwards in the beginning of the fifth Act we find him firſt forming the reſolution of quitting Bianca; and Tranio immediately informs us, he is gone to the Taming-ſchool to Petruchio. There is a figure, indeed, in rhetorick, called ὕστερον πρότερον, but this is an abuſe of it, which the rhetoricans will never adopt upon Mr. Pope's authority. Again, by this miſplacing, the Pedant makes his firſt entrance, and quits the ſtage with Tranio in order to go and dreſs himſelf like Vincentio, whom he was to perſonate: but his ſecond *entrance* is upon the very heels of his *exit*; and without any interval of an *Act*, or one word intervening, he comes out again equipped like Vincentio. If ſuch a critic be fit to publiſh a ſtage-writer, I ſhall not envy Mr. Pope's admirers, if they ſhould think fit to applaud his ſagacity. I have replaced the ſcenes in that order in which I found them in the old books.
THEOBALD.

[8] —— *that Bianca*—] The old copy redundantly reads—that *miſtreſs* Bianca. STEEVENS.

Enter BIANCA *and* LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, miſtreſs, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, maſter, read you? firſt reſolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profeſs, the art to love.

Bian. And may you prove, ſir, maſter of your art!

Luc. While you, ſweet dear, prove miſtreſs of my heart. [*They retire.*

Hor. Quick proceeders, marry![9] Now, tell me, I pray,
You that durſt ſwear that your miſtreſs Bianca
Lov'd none[1] in the world ſo well as Lucentio.

Tra. O deſpiteful love! unconſtant womankind!—
I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Miſtake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a muſician, as I ſeem to be;
But one that ſcorn to live in this diſguiſe,
For ſuch a one as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of ſuch a cullion:[2]
Know, ſir, that I am call'd—Hortenſio.

[9] *Quick* proceeders, *marry!*] Perhaps here an equivoque was intended. To *proceed* Maſter of Arts, &c. is the academical term. MALONE.

[1] *Lov'd* none—] Old copy—Lov'd *me*.—Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary correction. MALONE.

[2] ——*cullion*:] A term of degradation, with no very decided meaning; a deſpicable fellow, a fool, &c. So, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, bl. l:

"It is an old ſaying Praiſe at parting.
"I think I have made the *cullion* to wring."

STEEVENS.

Tra. Signior Hortenſio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And ſince mine eyes are witneſs of her lightneſs,
I will with you,—if you be ſo contented,—
Forſwear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiſs and court!——Signior Lucentio,
Here is my hand, and here I firmly vow—
Never to woo her more; but do forſwear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours
That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.[3]

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned oath,—
Ne'er to marry with her though ſhe would entreat:
Fye on her! ſee, how beaſtly ſhe doth court him.

Hor. 'Would, all the world, but he, had quite forſworn!
For me,—that I may ſurely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days paſs; which hath as long lov'd me,
As I have lov'd this proud diſdainful haggard:
And ſo farewell, ſignior Lucentio.—
Kindneſs in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and ſo I take my leave,
In reſolution as I ſwore before.

[*Exit* Hortensio.—Lucentio *and* Bianca *advance.*

Tra. Miſtreſs Bianca, bleſs you with ſuch grace
As 'longeth to a lover's bleſſed caſe!
Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love;
And have forſworn you, with Hortenſio.

Bian. Tranio, you jeſt; But have you both forſworn me?

[3] *That I have fondly flatter'd* her *withal.*] The old copy reads —*them* withal. The emendation was made by the editor of the third folio. Malone.

Tra. Miſtreſs, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I'faith, he'll have a luſty widow now,
That ſhall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.[4]

Bian. He ſays ſo, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-ſchool.

Bian. The taming-ſchool! what, is there ſuch a place?

Tra. Ay, miſtreſs, and Petruchio is the maſter;
That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,—
To tame a ſhrew, and charm her chattering tongue.[5]

Enter Biondello, *running.*

Bion. O maſter, maſter, I have watch'd ſo long
That I'm dog-weary; but at laſt I ſpied
An ancient angel[6] coming down the hill,
Will ſerve the turn.

[4] *Ay, and he'll tame her.* &c.] Thus, in the original play:
"——he means to tame his wife ere long.
"*Val.* Hee ſaies ſo.
"*Aurel.* Faith he's gon unto the taming-ſchoole.
"*Val.* The taming-ſchoole! why is there ſuch a place?
"*Aurel.* I; and *Ferando* is the maiſter of the ſchoole."
Steevens.

[5] ——charm *her chattering tongue.*] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:
"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm* your tongue."
Steevens.

[6] *An ancient* angel—] For *angel* Mr. Theobald, and after him Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton, read *engle.* Johnson.

It is true that the word *enghle,* which Sir T. Hanmer calls a gull, (deriving it from *engluer,* Fr. to catch with bird-lime,) is ſometimes uſed by Ben Jonſon. It cannot, however, bear that

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Maſter, a mercatantè, or a pedant,[7]

meaning at preſent, as Biondello confeſſes his ignorance of the quality of the perſon who is afterwards perſuaded to repreſent the father of Lucentio. The preciſe meaning of it is not aſcertained in Jonſon, neither is the word to be found in any of the original copies of Shakſpeare. I have alſo reaſon to ſuppoſe that the true import of the word *enghle* is ſuch as can have no connection with this paſſage, and will not bear explanation.

Angel primitively ſignifies a *meſſenger*, but perhaps this ſenſe is inapplicable to the paſſage before us. So, Ben Jonſon, in *The Sad Shepherd:*

" ——the dear good *angel* of the ſpring,
" The nightingale—."

And Chapman, in his tranſlation of Homer, always calls a meſſenger an *angel*. See particularly B. XXIV.

In *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, an old uſurer is indeed called—

" ——old *angel* of gold."

It is poſſible, however, that inſtead of *ancient angel*, our author might have written—*angel-merchant*, one whoſe buſineſs it was to negociate money. He is afterwards called a *mercatantè*, and profeſſes himſelf to be one who has bills of exchange about him. STEEVENS.

[7] *Maſter, a* mercatantè, *or a* pedant,] The old editions read *marcantant*. The Italian word *mercatantè* is frequently uſed in the old plays for a merchant, and therefore I have made no ſcruple of placing it here. The modern editors, who printed the word as they found it ſpelt in the folio, were obliged to ſupply a ſyllable to make out the verſe, which the Italian pronunciation renders unneceſſary. A *pedant* was the common name for a teacher of languages. So, in *Cynthia's Revels*, by Ben Jonſon: " He loves to have a fencer, a *pedant*, and a muſician, ſeen in his lodgings." STEEVENS.

Mercatantè,] So, Spenſer, in the third Book of his *Fairy Queen:*

" Sleeves dependant Albaneſe wiſe."

And our author has *Veroneſe* in his *Othello*. FARMER.

——*pedant,*] *Charon*, the ſage *Charon*, as Pope calls him, deſcribes a *pedant*, as ſynonymous to a *houſehold ſchoolmaſter*, and adds a general character of the fraternity by no means to their advantage. See *Charon on Wiſdom*, 4to. 1640. Lennard's *Tranſlation*, p. 158. REED.

I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance ſurely like a father.[8]

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and truſt my tale,
I'll make him glad to ſeem Vincentio;
And give aſſurance to Baptiſta Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.[9]

[*Exeunt* Lucentio *and* Bianca.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God ſave you, ſir!

Tra. And you, ſir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furtheſt?

Ped. Sir, at the furtheſt for a week or two:
But then up further; and as far as Rome;
And ſo to Tripoly, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, ſir?—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careleſs of your life?

[8] ——ſurely *like a father.*] I know not what he is, ſays the ſpeaker, however this is certain, he has the gait and countenance of a fatherly man. Warburton.

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*furly*, which Mr. Theobald adopted, and has quoted the following lines, addreſſed by Tranio to the Pedant, in ſupport of the emendation:

"'Tis well; and hold your own in any caſe,
"With ſuch *auſterity* as '*longeth* to a *father*."

Malone.

[9] *Take* in *your love, and then let me alone.*] The old copies exhibit this line as follows, disjoining it from its predeceſſors:

Par. *Take* me *your love, and then let me alone.*

Steevens.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

Ped. My life, ſir! how, I pray? for that goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua;[1] Know you not the cauſe?
Your ſhips are ſtaid at Venice; and the duke
(For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and him,)
Hath publiſh'd and proclaim'd it openly:
'Tis marvel; but that you're but newly come,
You might have heard it elſe proclaim'd about.

Ped. Alas, ſir, it is worſe for me than ſo;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and muſt here deliver them.

Tra. Well, ſir, to do you courteſy,
This will I do, and this will I adviſe you;—
Firſt, tell me, have you ever been at Piſa?

Ped. Ay, ſir, in Piſa have I often been;
Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.[2]

Tra. Among them, know you one Vincentio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of him;
A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, ſir; and, ſooth to ſay,
In countenance ſomewhat doth reſemble you.

Bion. As much as an apple doth an oyſter, and all one. [*Aſide.*

Tra. To ſave your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his ſake;
And think it not the worſt of all your fortunes,
That you are like to ſir Vincentio.

[1] *'Tis death for any one in Mantua* &c.] So, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"——if any Syracuſan born
"Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies." Steevens.

[2] *Piſa, renowned for grave citizens.*] This line has been already uſed by Lucentio. See Act I. ſc i. Ritson.

His name and credit ſhall you undertake,
And in my houſe you ſhall be friendly lodg'd;—
Look, that you take upon you as you ſhould;
You underſtand me, ſir;—ſo ſhall you ſtay
Till you have done your buſineſs in the city:
If this be courteſy, ſir, accept of it.

Ped. O, ſir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter good.
This, by the way, I let you underſtand;—
My father is here look'd for every day,
To paſs aſſurance[3] of a dower in marriage
'Twixt me and one Baptiſta's daughter here:
In all theſe circumſtances I'll inſtruct you:
Go with me, ſir, to clothe you as becomes you.[4]
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *To paſs* aſſurance —] *To paſs aſſurance* means to make a conveyance or deed. Deeds are by law-writers called, "The common *aſſurances* of the realm," becauſe thereby each man's property is *aſſured* to him. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this Act: "they are buſied about a counterfeit *aſſurance*." Malone.

[4] *Go with me, ſir, &c.*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt omits the word—*ſir*. Steevens.

Go with me, &c.] There is an old comedy called *Suppoſes*, tranſlated from Arioſto, by George Gaſcoigne. Thence Shakſpeare borrowed this part of the plot, (as well as ſome of the phraſeology,) though Theobald pronounces it his own invention. There, likewiſe, he found the quaint name of Petruchio. My young maſter and his man exchange habits, and perſuade a *Scenæſe*, as he is called, to perſonate *the father*, exactly as in this play, by the pretended danger of his coming from *Sienna* to *Ferrara*, contrary to the order of the government. Farmer.

In the ſame play our author likewiſe found the name of *Licio*. Malone.

SCENE III.

A Room in Petruchio's *Houſe.*

Enter KATHARINA *and* GRUMIO.[5]

GRU. No, no; forſooth; I dare not, for my life.

KATH. The more my wrong, the more his ſpite appears:

[5] *Enter* Katharina *and* Grumio.] Thus the original play:

" *Enter* Sander *and his miſtris.*

" *San.* Come, miſtris.

" *Kate. Sander,* I prethee helpe me to ſome meat;

" I am ſo faint that I can ſcarcely ſtand.

" *San.* I marry miſtris: but you know my maiſter

" Has given me a charge that you muſt eat nothing,

" But that which he himſelf giveth you.

" *Kate.* Why man, thy maſter needs never know it.

" *San.* You ſay true, indeed. Why looke you, miſtris;

" What ſay you to a pece of bieffe and muſtard now?

" *Kate.* Why, I ſay, 'tis excellent meat; canſt thou helpe me to ſome?

" *San.* I, I could helpe you to ſome, but that I doubt

" The muſtard is too cholleriek for you.

" But what ſay you to a ſheepes head and garlicke?

" *Kate.* Why any thing; I care not what it be.

" *San.* I, but the garlicke I doubt will make your breath ſtincke; and then my maſter will courſe me for letting you eate it. But what ſay you to a fat capon?

" *Kate.* That's meat for a king; ſweete *Sander* help me to ſome of it.

" *San.* Nay, berlady, then 'tis too deere for us; we muſt not meddle with the king's meate.

" *Kate.* Out villaine! doſt thou mocke me?

" Take that for thy ſawſineſſe. [*She beates him.*

" *San.* Sounes are you ſo light-fingred, with a murrin;

" Ile keepe you faſting for it theſe two daies.

" *Kate.* I tell thee villaine, Ile tear the fleſh off

" Thy face and eate it, and thou prate to me thus.

" *San.* Here comes my maſter now: heele courſe you.

What, did he marry me to famiſh me?
Beggars, that come unto my father's door,
Upon entreaty, have a preſent alms;
If not, elſewhere they meet with charity:
But I,—who never knew how to entreat,—
Am ſtarv'd for meat, giddy for lack of ſleep;
With oaths kept waking, and with brawling fed:
And that which ſpites me more than all theſe wants,
He does it under name of perfect love;
As who ſhould ſay,—if I ſhould ſleep, or eat,
'Twere deadly ſickneſs, or elſe preſent death.—

" *Enter* Ferando *with a piece of meate upon his dagger point, and* Polidor *with him.*

" *Feran.* See here, *Kate,* I have provided meat for thee:
" Here, take it: what, is't not worthy thanks?
" Go, ſirha, take it away againe, you ſhall be
" Thankful for the next you have.
" *Kate.* Why, I thanke you for it.
" *Feran.* Nay, now 'tis not worth a pin: go, ſirha, and take it hence, I ſay.
" *San.* Yes, ſir, Ile carrie it hence: Maſter, let hir
" Have none; for ſhe can fight, as hungry as ſhe is.
" *Pol.* I pray you, ſir, let it ſtand; for ile eat
" Some with her myſelfe.
" *Feran.* Well, ſirha, ſet it downe againe.
" *Kate.* Nay, nay, I pray you, let him take it hence,
" And keepe it for your own diet, for ile none;
" Ile nere be beholding to you for your meat:
" I tel thee flatly here unto thy teeth,
" Thou ſhalt not keepe me nor feed me as thou liſt,
" For I will home againe unto my father's houſe.
" *Feran.* I, when y'are meeke and gentle, but not before:
" I know your ſtomacke is not yet come downe,
" Therefore no marvel thou canſt not eat:
" And I will go unto your father's houſe.
" Come *Polidor,* let us go in againe;
" And *Kate* come in with us: I know, ere long,
" That thou and I ſhall lovingly agree."

The circumſtance of *Ferando* bringing meat to *Katharine* on the point of his dagger, is a ridicule on Marlowe's *Tamburlaine,* who treats *Bajazet* in the ſame manner. STEEVENS.

I pr'ythee go, and get me ſome repaſt;
I care not what, ſo it be wholeſome food.

Gru. What ſay you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis paſſing good; I pr'ythee let me have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too cholerick a meat:[6]—
How ſay you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well; good Grumio, fetch it me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 'tis cholerick.
What ſay you to a piece of beef, and muſtard?

Kath. A diſh that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.[7]

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the muſtard reſt.

Gru. Nay, then I will not; you ſhall have the muſtard,
Or elſe you get no beef of Grumio.

[6] *I fear, it is too* cholerick *a meat:*] So, before:

"And I expreſsly am forbid to touch it;
"For it engenders *choler.*"

The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily reads—too *phlegmatick* a meat; which has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

Though I have not diſplaced the oldeſt reading, that of the ſecond folio may be right. It prevents the repetition of *cholerick*, and preſerves its meaning; for *phlegmatick*, irregularly derived from φλεγμονὴ, might anciently have been a word in phyſical uſe, ſignifying *inflammatory*, as *phlegmonous* is at preſent.

Steevens.

[7] *Ay, but the muſtard is too hot a little.*] This is agreeable to the doctrine of the times. In *The Glaſs of Humors*, no date, p. 60, it is ſaid, "But note here, that the firſt diet is not only in avoiding ſuperfluity of meats, and ſurfeits of drinks, but alſo in eſchewing ſuch as are moſt obnoxious, and leaſt agreeable with our happy temperate ſtate; as for a cholerick man to abſtain from all ſalt, *ſcorched, dry meats*, from *muſtard*, and ſuch like things as will aggravate his malignant humours," &c.

So Petruchio before objects to the over-roaſted mutton. Reed.

Kath. Then both, or one, or any thing thou wilt.

Gru. Why, then the muſtard without the beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou falſe deluding ſlave, [*Beats him.*
That feed'ſt me with the very name of meat:
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my miſery!
Go, get thee gone, I ſay.

Enter Petruchio *with a diſh of meat; and* Hortensio.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, ſweeting, all amort?[8]

Hor. Miſtreſs, what cheer?

Kath. 'Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy ſpirits, look cheerfully upon me.
Here, love; thou ſee'ſt how diligent I am,
To dreſs thy meat myſelf, and bring it thee:
[*Sets the diſh on a table.*
I am ſure, ſweet Kate, this kindneſs merits thanks.
What, not a word? Nay then, thou lov'ſt it not;
And all my pains is ſorted to no proof:[9]——
Here, take away this diſh.

[8] ——*What, ſweeting, all* amort?] This galliciſm is common to many of the old plays. So, in *Wily Beguiled*:
"Why how now, Sophos, all *amort?*"
Again, in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:
"What all *amort!* What's the matter?" Steevens.

That is, all ſunk and diſpirited. Malone.

[9] *And all my pains is* ſorted *to no proof*:] And all *my* labour has ended in nothing, or *proved* nothing. "We tried an experiment, but it *ſorted* not." *Bacon.* Johnson.

Kath. 'Pray you, let it ſtand.

Pet. The pooreſt ſervice is repaid with thanks;
And ſo ſhall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, ſir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fye! you are to blame!
Come, miſtreſs Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. Eat it up all, Hortenſio, if thou lov'ſt me.—
[*Aſide.*
Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!
Kate, eat apace:—And now, my honey love,
Will we return unto thy father's houſe;
And revel it as bravely as the beſt,
With ſilken coats, and caps, and golden rings,
With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;[1]
With ſcarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,
With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.
What, haſt thou din'd? The tailor ſtays thy leiſure,
To deck thy body with his ruffling treaſure.[2]

[1] ——*farthingales, and* things;] Though *things* is a poor word, yet I have no better, and perhaps the author had not another that would rhyme. I once thought to tranſpoſe the word *rings* and *things*, but it would make little improvement. JOHNSON.

However poor the word, the poet muſt be anſwerable for it, as he had uſed it before, Act II. ſc. v. when the rhyme did not force it upon him:

We will have rings and things, *and fine array.*

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1632:

"'Tis true that I am poor, and yet have *things*,
"And golden rings," &c.

A *thing* is a trifle too inconſiderable to deſerve a particular diſcrimination. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*with his* ruffling *treaſure.*] This is the reading of the old copy, which Mr. Pope changed to *ruſtling*, I think, without neceſſity. Our author has indeed in another play—"*Prouder*

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments;[3]

than *ruſtling*, in unpaid for ſilk;" but *ruffling* is ſometimes uſed in *nearly* the ſame ſenſe. Thus, in *King Lear*:

" ——the high winds
" Do ſorely *ruffle*."

There clearly the idea of noiſe as well as turbulence is annexed to the word. A *ruffler* in our author's time ſignified a *noiſy* and turbulent ſwaggerer; and the word *ruffling* may here be applied in a kindred ſenſe to dreſs. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

" And his proud wife, high-minded Eleanor,
" That *ruffles* it with ſuch a troop of ladies,
" As ſtrangers in the court take her for queen."

Again, more appoſitely, in Camden's *Remaines*, 1605: "There there was a nobleman merry conceited and riotouſly given, having lately ſold a manor of a hundred tenements, came *ruffling* into the court in a *new ſute*, ſaying, Am not I a mightie man that beare an hundred houſes on my backe."

Boyle ſpeaks of the *ruffling* of ſilk, and *ruffled* is uſed by ſo late an author as Addiſon in the ſenſe of *plaited*; in which laſt ſignification perhaps the word *ruffling* ſhould be underſtood here. Petruchio has juſt before told Katharine that ſhe "ſhould revel it with *ruffs* and cuffs;" from the former of which words, *ruffled*, in the ſenſe of plaited, ſeems to be derived. As *ruffling* therefore may be underſtood either in this ſenſe, or that firſt ſuggeſted, (which I incline to think the true one,) I have adhered to the reading of the old copy.

To the examples already given in ſupport of the reading of the old copy, may be added this very appoſite one from Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 1580: "Shall I *ruffle* in new devices, with chains, with *bracelets*, with *rings*, with roabes?"

Again, in Drayton's *Battaile of Agincourt*, 1627:

" With *ruffling* banners, that do brave the ſky."

MALONE.

[3] *Come, tailor, let us ſee theſe ornaments;*] In our poet's time, women's gowns were uſually made by men. So, in the Epiſtle to the Ladies, prefixed to *Euphues and his England*, by John Lyly, 1580: "If a *taylor make your gown* too little, you cover his fault with a broad ſtomacher; if too great, with a number of pleights; if too ſhort, with a fair guard; if too long, with a falſe gathering." MALONE.

Enter Haberdaſher.[4]

Lay forth the gown.—What news with you, ſir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worſhip did beſpeak.

[4] *Enter Haberdaſher.*] Thus, in the original play:

" *San.* Maſter, the haberdaſher has brought my miſtris home hir cap here.

" *Feran.* Come hither, ſirha: what have you there?

" *Haber.* A velvet cap, ſir, and it pleaſe you.

" *Feran.* Who ſpoke for it? Didſt thou, *Kate?*

" *Kate.* What if I did? Come hither, ſirha, give me the cap; ile ſee if it will fit me. [*She ſets it on her head.*

" *Feran.* O monſtrous! why it becomes thee not.

" Let me ſee it, *Kate*: here, ſirha, take it hence;

" This cap is out of faſhion quite.

" *Kate.* The faſhion is good inough: belike you mean to make a fool of me.

" *Feran.* Why true, he means to make a foole of thee,

" To have thee put on ſuch a curtald cap:

" Sirha, begone with it.

" *Enter the* Taylor, *with a gowne.*

" *San.* Here is the Taylor too with my miſtris gowne.

" *Feran.* Let me ſee it, Taylor: What, with cuts and jags?

" Sounes, thou vilaine, thou haſt ſpoil'd the gowne.

" *Taylor.* Why, ſir, I made it as your man gave me direction;

" You may read the note here.

" *Feran.* Come hither, ſirha: Taylor, read the note.

" *Taylor.* Item, a faire round compaſs'd cape.

" *San.* I, that's true.

" *Taylor.* And a large truncke ſleeve.

" *San.* That's a lie maiſter; I ſaid two truncke ſleeves.

" *Feran.* Well, ſir, go forward.

" *Taylor.* Item, a looſe-bodied gowne.

" *San.* Maiſter, if ever I ſaid looſe bodies gowne,

" Sew me in a ſeame, and beat me to death

" With a bottom of browne thred.

" *Taylor.* I made it as the note bade me.

" *San.* I ſay the note lies in his throate, and thou too, an thou ſayeſt it.

" *Tay.* Nay, nay, ne'er be ſo hot, ſirha, for I feare you not.

" *San.* Dooſt thou heare, Tailor? thou haſt braved many men;

" Brave not me. Th'aſt fac'd many men.

" *Taylor.* Wel, ſir.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;[5]
A velvet dish;—fye, fye! 'tis lewd and filthy:
Why, 'tis a cockle, or a walnutshell,
A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap;
Away with it, come, let me have a bigger.

" *San.* Face not me: I'le neither be fac'd, nor braved, at thy hands, I can tell thee.

" *Kate.* Come, come, I like the fashion of it well inough;
" Heere's more adoe than needes; I'le have it, I;
" And if you doe not like it, hide your eies;
" I thinke I shall have nothing, by your will.

" *Feran.* Go, I say, and take it up for your maister's use!

" *San.* Souns villaine, not for thy life; touch it not:
" Souns, take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use!

" *Feran.* Well, sir, what's your conceit of it?

" *San.* I have a deeper conceit in it than you think for. Take up my mistris gowne to his maister's use!

" *Feran.* Taylor, come hither; for this time make it:
" Hence againe, and Ile content thee for thy paines.

" *Taylor.* I thanke you, sir. [*Exit* Tailer.

" *Feran.* Come, *Kate*, wee now will go see thy father's house,
" Even in these honest meane abiliments;
" Our purses shall be rich, our garments plaine,
" To shrowd our bodies from the winter rage;
" And that's inough, what should we care for more?
" Thy sisters, *Kate*, to-morrow must be wed,
" And I have promised them thou should'st be there:
" The morning is well up; let's haste away;
" It will be nine a clocke ere we come there.

" *Kate.* Nine a clocke! why 'tis already past two in the afternoon, by al the clockes in the towne.

" *Feran.* I say 'tis but nine a clocke in the morning.

" *Kate.* I say 'tis two a clocke in the afternoone.

" *Feran.* It shall be nine then ere you go to your fathers:
" Come backe againe; we will not go to day:
" Nothing but crossing me stil?
" Ile have you say as I doe, ere I goe. [*Exeunt omnes.*"
STEEVENS.

[5] ——*on a* porringer;] The same thought occurs in *King Henry VIII:* " —rail'd upon me till her pink'd *porringer* fell off her head." STEEVENS.

Kath. I'll have no bigger; this doth fit the time,
And gentlewomen wear ſuch caps as theſe.

Pet. When you are gentle, you ſhall have one too,
And not till then.

Hor. That will not be in haſte. [*Aſide.*

Kath. Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;[6]
And ſpeak I will; I am no child, no babe:
Your betters have endur'd me ſay my mind;
And, if you cannot, beſt you ſtop your ears.
My tongue will tell the anger of my heart;
Or elſe my heart, concealing it, will break:
And, rather than it ſhall, I will be free
Even to the uttermoſt, as I pleaſe, in words.

Pet. Why, thou ſay'ſt true; it is a paltry cap,
A cuſtard-coffin,[7] a bauble, a ſilken pie:
I love thee well, in that thou lik'ſt it not.

[6] *Why, ſir, I truſt, I may have leave to ſpeak;* &c.] Shakſpeare has here copied nature with great ſkill. Petruchio, by frightening, ſtarving, and overwatching his wife, had tamed her into gentleneſs and ſubmiſſion. And the audience expects to hear no more of the ſhrew: when on her being croſſed, in the article of faſhion and finery, the moſt inveterate folly of the ſex, ſhe flies out again, though for the laſt time, into all the intemperate rage of her nature. Warburton.

[7] *A cuſtard*-coffin,] A *coffin* was the ancient culinary term for the raiſed cruſt of a pie or cuſtard. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*:

" ——— if you ſpend
" The red deer pies in your houſe, or ſell them forth, ſir,
" Caſt ſo, that I may have their *coffins* all
" Return'd," &c.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's Maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed*:

" And *coffin'd in cruſt* 'till now ſhe was hoary."

Ben Jonſon, in his *Bartholomew Fair*, has a ſimilar term for a woman's cap: " —— for all her velvet *cuſtard* on her head."
Steevens.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap;
And it I will have, or I will have none.

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—Come, tailor, let us ſee't.
O mercy, God! what maſking ſtuff is here?
What's this? a ſleeve? 'tis like a demi-cannon:
What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?
Here's ſnip, and nip, and cut, and ſliſh, and ſlaſh,
Like to a cenſer[8] in a barber's ſhop:—
Why, what, o'devil's name, tailor, call'ſt thou this?

Hor. I ſee, ſhe's like to have neither cap nor gown. [*Aſide.*

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well,
According to the faſhion, and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did; but if you be remember'd,
I did not bid you mar it to the time.
Go, hop me over every kennel home,
For you ſhall hop without my cuſtom, ſir:
I'll none of it; hence, make your beſt of it.

Again, in a receipt to bake lampreys. *MS. Book of Cookery*, Temp. Hen. 6:

"—and then cover the *coſſyn*, but ſave a litell hole to blow into the *coſſyn*, with thy mouth, a gode blaſt; and ſodenly ſtoppe, that the wynde abyde withynne to ryſe up the *coſſyn* that it falle nott down." Douce.

[8] —— *cenſer*—] *Cenſers* in barber's ſhops are now diſuſed, but they may eaſily be imagined to have been veſſels which, for the emiſſion of the ſmoke, were cut with great number and varieties of interſtices. Johnson.

In *King Henry VI.* P. II. Doll calls the beadle "thou thin man in a *cenſer*." Malone.

I learn from an ancient print, that theſe *cenſers* reſembled in ſhape our modern *braſieres*. They had pierced convex covers, and ſtood on feet. They not only ſerved to ſweeten a barber's ſhop, but to keep his water warm, and dry his cloths on. See note on *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act V. ſc. iv. Steevens.

Kath. I never ſaw a better-faſhion'd gown,
More quaint, more pleaſing, nor more commendable:
Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She ſays, your worſhip means to make a puppet of her.

Pet. O monſtrous arrogance! Thou lieſt, thou thread,
Thou thimble,[9]
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter, nail,
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter cricket thou:—
Brav'd in mine own houſe with a ſkein of thread!
Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant;
Or I ſhall ſo be-mete thee[1] with thy yard,
As thou ſhalt think on prating whilſt thou liv'ſt!
I tell thee, I, that thou haſt marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worſhip is deceiv'd; the gown is made
Juſt as my maſter had direction:
Grumio gave order how it ſhould be done.

Gru. I gave him no order, I gave him the ſtuff.

Tai. But how did you deſire it ſhould be made?

Gru. Marry, ſir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not requeſt to have it cut?

[9] ——— *thou* thread,
Thou thimble,] We ſhould only read:
O monſtrous arrogance! thou lieſt, thou thimble.
He calls him afterwards—a ſkein of *thread.* Ritson.

The tailor's trade, having an appearance of effeminacy, has always been, among the rugged Engliſh, liable to ſarcaſms and contempt. Johnson.

[1] —— *be*-mete—] i. e. be-meaſure thee. Steevens.

Gru. Thou haſt faced many things.[2]

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou haſt braved many men;[3] brave not me; I will neither be faced nor braved. I ſay unto thee,—I bid thy maſter cut out the gown; but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:[4] *ergo*, thou lieſt.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the faſhion to teſtify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in his throat, if he ſay I ſaid ſo.

Tai. *Imprimis, a looſe-bodied gown:*

Gru. Maſter, if ever I ſaid looſe-bodied gown,[5] ſew me in the ſkirts of it, and beat me to death with a bottom of brown thread: I ſaid, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

[2] ——faced *many things.*] i. e. turned up many gowns, &c. with *facings*, &c. So, in *King Henry IV:*

"To *face* the garment of rebellion
"With ſome fine colour." Steevens.

[3] ——braved *many men;*] i. e. made many men *fine*. *Bravery* was the ancient term for elegance of dreſs. Steevens.

[4] ——*but I did not bid him cut it to pieces:*] This ſcene appears to have been borrowed from a ſtory of Sir Philip Caulthrop, and John Drakes, a ſilly ſhoemaker of Norwich, which is related in Leigh's *Accidence of Armorie*, and in Camden's *Remaines*. Douce.

[5] ——looſe-bodied *gown,*] I think the joke is impaired, unleſs we read with the original play already quoted—a *looſe body's* gown. It appears, however, that *looſe-bodied* gowns were the dreſs of *harlots*. Thus, in *The Michaelmas Term*, by Middleton, 1607: "Doſt dream of virginity now? remember a *looſe-bodied* gown, wench, and let it go." Steevens.

See Dodſley's *Old Plays*, Vol. III. p. 479, edit. 1780. Reed.

TAI. *With a ſmall compaſſed cape*;[6]

GRU. I confeſs the cape.

TAI. *With a trunk ſleeve*;——

GRU. I confeſs two ſleeves.

TAI. *The ſleeves curiouſly cut.*

PET. Ay, there's the villainy.

GRU. Error i'the bill, ſir; error i'the bill. I commanded the ſleeves ſhould be cut out, and ſewed up again; and that I'll prove upon thee, though thy little finger be armed in a thimble.

TAI. This is true, that I ſay; an I had thee in place where, thou ſhoud'ſt know it.

GRU. I am for thee ſtraight: take thou the bill,[7] give me thy mete-yard,[8] and ſpare not me.

[6] —— *a ſmall* compaſſed cape;] A *compaſſed cape* is a round cape. To *compaſs* is *to come round.* JOHNSON.

Thus in *Troilus and Creſſida*, a circular bow window is called a—*compaſſed* window.

Stubbs, in his *Anatomy of Abuſes*, 1565, gives a moſt elaborate deſcription of the gowns of women; and adds, "Some have *capes* reaching down to the midſt of their backs, faced with velvet, or elſe with ſome fine wrought taffata, at the leaſt, fringed about, very bravely." STEEVENS.

So, in the Regiſter of Mr. Henſlowe, proprietor of the Roſe Theatre, (a manuſcript) of which an account has been given in Vol. II: "3 of June 1594. Lent, upon a womanes gowne of villet in grayne, with a velvet *cape* imbroidered with bugelles, for xxxvi s." MALONE.

[7] —— *take thou the* bill,] The ſame quibble between the written *bill*, and *bill* the ancient weapon carried by foot-ſoldiers, is to be met with in *Timon of Athens.* STEEVENS.

[8] —— *thy* mete-*yard*,] i. e. thy meaſuring-yard. So, in *The Miſeries of Inforc'd Marriage*, 1607:

"Be not a bar between us, or my ſword
"Shall *mete* thy grave out." STEEVENS.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio! then he ſhall have no odds.

Pet. Well, ſir, in brief, the gown is not for me.

Gru. You are i'the right, ſir; 'tis for my miſtreſs.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy maſter's uſe.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life: Take up my miſtreſs' gown for thy maſter's uſe!

Pet. Why, ſir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, ſir, the conceit is deeper than you think for:
Take up my miſtreſs' gown to his maſter's uſe!
O, fye, fye, fye!

Pet. Hortenſio, ſay thou wilt ſee the tailor paid:— [*Aſide.*
Go take it hence; be gone, and ſay no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-morrow.
Take no unkindneſs of his haſty words:
Away, I ſay; commend me to thy maſter.
[*Exit* Tailor.

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto your father's,
Even in theſe honeſt mean habiliments;
Our purſes ſhall be proud, our garments poor:
For 'tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the ſun breaks through the darkeſt clouds,
So honour peereth in the meaneſt habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Becauſe his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Becauſe his painted ſkin contents the eye?
O, no, good Kate; neither art thou the worſe
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'ſt it ſhame, lay it on me:
And therefore, frolick; we will hence forthwith,
To feaſt and ſport us at thy father's houſe.—
Go, call my men, and let us ſtraight to him;
And bring our horſes unto Long-lane end,
There will we mount, and thither walk on foot.—
Let's ſee; I think, 'tis now ſome ſeven o'clock,
And well we may come there by dinner time.

Kath. I dare aſſure you, ſir, 'tis almoſt two;
And 'twill be ſupper time, ere you come there.

Pet. It ſhall be ſeven, ere I go to horſe:
Look, what I ſpeak, or do, or think to do,
You are ſtill croſſing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,
It ſhall be what o'clock I ſay it is.

Hor. Why, ſo! this gallant will command the ſun. [*Exeunt.*[9]

[9] *Exeunt.*] After this *exeunt*, the characters before whom the play is ſuppoſed to be exhibited, have been hitherto introduced from the original ſo often mentioned in the former notes.

"*Lord.* Who's within there?

"*Enter Servants.*

"Aſleep again! go take him eaſily up, and put him in his own apparel again. But ſee you wake him not in any caſe.

"*Serv.* It ſhall be done, my lord; come help to bear him hence." [*They bear off* Sly.

STEEVENS.

SCENE IV.[1]

Padua. *Before* Baptiſta's *Houſe.*

Enter TRANIO, *and the* Pedant *dreſſed like* VINCENTIO.

TRA. Sir, this is the houſe;[2] Pleaſe it you, that I call?

PED. Ay, what elſe? and, but I be deceived,[3]
Signior Baptiſta may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa, where
We were lodgers at the Pegaſus.[4]

[1] I cannot but think that the direction about the Tinker, who is always introduced at the end of the Acts, together with the change of the ſcene, and the proportion of each Act to the reſt, make it probable that the fifth Act begins here. JOHNSON.

[2] Sir, *this is the houſe;*] The old copy has—*Sirs.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[3] —— but *I be deceived,*] *But,* in the preſent inſtance, ſignifies, *without, unleſs.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" *But* being charg'd, we will be ſtill by land."

STEEVENS.

[4] *We were lodgers at the Pegaſus.*] This line has in all the editions hitherto been given to Tranio. But Tranio could with no propriety ſpeak this, either in his aſſumed or real character. Lucentio was too young to know any thing of lodging with his father, twenty years before at Genoa: and Tranio muſt be as much too young, or very unfit to repreſent and perſonate Lucentio. I have ventured to place the line to the Pedant, to whom it muſt certainly belong, and is a ſequel of what he was before ſaying. THEOBALD.

Shakſpeare has taken a ſign out of *London,* and hung it up in *Padua:*

" Meet me an hour hence at the ſign of the *Pegaſus* in Cheapſide." *Return from Parnaſſus,* 1606.

Again, in *The Jealous Lovers,* by Randolph, 1632:

Tra. 'Tis well;
And hold your own, in any caſe, with ſuch
Auſterity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter Biondello.

Ped. I warrant you: But, ſir, here comes your boy;
'Twere good, he were ſchool'd.

Tra. Fear you not him. Sirrah, Biondello,
Now do your duty throughly, I adviſe you;
Imagine 'twere the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut! fear not me.

Tra. But haſt thou done thy errand to Baptiſta?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice;
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tra. Thou'rt a tall fellow; hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptiſta:—ſet your countenance, ſir.—

Enter Baptista *and* Lucentio.[5]

Signior Baptiſta, you are happily met:—
Sir, [*To the* Pedant.]
This is the gentleman I told you of;
I pray you, ſtand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, ſon!—

" A pottle of elixir at the *Pegaſus*,
" Bravely carous'd, is more reſtorative."

The *Pegaſus* is the arms of the Middle-Temple; and, from that circumſtance, became a popular ſign. Steevens.

[5] *Enter* Baptiſta *and* Lucentio.] and (according to the old copy,) *Pedant, booted and bareheaded.* Ritson.

Sir, by your leave; having come to Padua
To gather in ſome debts, my ſon Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cauſe
Of love between your daughter and himſelf:
And,—for the good report I hear of you;
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And ſhe to him,—to ſtay him not too long,
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd; and,—if you pleaſe to like
No worſe than I, ſir,—upon ſome agreement,
Me ſhall you find moſt ready and moſt willing[6]
With one conſent to have her ſo beſtow'd;
For curious I cannot be with you,[7]
Signior Baptiſta, of whom I hear ſo well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to ſay;—
Your plainneſs, and your ſhortneſs, pleaſe me well.
Right true it is, your ſon Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and ſhe loveth him,
Or both diſſemble deeply their affections:
And, therefore, if you ſay no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And paſs my daughter a ſufficient dower,[8]
The match is fully made, and all is done:[9]

[6] *Me ſhall you find* moſt *ready and* moſt *willing*—] The repeated word *moſt*, is not in the old copy, but was ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to complete the meaſure. Steevens.

[7] *For* curious *I cannot be with you,*] *Curious* is ſcrupulous. So, in Holinſhed, p. 888: "The emperor obeying more compaſſion than the reaſon of things, was not *curious* to condeſcend to performe ſo good an office." Again, p. 890: "—and was not *curious* to call him to eat with him at his table." Steevens.

[8] *And* paſs *my daughter a ſufficient dower,*] To *paſs* is, in this place, ſynonymous to *aſſure* or *convey*; as it ſometimes occurs in the covenant of a purchaſe deed, that the granter has power to bargain, ſell, &c. "and thereby to *paſs* and convey" the premiſes to the grantee. Ritson.

[9] *The match is* fully *made, and all is done:*] The word—

Your ſon ſhall have my daughter with conſent.

Tra. I thank you, ſir. Where then do you know beſt,
We be affied;[1] and ſuch aſſurance ta'en,
As ſhall with either part's agreement ſtand?

Bap. Not in my houſe, Lucentio; for, you know,
Pitchers have ears, and I have many ſervants:
Beſides, old Gremio is heark'ning ſtill;
And, happily, we might be interrupted.[2]

Tra. Then at my lodging, an it like you, ſir:[3]
There doth my father lie; and there, this night,
We'll paſs the buſineſs privately and well:
Send for your daughter by your ſervant here,
My boy ſhall fetch the ſcrivener preſently.
The worſt is this,—that, at ſo ſlender warning,
You're like to have a thin and ſlender pittance.

Bap. It likes me well:—Cambio, hie you home,
And bid Bianca make her ready ſtraight;

fully (to complete the verſe) was inſerted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, who might have juſtified his emendation by a foregoing paſſage in this comedy:

"Nathaniel's coat, ſir, was not *fully made.*"

STEEVENS.

[1] *We be* affied;] i. e. betrothed. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"For daring to *affy* a mighty lord
"Unto the daughter of a worthleſs king." STEEVENS.

[2] *And,* happily, *we might be interrupted.*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope reads:

And haply then *we might be interrupted.* STEEVENS.

Happily, in Shakſpeare's time, ſignified *accidentally,* as well as *fortunately.* It is rather ſurpriſing, that an editor ſhould be guilty of ſo groſs a corruption of his author's language, for the ſake of *modernizing his orthography.* TYRWHITT.

[3] —— *an it like you,* ſir:] The latter word, which is not in the old copy, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio.

MALONE.

And, if you will, tell what hath happened:—
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how ſhe's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods ſhe may, with all my heart![4]

Tra. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.[5]
Signior Baptiſta, ſhall I lead the way?
Welcome! one meſs is like to be your cheer:
Come, ſir; we'll better it in Piſa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* Tranio, Pedant, *and* Baptista.

Bion. Cambio.—

Luc. What ſay'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. You ſaw my maſter wink and laugh upon you?

Luc. Biondello, what of that?

Bion. 'Faith nothing; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral[6] of his ſigns and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralize them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptiſta is ſafe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful ſon.

[4] Luc. *I pray* &c.] In the old copy this line is by miſtake given to Biondello. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[5] *Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.*] Here the old copy adds—*Enter Peter.* Ritson.

—— *get thee gone.*] It ſeems odd management to make Lucentio *go out* here for nothing that appears, but that he may *return* again five lines lower. It would be better, I think, to ſuppoſe that he lingers upon the ſtage, till the reſt are gone, in order to talk with Biondello in private. Tyrwhitt.

I have availed myſelf of the regulation propoſed by Mr. Tyrwhitt. Steevens.

[6] —— *or* moral—] i. e. the ſecret purpoſe. See Vol. VI. p. 112. Malone.

Luc. And what of him?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the ſupper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old prieſt at Saint Luke's church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell; except[7] they are buſied about a counterfeit aſſurance: Take you aſſurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm*:[8] to the church;[9]—take the prieſt, clerk, and ſome ſufficient honeſt witneſſes:

If this be not that you look for, I have no more to ſay,
But, bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.
[*Going.*

Luc. Hear'ſt thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as ſhe went to the garden for parſley to ſtuff a rabbit; and ſo may you, ſir; and ſo adieu, ſir. My maſter hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the prieſt be ready to come againſt you come with your appendix. [*Exit.*

Luc. I may, and will, if ſhe be ſo contented:

[7] *I cannot tell*; except—] The firſt folio reads *expect*. MALONE.

Except is the reading of the ſecond folio. *Expect*, ſays Mr. Malone, means—wait the event. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *cum privilegio ad imprimendum ſolùm*:] It is ſcarce neceſſary to obſerve, that theſe are the words which commonly were put on books where an excluſive right had been granted to particular perſons for printing them. REED.

[9] —— *to the church*;] i. e. go to the church, &c. TYRWHITT.

She will be pleas'd, then wherefore ſhould I doubt?
Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her;
It ſhall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[*Exit.*[1]

[1] *Exit.*] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* ſpeaks again, and the ſcene continues thus:

" *Slie.* Sim, muſt they be married now?

" *Lord.* I, my lord.

" *Enter* Ferando, *and* Kate, *and* Sander.

" *Slie.* Looke, *Sim*, the foole is come againe now.

" *Feran.* Sirha, go fetch our horſes forth; and bring them to the backe-gate preſently.

" *San.* I wil, ſir, I warrant you. [*Exit* Sander.

" *Feran.* Come, *Kate:* the moone ſhines cleere-to-night, methinkes.

" *Kate.* The moone; why huſband you are deceiv'd; it is the ſun.

" *Feran.* Yet againe? come backe againe; it ſhal be the moone ere we come at your fathers.

" *Kate.* Why Ile ſay as you ſay; it is the moone.

" *Feran. Ieſus*, ſave the glorious moone!

" *Kate. Ieſus*, ſave the glorious moone!

" *Feran.* I am glad, *Kate*, your ſtomacke is come downe;
" I know it well thou knowſt it is the ſun,
" But I did trie to ſee if thou wouldſt ſpeake,
" And croſſe me now as thou haſt done before:
" And truſt me, *Kate*, hadſt thou not namde the moone,
" We had gone backe againe as ſure as death.
" But ſoft, who's this that's coming here?

" *Enter the Duke of* Ceſtus *alone.*

" *Duke.* Thus al alone from Ceſtus am I come,
" And left my princely court, and noble traine,
" To come to *Athens*, and in this diſguiſe
" To ſee what courſe my ſon *Aurelius* takes.
" But ſtay; here's ſome it may be travels thither:
" Good ſir, can you direct me the way to *Athens?*

[Ferando *ſpeaks to the old man.*"

His ſpeech is very partially and incorrectly quoted by Mr. Pope in p. 169. STEEVENS.

SCENE V.

A publick Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, *and* HORTENSIO.

PET. Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly ſhines the moon!

KATH. The moon! the ſun; it is not moonlight now.

PET. I ſay, it is the moon that ſhines ſo bright.

KATH. I know, it is the ſun that ſhines ſo bright.

PET. Now, by my mother's ſon, and that's myſelf,
It ſhall be moon, or ſtar, or what I liſt,
Or ere I journey to your father's houſe:—
Go on, and fetch our horſes back again.—
Evermore croſs'd, and croſs'd; nothing but croſs'd!

HOR. Say as he ſays, or we ſhall never go.

KATH. Forward, I pray, ſince we have come ſo far,
And be it moon, or ſun, or what you pleaſe:
And if you pleaſe to call it a ruſh candle,
Henceforth I vow it ſhall be ſo for me.

PET. I ſay, it is the moon.

KATH. I know it is.[2]

[2] *I know it is.*] The old copy redundantly reads—I know it is *the moon*. STEEVENS.

The humour of this ſcene bears a very ſtriking reſemblance to what Mons. Bernier tells us of the Mogul Omrahs, who continually bear in mind the Perſian Proverb: "If the King ſaith

Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the bleſſed ſun.[3]

Kath. Then, God be bleſs'd, it is the bleſſed ſun:—
But ſun it is not, when you ſay it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And ſo it ſhall be ſo,[4] for Katharine.

Hor. Petruchio, go thy ways; the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward: thus the bowl ſhould run,
And not unluckily againſt the bias.—
But ſoft; what company is coming here?[5]

Enter VINCENTIO, *in a travelling dreſs.*

Good-morrow, gentle miſtreſs: Where away?—
[*To* VINCENTIO.
Tell me, ſweet Kate,[6] and tell me truly too,

at noon-day it is night, you are to behold the moon and the ſtars." *Hiſtory of The Mogul Empire,* Vol. IV. p. 45. DOUCE.

[3] —— *it* is *the bleſſed ſun:*] For *is* the old copy has *in.* Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] *And ſo it ſhall be* ſo,] A modern editor very plauſibly reads: *And ſo it ſhall be,* Sir. MALONE.

Read:
And ſo it ſhall be ſtill, *for Katharine.* RITSON.

[5] *But ſoft;* what *company is coming here?*] The pronoun—*what,* which is wanting in the old copy, I have inſerted by the advice of Mr. Ritſon, whoſe punctuation and ſupplement are countenanced by the correſponding paſſage in the elder play:
"But ſoft; who's this that's coming here?"
See p. 166. STEEVENS.

[6] *Tell me, ſweet Kate,*] In the firſt ſketch of this play, printed in 1607, we find two ſpeeches in this place worth preſerving, and ſeeming to be of the hand of Shakſpeare, though the reſt of that play is far inferior:

Haſt thou beheld a freſher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What ſtars do ſpangle heaven with ſuch beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that heavenly face?—
Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—
Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's ſake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman[7] of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and freſh, and ſweet,
Whither away; or where is thy abode?[8]

"Fair lovely maiden, young and affable,
"More clear of hue, and far more beautiful
"Than precious ſardonyx, or purple rocks
"Of amethiſts, or gliſtering hyacinth——
"——Sweet Katharine, this lovely woman——
"*Kath.* Fair lovely lady, bright and chryſtalline,
"Beauteous and ſtately as the eye-train'd bird;
"As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew,
"Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes her dawning beams,
"And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks.
"Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
"Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town
"Unhabitable as the burning zone,
"With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face." Pope.

An attentive reader will perceive in this ſpeech ſeveral words which are employed in none of the legitimate plays of Shakſpeare. Such, I believe, are, *ſardonyx, hyacinth, eye-train'd, radiations,* and eſpecially *unhabitable;* our poet generally uſing *inhabitable* in its room, as in *King Richard II:*

"Or any other ground *inhabitable.*"

Theſe inſtances may ſerve as ſome ſlight proofs, that the former piece was not the work of Shakſpeare: but I have ſince obſerved that Mr. Pope had changed *inhabitable* into *unhabitable.*

Steevens.

[7] —— *to make* a *woman* —] The old copy reads—*the* woman. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[8] —— where *is thy abode?*] Inſtead of *where,* the printer of the old copy inadvertently repeated *whither.* Corrected in the ſecond folio. Malone.

Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow![9]

Pet. Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:
This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd;
And not a maiden, as thou ſay'ſt he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my miſtaking eyes,
That have been ſo bedazzled with the ſun,
That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:[1]
Now I perceive, thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad miſtaking.

[9] *Happy the parents of ſo fair a child;*
Happier the man, whom favourable ſtars
Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!] This is borrowed from Golding's tranſlation of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, Book IV. edit. 1587, p. 56:

"——right happie folke are they
"By whome thou camſt into this world; right happie is (I ſay)
"Thy mother and thy ſiſter too (if anie be:) good hap
"That woman had that was thy nurſe, and gave thy mouth hir pap.
"But far above all other far, more bliſſe than theſe is ſhee
"Whome thou thy wife and bed-fellow, vouchſafeſt for to bee."

I ſhould add, however, that Ovid borrowed his ideas from the ſixth Book of the *Odyſſey*, 154, &c.

"Τρισμάκαρες μὲν σοί γε πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ,
"Τρισμάκαρες δὲ κασίγνητοι· μάλα πού &c.
"Κεῖνος δ' αὖ περὶ κῆρὶ μακάρτατος ἔξοχον ἄλλων,
"Ος κέ σ' ἐέδνοισι βρίσας οἶκόνδ' ἀγάγηται." STEEVENS.

[1] *That every thing I look on ſeemeth green:*] Shakſpeare's obſervations on the phænomena of nature are very accurate. When one has ſat long in the ſunſhine, the ſurrounding objects will often appear tinged with *green*. The reaſon is aſſigned by many of the writers on opticks. BLACKSTONE.

Pet. Do, good old grandfire; and, withal, make known
Which way thou travelleſt: if along with us,
We ſhall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair ſir,—and you my merry miſtreſs,[2]—
That with your ſtrange encounter much amaz'd me;
My name is call'd—Vincentio; my dwelling—Piſa;
And bound I am to Padua; there to viſit
A ſon of mine, which long I have not ſeen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle ſir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy ſon.
And now by law, as well as reverend age,
I may entitle thee—my loving father;
The ſiſter to my wife, this gentlewoman,
Thy ſon by this hath married: Wonder not,
Nor be not griev'd; ſhe is of good eſteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth;
Beſide, ſo qualified as may beſeem
The ſpouſe of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio:
And wander we to ſee thy honeſt ſon,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous.

Vin. But is this true? or is it elſe your pleaſure,
Like pleaſant travellers, to break a jeſt
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do aſſure thee, father, ſo it is.

Pet. Come, go along, and ſee the truth hereof;
For our firſt merriment hath made thee jealous.

[*Exeunt* Petruchio, Katharina, *and* Vincentio.

[2] ——*miſtreſs,*] is here uſed as a triſyllable. Steevens.

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this hath put me in heart.
Have to my widow; and if ſhe be forward,
Then haſt thou taught Hortenſio to be untoward.
[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Padua. *Before* Lucentio's *Houſe.*

Enter on one ſide Biondello, Lucentio, *and* Bianca; Gremio *walking on the other ſide.*

Bion. Softly and ſwiftly, ſir; for the prieſt is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello: but they may chance to need thee at home, therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, faith, I'll ſee the church o' your back; and then come back to my maſter as ſoon as I can.[3]
[*Exeunt* Lucentio, Bianca, *and* Biondello.

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this while.

[3] —— *and then come back to my* maſter *as ſoon as I can.*] The editions all agree in reading *miſtreſs*; but what miſtreſs was Biondello to come back to? he muſt certainly mean—"Nay, faith, ſir, I muſt ſee you in the church; and then for fear I ſhould be wanted, I'll run back to wait on Tranio, who at preſent perſonates you, and whom therefore I at preſent acknowledge for my *maſter*." Theobald.

Probably an M was only written in the MS. See p. 54.

The ſame miſtake has happened again in this ſcene: "Didſt thou never ſee thy *miſtreſs*' father, Vincentio?" The preſent emendation was made by Mr. Theobald, who obſerves rightly, that by "maſter," Biondello means his pretended maſter, Tranio. Malone.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO, *and Attendants.*

PET. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's houſe,
My father's bears more toward the market-place;
Thither muſt I, and here I leave you, ſir.

VIN. You ſhall not chooſe but drink before you go;
I think, I ſhall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, ſome cheer is toward.
[*Knocks.*

GRE. They're buſy within, you were beſt knock louder.

Enter Pedant *above, at a window.*

PED. What's he, that knocks as he would beat down the gate?

VIN. Is ſignior Lucentio within, ſir?

PED. He's within, ſir, but not to be ſpoken withal.

VIN. What if a man bring him a hundred pound or two, to make merry withal?

PED. Keep your hundred pounds to yourſelf; he ſhall need none, ſo long as I live.

PET. Nay, I told you, your ſon was beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, ſir?—to leave frivolous circumſtances,—I pray you, tell ſignior Lucentio, that his father is come from Piſa, and is here at the door to ſpeak with him.

PED. Thou lieſt; his father is come from Piſa,[4] and here looking out at the window.

[4] ——*from* Piſa,] The reading of the old copies is *from Padua*, which is certainly wrong. The editors have made *to Padua*; but it ſhould rather be *from Piſa*. Both parties agree

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, ſir; ſo his mother ſays, if I may believe her.

Pet. Why, how now, gentleman! [*To* Vincen.] why, this is flat knavery, to take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain; I believe, 'a means to cozen ſomebody in this city under my countenance.

Re-enter Biondello.

Bion. I have ſeen them in the church together; God ſend 'em good ſhipping!—But who is here? mine old maſter, Vincentio? now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. Come hither, crack-hemp.

[*Seeing* Biondello.

Bion. I hope, I may chooſe, ſir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue; What, have you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, ſir: I could not forget you, for I never ſaw you before in all my life.

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didſt thou never ſee thy maſter's father, Vincentio?[5]

that Lucentio's father is *come from Piſa*, as indeed they neceſſarily muſt; the point in diſpute is, whether he be *at the door*, or *looking out of the window*. Tyrwhitt.

I ſuſpect we ſhould read—from *Mantua*, from whence the Pedant himſelf came, and which he would naturally name, ſuppoſing he forgot, as might well happen, that the real Vincentio was of Piſa. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Padua* and *Verona* occur in two different ſcenes, inſtead of *Milan*.

Malone.

[5] ——*thy* maſter's *father, Vincentio?*] Old copy—thy *miſtreſs'* father. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio.

Malone.

Bion. What, my old, worſhipful old maſter? yes, marry, ſir; ſee where he looks out of the window.

Vin. Is't ſo, indeed? [*Beats* Biondello.

Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, ſon! help, ſignior Baptiſta! [*Exit, from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's ſtand aſide, and ſee the end of this controverſy. [*They retire.*

Re-enter Pedant *below*; Baptista, Tranio, *and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat my ſervant?

Vin. What am I, ſir? nay, what are you, ſir?—O immortal gods! O fine villain! A ſilken doublet! a velvet hoſe! a ſcarlet cloak! and a copatain hat![6]—O, I am undone! I am undone! while I play the good huſband at home, my ſon and my ſervant ſpend all at the univerſity.

Tra. How now! what's the matter?

[6] —— *a copatain hat!*] is, I believe, a hat with a conical crown, ſuch as was anciently worn by well-dreſſed men. Johnson.

This kind of hat is twice mentioned by Gaſcoigne. See *Hearbes*, p. 154:

" A *copiankt* hat made on a Flemiſh block."

And again, in his *Epilogue*, p. 216:

" With high *copt* hats, and feathers flaunt a flaunt."

In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, printed 1595, there is an entire chapter " on the hattes of England," beginning thus:

" Sometimes they uſe them ſharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the ſpeare or ſhaft of a ſteeple, ſtanding a quarter of a yard above the crowne of their heads," &c. Steevens.

Bap. What, is the man lunatick?

Tra. Sir, you ſeem a ſober ancient gentleman by your habit, but your words ſhow you a madman: Why, ſir, what concerns it you, if I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O, villain! he is a ſail-maker in Bergamo.[7]

Bap. You miſtake, ſir; you miſtake, ſir: Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name: I have brought him up ever ſince he was three years old, and his name is—Tranio.

Ped. Away, away, mad aſs! his name is Lucentio; and he is mine only ſon, and heir to the lands of me, ſignior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O, he hath murdered his maſter!—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in the duke's name:—O, my ſon, my ſon!—tell me, thou villain, where is my ſon Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer:[8] [*Enter one with an*

[7] ——*a ſail-maker in Bergamo.*] Ben Jonſon has a parallel paſſage in his *Alchemiſt*:

"——you do reſemble
"One of the Auſtriack princes.
"*Face.* Very like:
"Her father was an Iriſh coſtarmonger."

Again, Chapman, in his *Widow's Tears*, a comedy 1612:

"—he draws the thread of his deſcent from Leda's diſtaff, when 'tis well known his grandſire cried coney-ſkins in Sparta."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Call forth an officer*: &c.] Here, in the original play, the *Tinker* ſpeaks again:

"*Slie.* I ſay weele have no ſending to priſon.
"*Lord.* My lord, this is but the play; they're but in jeſt.
"*Slie.* I tell thee *Sim*, weele have no ſending

Officer.] carry this mad knave to the goal:—Father Baptiſta, I charge you ſee, that he be forthcoming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer; he ſhall not go to priſon.

Bap. Talk not, ſignior Gremio; I ſay, he ſhall go to priſon.

Gre. Take heed, ſignior Baptiſta, leſt you be coney-catched[9] in this buſineſs; I dare ſwear, this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou dareſt.

Gre. Nay, I dare not ſwear it.

Tra. Then thou wert beſt ſay, that I am not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be ſignior Lucentio.

Bap. Away with the dotard; to the gaol with him.

Vin. Thus ſtrangers may be haled and abus'd:—O monſtrous villain!

Re-enter Biondello, *with* Lucentio, *and* Bianca.

Bion. O, we are ſpoiled, and—Yonder he is; deny him, forſwear him, or elſe we are all undone.

" To priſon, that's flat; why *Sim*, am not I don *Chriſto Vari*?
" Therefore, I ſay, they ſhall not goe to priſon.
" *Lord.* No more they ſhall not, my lord:
" They be runne away.
" *Slie.* Are they run away, *Sim*? that's well:
" Then gis ſome more drinke, and let them play againe.
" *Lord.* Here, my lord." Steevens.

[9] ——*coney-catched*—] i. e. deceived, cheated. Steevens.

Luc. Pardon, ſweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my ſweeteſt ſon?

[Biondello, Tranio, *and* Pedant *run out.*[1]

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How haſt thou offended?—
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right ſon unto the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter mine,
While counterfeit ſuppoſes blear'd thine eyne.[2]

[1] ——*run out.*] The old copy ſays—*as faſt as may be.* Ritson.

[2] *While counterfeit* ſuppoſes *blear'd thine eyne.*] The modern editors read *ſuppoſers,* but wrongly. This is a plain alluſion to Gaſcoigne's comedy entitled *Suppoſes,* from which ſeveral of the incidents in this play are borrowed. Tyrwhitt.

This is highly probable; but yet *ſuppoſes* is a word often uſed in its common ſenſe, which on the preſent occaſion is ſufficiently commodious. So, in Greene's *Farewell to Folly,* 1617:—"—with Plato to build a commonwealth on *ſuppoſes.*" Shakſpeare uſes the word in *Troilus and Creſſida:* "That we come ſhort of our *ſuppoſe* ſo far," &c. It appears likewiſe from the Preface to Greene's *Metamorphoſis,* that *ſuppoſes* was a game of ſome kind: "After *ſuppoſes,* and ſuch ordinary ſports, were paſt, they fell to prattle," &c. Again, in Drayton's *Epiſtle from King John to Matilda:*

"And tells me thoſe are ſhadows and *ſuppoſes.*"

To blear the eye, was an ancient phraſe ſignifying *to deceive.* So, in Chaucer's *Manciple's Tale,* v. 17,202, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

"For all thy waiting, *blered is thin eye.*"

Again, in the 10th pageant of *The Coventry Plays,* in the Britiſh Muſeum, MS. Cott. Veſp. D. VIII:

"Shuld I now in age begynne to dote,
"If I chyde, ſhe wolde clowte my cote,
"*Blere mine ey,* and pyke out a mote." Steevens.

The ingenious editor's explanation of *blear the eye,* is ſtrongly ſupported by Milton, *Comus,* v. 155:

"Spells———
"Of power to *cheat the eye* with *blear* illuſion."
Holt White.

Gre. Here's packing,[3] with a witneſs, to deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter ſo?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Luc. Love wrought theſe miracles. Bianca's love
Made me exchange my ſtate with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the town;
And happily I have arriv'd at laſt
Unto the wiſhed haven of my bliſs:—
What Tranio did, myſelf enforc'd him to;
Then pardon him, ſweet father, for my ſake.

Vin. I'll ſlit the villain's noſe, that would have ſent me to the gaol.

Bap. But do you hear, ſir? [*To* Lucentio.] Have you married my daughter without aſking my good-will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptiſta; we will content you, go to: But I will in, to be revenged for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to ſound the depth of this knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father will not frown. [*Exeunt* Luc. *and* Bian.

Gre. My cake is dough:[4] But I'll in among the reſt;
Out of hope of all,—but my ſhare of the feaſt. [*Exit.*

[3] *Here's* packing,] i. e. plotting, underhand contrivance. So, in *King Lear*:
"Snuffs and *packings* of the dukes." Steevens.

[4] *My cake is dough*:] This is a proverbial expreſſion, which alſo occurs in the old interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife*:
"Alas poor Tom, *his cake is dough*."

PETRUCHIO *and* KATHARINA *advance.*

KATH. Huſband, let's follow, to ſee the end of this ado.

PET. Firſt kiſs me, Kate, and we will.

KATH. What, in the midſt of the ſtreet?

PET. What, art thou aſhamed of me?

KATH. No, ſir; God forbid:—but aſhamed to kiſs.

PET. Why, then let's home again:—Come, ſirrah, let's away.

KATH. Nay, I will give thee a kiſs: now pray thee, love, ſtay.

PET. Is not this well?—Come, my ſweet Kate; Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*

Again, in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609

"Steward, *your cake is dough*, as well as mine."

STEEVENS.

It was generally uſed when any project miſcarried.

MALONE.

Rather when any diſappointment was ſuſtained, contrary to every appearance or expectation. Howel, in one of his letters, mentioning the birth of Louis the Fourteenth, ſays—"The Queen is delivered of a Dauphin, the wonderfulleſt thing of this kind that any ſtory can parallel, for this is the three-and-twentieth year ſince ſhe was married, and hath continued childleſs all this while. So that now Monſieur's *cake is dough*."

REED.

SCENE II.

A Room in Lucentio's *Houſe.*

A Banquet ſet out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, GREMIO, *the* Pedant, LUCENTIO, BIANCA, PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, HORTENSIO, *and* Widow. TRANIO, BIONDELLO, GRUMIO, *and Others, attending.*

Luc. At laſt, though long, our jarring notes agree:
And time it is, when raging war is done,[5]
To ſmile at 'ſcapes and perils overblown.—
My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with ſelf-ſame kindneſs welcome thine:—
Brother Petruchio,—ſiſter Katharina,—
And thou, Hortenſio, with thy loving widow,—
Feaſt with the beſt, and welcome to my houſe;
My banquet [6] is to cloſe our ſtomachs up,
After our great good cheer: Pray you, ſit down;
For now we ſit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They ſit at table.*

Pet. Nothing but ſit and ſit, and eat and eat!

[5] —— *when raging war is* done,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copy has—*when raging war is* come, which cannot be right. Perhaps the author wrote—*when raging war is* calm, formerly ſpelt *calme*. So, in *Othello*:

" If after every tempeſt come ſuch *calms*—?"

The word " overblown," in the next line, adds ſome little ſupport to this conjecture. MALONE.

Mr. Rowe's conjecture is juſtified by a paſſage in *Othello*:

" News, lords! our *wars are done*." STEEVENS.

[6] *My* banquet—] A *banquet*, or (as it is called in ſome of our old books,) an *afterpaſt*, was a ſlight refection, like our modern deſert, conſiſting of cakes, ſweetmeats, and fruit. See note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

Bap. Padua affords this kindneſs, ſon Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our ſakes, I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortenſio fears his widow,[7]

Wid. Then never truſt me if I be afeard.

Pet. You are ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe;[8] I mean, Hortenſio is afeard of you.

Wid. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Miſtreſs, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortenſio that?

Hor. My widow ſays, thus ſhe conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended: Kiſs him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy, thinks the world turns round:——

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your huſband, being troubled with a ſhrew,
Meaſures my huſband's ſorrow by his woe:[9]
And now you know my meaning.

[7] ——fears *his widow,*] To *fear,* as has been already obſerved, meant in our author's time both to dread, and to intimidate. The widow underſtands the word in the latter ſenſe; and Petruchio tells her, he uſed it in the former. Malone.

[8] *You are ſenſible, and yet you miſs my ſenſe;*] The old copy redundantly reads—You are *very* ſenſible." Steevens.

[9] ——*ſhrew,*——*woe;*] As this was meant for a rhyming couplet, it ſhould be obſerved that anciently the word—ſhrew was pronounced as if it had been written—ſhrow. See the *finale* of the play, p. 195. Steevens.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid. Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, reſpecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.[1]

Pet. Spoke like an officer:—Ha' to thee, lad.[2] [*Drinks to* Hortensio.

Bap. How likes Gremio theſe quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, ſir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head, and butt? an haſty-witted body
Would ſay, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, miſtreſs bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frighted me; therefore I'll ſleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you ſhall not; ſince you have begun,
Have at you for a bitter jeſt or two.[3]

[1] —— *put her down.*
That's my office.] This paſſage will be beſt explained by another, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "Lady, you have *put him down.*—So I would not *he ſhould do me*, my lord, leſt I ſhould prove *the mother of fools.*" Steevens.

[2] —— *Ha' to* thee, *lad.*] The old copy has—to *the.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[3] *Have at you for a* bitter *jeſt or two.*] The old copy reads—a *better* jeſt. The emendation, (of the propriety of which there cannot, I conceive, be the ſmalleſt doubt,) is one of the very few corrections of any value made by Mr. Capell. So, before, in the preſent play:
"Hiding his *bitter jeſts* in blunt behaviour."

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to ſhift my buſh,
And then purſue me as you draw your bow:—
You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt* Bianca, Katharina, *and* Widow.

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, ſignior Tranio,
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not;
Therefore, a health to all that ſhot and miſs'd.

Tra. O, ſir, Lucentio ſlipp'd me like his grey-hound,
Which runs himſelf, and catches for his maſter.

Pet. A good ſwift[4] ſimile, but ſomething curriſh.

Tra. 'Tis well, ſir, that you hunted for yourſelf;
'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio, Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that gird, good Tranio.[5]

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*
" Too *bitter* is thy *jeſt.*"
Again, in Baſtard's *Epigrams*, 1598:
" He ſhut up the matter with this *bitter jeſt.*"
MALONE.

I have received this emendation; and yet " a *better* jeſt" may mean no more than a *good* one. Shakſpeare often uſes the *comparative* for the *poſitive* degree. So, in *King Lear:*
" —— her ſmiles and tears
" Were like a *better* day."
Again, in *Macbeth:*
" —— go not my horſe the *better*—."
i. e. if he does not go *well.* STEEVENS.

[4] ——*ſwift*—] Beſides the original ſenſe of *ſpeedy in motion*, ſignified *witty, quick-witted.* So, in *As you like it*, the Duke ſays of the Clown: " He is very *ſwift* and ſententious." *Quick* is now uſed in almoſt the ſame ſenſe as *nimble* was in the age after that of our author. Heylin ſays of Hales, that *he had known Laud for a* nimble *diſputant.* JOHNSON.

[5] ——*that* gird, *good Tranio.*] A *gird* is a *ſarcaſm*, a *gibe.* So, in Stephen Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: " Curculio may chatte till his heart ake, ere any be offended with his *gyrdes.*"
STEEVENS.

Hor. Confeſs, confeſs, hath he not hit you here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confeſs;
And, as the jeſt did glance away from me,
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you two outright.[6]

Bap. Now, in good ſadneſs, ſon Petruchio,
I think thou haſt the verieſt ſhrew of all.

Pet. Well, I ſay—no: and therefore, for aſſurance,[7]
Let's each one ſend unto his wife;[8]

[6] —— *you* two *outright.*] Old copy—you *too.* Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] —— for *aſſurance,*] Inſtead of *for,* the original copy has *ſir.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] *Let's each one ſend unto his wife;*] Thus in the original play:

" *Feran.* Come, gentlemen; nowe that ſupper's done,
" How ſhall we ſpend the time til we go to bed?
" *Aurel.* Faith, if you wil, in trial of our wives,
" Who wil come ſooneſt at their huſbands cal.
" *Pol.* Nay, then, *Ferando,* he muſt needes ſit out;
" For he may cal, I thinke, til he be weary,
" Before his wife wil come before ſhe liſt.
" *Feran.* 'Tis wel for you that have ſuch gentle wives:
" Yet in this trial wil I not ſit out;
" It may be *Kate* wil come as ſoone as I do ſend.
" *Aurel.* My wife comes ſooneſt, for a hundred pound.
" *Pol.* I take it. Ile lay as much to yours,
" That my wife comes as ſoone as I do ſend.
" *Aurel.* How now, *Ferando!* you dare not lay, belike.
" *Feran.* Why true, I dare not lay indeed:
" But how? So little mony on ſo ſure a thing.
" A hundred pound! Why I have laid as much
" Upon my dog in running at a deere.
" She ſhall not come ſo far for ſuch a trifle:
" But wil you lay five hundred markes with me?
" And whoſe wife ſooneſt comes, when he doth cal,
" And ſhewes herſelfe moſt loving unto him,
" Let him injoy the wager I have laid:
" Now what ſay you? Dare you adventure thus?

And he, whoſe wife is moſt obedient
To come at firſt when he doth ſend for her,

" *Pol.* I, were it a thouſand pounds, I durſt preſume
" On my wife's love: and I wil lay with thee.
" *Enter* Alfonſo.
" *Alfon.* How now ſons! What in conference ſo hard?
" May I, without offence, know where about?
" *Aurel.* Faith, father, a waighty cauſe, about our wives:
" Five hundred markes already we have laid;
" And he whoſe wife doth ſhew moſt love to him,
" He muſt injoy the wager to himſelfe.
" *Alfon.* Why then *Ferando*, he is ſure to loſe it:
" I promiſe thee ſon, thy wife wil hardly come;
" And therefore I would not wiſh thee lay ſo much.
" *Feran.* Tuſh, father; were it ten times more,
" I durſt adventure on my lovely *Kate*:—
" But if I loſe, Ile pay, and ſo ſhal you.
" *Aurel.* Upon mine honor, if I loſe Ile pay.
" *Pol.* And ſo wil I upon my faith, I vow.
" *Feran.* Then ſit we downe, and let us ſend for them.
" *Alfon.* I promiſe thee *Ferando*, I am afraid thou wilt loſe.
" *Aurel.* Ile ſend for my wife firſt: *Valeria*,
" Go bid your miſtris come to me.
" *Val.* I wil, my lord. [*Exit* Valeria.
" *Aurel.* Now for my hundred pound:—
" Would any lay ten hundred more with me,
" I know I ſhould obtain it by her love.
" *Feran.* I pray God, you have laid too much already.
" *Aurel.* Truſt me, *Ferando*, I am ſure you have;
" For you, I dare preſume, have loſt it al.
Enter Valeria *againe.*
" Now, ſirha, what ſaies your miſtris?
" *Val.* She is ſomething buſie, but ſheele come anone.
" *Feran.* Why ſo: did I not tel you this before?
" She was buſie, and cannot come.
" *Aurel.* I pray God, your wife ſend you ſo good an anſwere:
" She may be buſie, yet ſhe ſays ſheele come.
" *Feran.* Wel, wel: *Polidor*, ſend you for your wife.
" *Pol.* Agreed. Boy, deſire your miſtris to come hither.
" *Boy.* I wil, ſir. [*Exit.*
" *Feran.* I, ſo, ſo; he deſires hir to come.
" *Alfon. Polidor*, I dare preſume for thee,
" I thinke thy wife wil not denie to come;

Shall win the wager which we will propoſe.

" And I do marvel much, *Aurelius*,
" That your wife came not when you ſent for her.
" *Enter the Boy againe.*
" *Pol.* Now, wher's your miſtris?
" *Boy.* She bade me tell you that ſhe will not come:
" And you have any buſineſſe, you muſt come to her.
" *Feran.* O monſtrous intollerable preſumption,
" Worſe than a blaſing ſtar, or ſnow at midſummer,
" Earthquakes or any thing unſeaſonable!
" She will not come; but he muſt come to hir.
" *Pol.* Wel, ſir, I pray you, let's heare what
" Anſwere your wife will make.
" *Feran.* Sirha command your miſtris to come
" To me preſently. [*Exit* Sander.
" *Aurel.* I thinke, my wife, for all ſhe did not come,
" Will prove moſt kind; for now I have no feare,
" For I am ſure *Ferando's* wife, ſhe will not come.
" *Feran.* The more's the pitty; then I muſt loſe.
" *Enter* Kate *and* Sander.
" But I have won, for ſee where *Kate* doth come.
" *Kate.* Sweete huſband, did you ſend for me?
" *Feran.* I did, my love, I ſent for thee to come:
" Come hither, *Kate:* What's that upon thy head?
" *Kate.* Nothing, huſband, but my cap, I thinke.
" *Feran.* Pul it off and tread it under thy feet;
" 'Tis fooliſh; I wil not have thee weare it.
[*She takes off her cap, and treads on it.*
" *Pol.* Oh wonderful metamorphoſis!
" *Aurel.* This is a wonder, almoſt paſt beleefe.
" *Feran.* This is a token of her true love to me;
" And yet Ile try her further you ſhall ſee.
" Come hither, *Kate:* Where are thy ſiſters?
" *Kate.* They be ſitting in the bridal chamber.
" *Feran.* Fetch them hither; and if they will not come,
" Bring them perforce, and make them come with thee.
" *Kate.* I will.
" *Alſon.* I promiſe thee, *Ferando*, I would have ſworne
" Thy wife would ne'er have done ſo much for thee.
" *Feran.* But you ſhal ſee ſhe wil do more then this;
" For ſee where ſhe brings her ſiſters forth by force.
" *Enter* Kate, *thruſting* Phylema *and* Emelia *before her, and makes them come unto their huſbands cal.*
" *Kate.* See huſband, I have brought them both.

Hor. Content:——What is the wager?
Luc. Twenty crowns.

" *Feran.* 'Tis wel done, *Kate.*
" *Emel.* I ſure; and like a loving peece, you're worthy
" To have great praiſe for this attempt.
" *Phyle.* I, for making a foole of herſelfe and us.
" *Aurel.* Beſhrew thee, *Phylema*, thou haſt
" Loſt me a hundred pound to night;
" For I did lay that thou wouldſt firſt have come.
" *Pol.* But, thou, *Emelia*, haſt loſt me a great deal more.
" *Emel.* You might have kept it better then:
" Who bade you lay?
" *Feran.* Now, lovely *Kate*, before their huſbands here,
" I prethee tel unto theſe head-ſtrong women
" What dewty wives do owe unto their huſbands.
" *Kate.* Then, you that live thus by your pampered wils,
" Now liſt to me, and marke what I ſhall ſay.—
" Th' eternal power, that with his only breath,
" Shall cauſe this end, and this beginning frame,
" Not in time, nor before time, but with time confus'd
" For all the courſe of yeares, of ages, months,
" Of ſeaſons temperate, of dayes and houres,
" Are tun'd and ſtopt by meaſure of his hand.
" The firſt world was a forme without a forme,
" A heape confus'd, a mixture al deform'd,
" A gulfe of gulfes, a body bodileſſe,
" Where all the elements were orderleſſe,
" Before the great commander of the world,
" The king of kings, the glorious God of heaven,
" Who in ſix daies did frame his heavenly worke,
" And made al things to ſtand in perfect courſe.
" Then to his image he did make a man,
" Old *Adam*, and from his ſide aſleepe,
" A rib was taken; of which the Lord did make
" The woe of man, ſo term'd by *Adam* then,
" Woman, for that by her came ſinne to us,
" And for her ſinne was *Adam* doom'd to die.
" As *Sara* to her huſband, ſo ſhould we
" Obey them, love them, keepe and nouriſh them,
" If they by any meanes do want our helpes:
" Laying our hands under their feet to tread,
" If that by that we might procure their eaſe;

Pet. Twenty crowns!
I'll venture ſo much on my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times ſo much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match; 'tis done.

" And, for a preſident, Ile firſt begin,
" And lay my hand under my huſband's feet.
[*She laies her hand under her huſband's feet.*
" *Feran.* Inough ſweet; the wager thou haſt won;
" And they, I am ſure, cannot deny the ſame.
" *Alfon.* I, *Ferando*, the wager thou haſt won;
" And for to ſhew thee how I am pleas'd in this,
" A hundred pounds I freely give thee more,
" Another dowry for another daughter,
" For ſhe is not the ſame ſhe was before.
" *Feran.* Thanks, ſweet father; gentlemen, good night;
" For *Kate* and I will leave you for to-night:
" 'Tis *Kate* and I am wed, and you are ſped:
" And ſo farewell, for we will to our bed.
[*Exeunt* Ferando, Kate, *and* Sander.
" *Alfon.* Now *Aurelius*, what ſay you to this?
" *Aurel.* Beleeve me, father I rejoyce to ſee
" *Ferando* and his wife ſo lovingly agree.
[*Exeunt* Aurelius *and* Phylema, *and* Alfonſo *and* Valeria.
" *Emel.* How now, *Polidor?* in a dumpe? What ſaiſt thou man?
" *Pol.* I ſay, thou art a ſhrew.
" *Emel.* That's better than a ſheepe.
" *Pol.* Well, ſince 'tis done, come, let's goe.
[*Exeunt* Polidor *and* Emilia.
" *Then enter two, bearing of* Slie *in his own apparel againe, and leaves him where they found him, and then goes out: then enters the* Tapſter.
" *Tapſter.* Now that the darkeſome night is overpaſt,
" And dawning day appeares in chriſtall ſkie,
" Now muſt I haſte abroade: but ſoft! who's this?
" What *Slie?* o wondrous! hath he laine heere all night!
" Ile wake him; I thinke he's ſtarved by this,
" But that his belly was ſo ſtufft with ale:
" What now *Slie!* awake for ſhame."—&c. Steevens.

Hor. Who ſhall begin?

Luc. That will I. Go,
Biondello, bid your miſtreſs come to me.

Bion. I go. [*Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all myſelf.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my miſtreſs ſends you word
That ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come.

Pet. How! ſhe is buſy, and ſhe cannot come!
Is that an anſwer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:
Pray God, ſir, your wife ſend you not a worſe.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah, Biondello, go, and entreat my wife
To come to me forthwith. [*Exit* BIONDELLO.

Pet. O, ho! entreat her!
Nay, then ſhe muſt needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, ſir,
Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now where's my wife?

Bion. She ſays, you have ſome goodly jeſt in hand;
She will not come; ſhe bids you come to her.

Pet. Worſe and worſe; ſhe will not come! O vile,
Intolerable, not to be endur'd!
Sirrah, Grumio, go to your miſtreſs;
Say, I command her come to me. [*Exit* GRUMIO.

Hor. I know her anſwer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not come.[9]

Pet. The fouler fortune mine, and there an end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes Katharina!

Kath. What is your will, ſir, that you ſend for me?

Pet. Where is your ſiſter, and Hortenſio's wife?

Kath. They ſit conferring by the parlour fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither; if they deny to come,
Swinge me them ſoundly forth unto their huſbands:
Away, I ſay, and bring them hither ſtraight.

[*Exit* KATHARINA.

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a wonder.

Hor. And ſo it is; I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and quiet life,
An awful rule, and right ſupremacy;
And, to be ſhort, what not, that's ſweet and happy.

Bap. Now fair befal thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou haſt won; and I will add
Unto their loſſes twenty thouſand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For ſhe is chang'd, as ſhe had never been.

[9] *She will not* come.] I have added the word—*come*, to complete the meaſure, which was here defective; as indeed it is, almoſt irremediably, in ſeveral parts of the preſent ſcene.
STEEVENS

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet;
And ſhow more ſign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

Re-enter Katharina, *with* Bianca *and* Widow.

See, where ſhe comes; and brings your froward wives
As priſoners to her womanly perſuaſion.—
Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[Katharina *pulls off her cap, and throws it down.*

Wid. Lord, let me never have a cauſe to ſigh,
Till I be brought to ſuch a ſilly paſs!

Bian. Fye! what a fooliſh duty call you this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as fooliſh too:
The wiſdom of your duty, fair Bianca,
Hath coſt me an hundred crowns[1] ſince ſupper-time.

Bian. The more fool you, for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell theſe head-ſtrong women
What duty they do owe their lords and huſbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking; we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I ſay; and firſt begin with her.

Wid. She ſhall not.

[1] —— an *hundred crowns*—] Old copy—*five* hundred. Corrected by Mr. Pope. In the MS. from which our author's plays were printed, probably numbers were always expreſſed in figures, which has been the occaſion of many miſtakes in the early editions. Malone.

Pet. I ſay, ſhe ſhall;—and firſt begin with her.

Kath. Fye, fye! unknit that threat'ning unkind brow;
And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor:
It blots thy beauty, as froſts bite the meads;[2]
Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds;
And in no ſenſe is meet, or amiable.
A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled,
Muddy, ill-ſeeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
Will deign to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy huſband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance: commits his body
To painful labour, both by ſea and land;
To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
While thou lieſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands,
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;—
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such duty as the ſubject owes the prince,
Even ſuch, a woman oweth to her huſband:
And, when ſhe's froward, peeviſh, ſullen, ſour,
And, not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceleſs traitor to her loving lord?—
I am aſham'd, that women are ſo ſimple
To offer war, where they ſhould kneel for peace;
Or ſeek for rule, ſupremacy, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weak, and ſmooth,

[2] —— *as froſts bite the meads*;] The old copy reads—froſts *do* bite. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world;
But that our ſoft conditions,[3] and our hearts,
Should well agree with our external parts?
Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
My heart as great; my reaſon, haply, more,
To bandy word for word, and frown for frown:
But now, I ſee our lances are but ſtraws;
Our ſtrength as weak, our weakneſs paſt compare,—
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we leaſt are.[4]
Then vail your ſtomachs,[5] for it is no boot;
And place your hands below your huſband's foot:
In token of which duty, if he pleaſe,
My hand is ready, may it do him eaſe.

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiſs me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou ſhalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harſh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to-bed:——
We three are married, but you two are ſped.[6]

[3] —— *our ſoft* conditions,] The gentle qualities of our minds. Malone.

So, in *King Henry V.*: "my tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not ſmooth." Steevens.

[4] —— *which we leaſt are.*] The old copy erroneouſly prolongs this line by reading—which we *indeed* leaſt are. Steevens.

[5] *Then vail your ſtomachs,*] i. e. abate your pride, your ſpirit. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

"Gan *vail his ſtomach*, and did grace the ſhame
"Of thoſe that turn'd their backs." Steevens.

[6] —— *you two* are ſped] i. e. the fate of you both is decided; for you have wives who exhibit early proofs of diſobedience. Steevens.

'Twas I won the wager, though you hit the white;[7]
[*To* LUCENTIO.
And, being a winner, God give you good night!
[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO *and* KATH.

HOR. Now go thy ways, thou haſt tam'd a curſt ſhrew.[8]

LUC. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, ſhe will be tam'd ſo. [*Exeunt.*[9]

[7] —— *though you hit the* white;] To hit the *white* is a phraſe borrowed from archery: the mark was commonly white. Here it alludes to the name, *Bianca*, or *white*. JOHNSON.

So, in Feltham's *Anſwer* to Ben Jonſon's Ode at the end of his *New Inn*:

" As oft you've wanted brains
" And art to ſtrike the *white*,
" As you have levell'd right."

Again, in Sir Aſton Cockayn's *Poems*, 1658:

" And as an expert archer *hits the white*." MALONE.

[8] ——*ſhrew.*] I ſuppoſe our author deſign'd this word to be ſounded as if it had been written—ſhrow. Thus, in Mr. Lodge's *Illuſtrations of Engliſh Hiſtory*, Vol. II. p. 164, Burghley calls Lord Shrewſbury—Shrowſbury. See, alſo, the ſame work, Vol. II. p. 168—9. STEEVENS.

[9] *Exeunt.*] At the concluſion of this piece, Mr. Pope continued his inſertions from the old play, as follows:

" *Enter two Servants, bearing* Sly *in his own apparel, and leaving him on the ſtage. Then enter a* Tapſter.

" Sly. [*awaking.*] Sim, give's ſome more wine.——What, all the players gone?——Am I not a lord?

" *Tap.* A lord, with a murrain?—Come, art thou drunk ſtill?

" *Sly.* Who's this? Tapſter!—Oh, I have had the braveſt dream that ever thou heard'ſt in all thy life.

" *Tap.* Yea, marry, but thou hadſt beſt get thee home, for your wife will curſe you for dreaming here all night.

" *Sly.* Will ſhe? I know how to *tame a ſhrew*. I dreamt upon it all this night, and thou haſt wak'd me out of the beſt dream that ever I had. But I'll to my wife, and tame her too, if ſhe anger me."

Theſe paſſages, which have been hitherto printed as part of the work of Shakſpeare, I have ſunk into the notes, that they may

be preſerved, as they ſeem to be neceſſary to the integrity of the piece, though they really compoſe no part of it, being not publiſhed in the folio 1623. Mr. Pope, however, has quoted them with a degree of inaccuracy which would have deſerved cenſure, had they been of greater conſequence than they are. The players delivered down this comedy, among the reſt, as one of Shakſpeare's own; and its intrinſic merit bears ſufficient evidence to the propriety of their deciſion.

May I add a few [illegible]ſons why I neither believe the former comedy of *The T[illegible]e Shrew*, 1607, nor the old play of *King John*, in two parts, to have been the work of Shakſpeare? He generally followed every novel or hiſtory from whence he took his plots, as cloſely as he could; and is ſo often indebted to theſe originals for his very thoughts and expreſſions, that we may fairly pronounce him not to have been above borrowing, to ſpare himſelf the labour of invention. It is therefore probable, that both theſe plays, (like that of *King Henry V.* in which Oldcaſtle is introduced,) were the unſucceſsful performances of contemporary players. Shakſpeare ſaw they were meanly written, and yet that their plans were ſuch as would furniſh incidents for a better dramatiſt. He therefore might lazily adopt the order of their ſcenes, ſtill writing the dialogue anew, and inſerting little more from either piece, than a few lines which he might think worth preſerving, or was too much in haſte to alter. It is no uncommon thing in the literary world, to ſee the track of others followed by thoſe who would never have given themſelves the trouble to mark out one of their own. STEEVENS.

It is almoſt unneceſſary to vindicate Shakſpeare from being the author of the old *Taming of a Shrew*. Mr. Pope in conſequence of his being very ſuperficially acquainted with the phraſeology of our early writers, firſt aſcribed it to him, and on his authority this ſtrange opinion obtained credit for half a century. He might, with juſt as much propriety, have ſuppoſed that our author wrote the old *King Henry IV.* and *V.* and *The Hiſtory of King Leir and his three Daughters*, as that he wrote two plays on the ſubject of *Taming a Shrew*, and two others on the ſtory of *King John*.—The error prevailed for ſuch a length of time, from the difficulty of meeting with the piece, which is ſo extremely ſcarce, that I have never ſeen or heard of any copy exiſting but one in the collection of Mr. Steevens, and another in my own: and one of our author's editors [Mr. Capell] ſearched for it for thirty years in vain. Mr. Pope's copy is ſuppoſed to be irrecoverably loſt.

I ſuſpect that the anonymous *Taming of a Shrew* was written about the year 1590, either by George Peele or Robert Greene. MALONE.

The following are the obſervations of Dr. Hurd on the Induction to this comedy. They are taken from his *Notes on the Epiſtle to Auguſtus*: "The Induction, as Shakſpeare calls it, to *The Taming of the Shrew*, deſerves, for the excellence of its moral deſign and beauty of execution, throughout, to be ſet in a juſt light.

"This *Prologue* ſets before us the picture of a *poor drunken beggar*, advanced, for a ſhort ſeaſon, into the proud rank of *nobility*. And the humour of the ſcene is taken to conſiſt in the ſurprize and aukward deportment of *Sly*, in this his ſtrange and unwonted ſituation. But the poet had a further deſign, and more worthy his genius, than this farcical pleaſantry. He would expoſe, under cover of this mimic fiction, the truly ridiculous figure of men of rank and quality, when they employ their great advantages of *place and fortune*, to no better purpoſes, than the ſoft and ſelfiſh gratification of their own intemperate paſſions: Of *thoſe*, who take the mighty privilege of *deſcent* and *wealth* to live in the freer indulgence of thoſe pleaſures, which the beggar as fully enjoys, and with infinitely more propriety and conſiſtency of character, than their *lordſhips*.

"To give a poignancy to his ſatire, the poet makes a *man of quality* himſelf, juſt returned from the chace, with all his mind intent upon his pleaſures, contrive this metamorphoſis of the beggar, in the way of ſport and deriſion only; not conſidering, how ſeverely the jeſt was going to turn upon himſelf. His firſt reflections, on ſeeing this brutal drunkard, are excellent:

'O! monſtrous beaſt! how like a ſwine he lies!
'Grim death! how foul and loathſome is thy image!'

"The *offence* is taken at *human nature*, degraded into *beſtiality*; and at a ſtate of ſtupid *inſenſibility, the image of death*. Nothing can be juſter than this repreſentation. For theſe lordly ſenſualiſts have a very nice and faſtidious abhorrence of ſuch ignoble brutality. And what alarms their fears with the proſpect of death, cannot chooſe but preſent *a foul and loathſome image*. It is, alſo, ſaid in perfect conſiſtency with the true Epicurean character, as given by theſe, who underſtood it beſt, and which is here ſuſtained by this noble diſciple. For, though theſe great maſters of wiſdom made *pleaſure* the *ſupreme good*, yet they were among the firſt, as we are told, to cry out againſt the *Aſotos*; meaning ſuch groſs ſenſualiſts: 'qui in menſam vomunt & qui de conviviis auferuntur, crudique poſtridie ſe rurſus ingurgitant.' But as for the 'mundos, elegantes, optumis *cocis*, *piſtoribus*, *piſcatu*, *aucupio*, *venatione*, his omnibus exquiſitis, vitantes cruditatem,' theſe they complimented with the name of *beatos ſapientes*. [Cic. *de Fin.* Lib. II. 8.]

"And then, though their philoſophy promiſed an exemption

from the terrors of death, yet the boaſted exemption conſiſted only in a trick of keeping it out of the memory by continual diſſipation; ſo that when accident forced it upon them, they could not help, on all occaſions, expreſſing the moſt dreadful apprehenſions of it

"However, this tranſient gloom is ſoon ſucceeded by gayer proſpects. My *lord* bethinks himſelf to raiſe a little diverſion out of this adventure:

'Sirs, I will practiſe on this drunken man:'

And ſo propoſes to have him *conveyed to bed,* and bleſſed with all thoſe regalements of coſtly luxury, in which a ſelfiſh opulence is wont to find its ſupreme happineſs.

"The project is carried into execution. And now the jeſt begins. *Sly,* awakening from his drunken nap, calls out as uſual for a *cup of ale.* On which the *lord,* very characteriſtically, and (taking the poet's deſign,* as here explained,) with infinite ſatyr, replies:

'O! that a mighty man of ſuch deſcent,
'Of ſuch poſſeſſions, and ſo high eſteem,
'Should be infuſed with ſo foul a ſpirit!'

And again, afterwards:

'Oh! noble Lord, bethink thee of thy birth,
'Call home thy ancient thoughts from baniſhment;
'And baniſh hence theſe lowly abject themes.'

For, what is the recollection of this *high deſcent* and large *poſſeſſions* to do for him? And, for the introduction of what better thoughts and nobler purpoſes, are theſe *lowly abject themes* to be diſcarded? Why the whole inventory of Patrician pleaſures is called over; and he hath his choice of whichſoever of them ſuits beſt with his lordſhip's improved palate. A long train of *ſervants ready at his beck:* muſick, ſuch as *twenty caged nightingales do ſing:* couches, *ſofter and ſweeter than the luſtful bed of Semiramis: burning odours, and diſtilled waters: floors beſtrewed with carpets:* the diverſions of *hawks, hounds, and horſes:* in ſhort, all the objects of exquiſite indulgence are preſented to him.

"But among theſe, one ſpecies of refined enjoyment, which requires a taſte, above the coarſe breeding of abject commonalty, is chiefly inſiſted upon. We had a hint of what we were to expect, before:

* To apprehend it thoroughly, it may not be amiſs to recollect what the ſenſible Bruyere obſerves on a like occaſion: "Un *Grand* aime le *Champagne,* abhorre la *Brie*; il s'enyvre de meillieure vin, que l'homme de peuple: *seule difference,* que la crapule laiſſe entre les conditions les plus diſproportionées, entre le *Seignour,* & *l'Eſtaffier.*", [Tom. II. p. 12.]

'Carry him gently to my faireſt chamber,
'And hang it round with all my *wanton pictures*.' ſc. ii.

And what lord, in the luxury of all his wiſhes, could feign to himſelf a more delicious collection, than is here delineated?

'2 *Man.* Doſt thou love *pictures?* We will fetch thee ſtraight
'*Adonis* painted by a running brook;
'And *Cytherea* all in ſedges hid;
'Which ſeem to move and wanton with her breath,
'Even as the waving ſedges play with wind.
'*Lord.* We'll ſhew thee *Io*, as ſhe was a maid;
'And how ſhe was beguiled and ſurprized,
'As lively painted, as the deed was done.
'3 *Man.* Or *Daphne*, roaming through a thorny wood;
'Scratching her legs, that one ſhall ſwear, ſhe bleeds:
'So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.'

Theſe pictures, it will be owned, are, all of them, well choſen.* But the ſervants were not ſo deep in the ſecret, as their maſter. They dwell entirely on circumſtantials. While his lordſhip, who had, probably, been trained in the *chaſte* ſchool of Titian, is for coming to the point more directly. There is a fine ridicule implied in this.

"After theſe incentives of *picture*, the charms of *beauty itſelf* are preſented, as the crowning privilege of his high ſtation:

'Thou haſt a lady far more beautiful
'Than any woman in this waning age.'

Here, indeed, the poet plainly forgets himſelf. The *ſtate*, if not the *enjoyment*, of nobility, ſurely demanded a *miſtreſs*, inſtead of a *wife*. All that can be ſaid in excuſe of this indecorum, is, that he perhaps conceived, a ſimple beggar, all unuſed to the refinements of high life, would be too much ſhocked, at ſetting out with a propoſal ſo remote from all his former practices. Be it as it will, *beauty* even in a *wife*, had ſuch an effect on this

* Sir Epicure Mammon, indeed, would have thought this an inſipid collection; for he would have *his rooms*,

"Fill'd with ſuch pictures, as Tiberius took
"From Elephantis, and dull Aretine
"But coldly imitated." *Alchemiſt*, Act II. ſc. ii.

But then Sir Epicure was one of the *Asoti*, before mentioned. In general, the ſatiric intention of the poet in this collection of pictures may be further gathered from a ſimilar ſtroke in Randolph's *Muſe's Looking-Glaſs*, where, to characteriſe the *voluptuous*, he makes him ſay:

"——I would delight my ſight
"With pictures of Diana and her nymphs
"*Naked and bathing*."

mock Lord, that, quite melted and overcome by it, he yields himſelf at laſt to the inchanting deception:

'I ſee, I hear, I ſpeak;
'I ſmell ſweet ſavours, and I feel ſoft things:—
'*Upon my life, I am a Lord indeed.*'

The ſatyr is ſo ſtrongly marked in this laſt line, that one can no longer doubt of the writer's intention. If any *ſhould*, let me further remind him that the poet, in this fiction, but makes his Lord play the ſame game, *in jeſt*, as the Sicilian tyrant acted, long ago, very *ſeriouſly*. The two caſes are ſo ſimilar, that ſome readers may, perhaps, ſuſpect the poet of having taken the whole conceit from Tully. His deſcription of this inſtructive ſcenery is given in the following words:

"Viſne (inquit Dionyſius) ô Damocle, quoniam te hæc vita delectat, ipſe eandem deguſtare & fortunam experiri meam? Cum ſe ille cupere dixiſſet, conlocari juſſit hominem in *aureo lecto, ſtrato pulcherrimo, textili ſtragulo magnificis operibus picto*: abacoſque complures ornavit *argento auroque caelato*: hinc ad menſam *eximia forma pueros* delectos juſſit conſiſtere, eoſque *nutum illius* intuentes diligenter miniſtrare: aderant *unguenta, coronæ: incendebantur odores: menſæ conquiſitiſſimis epulis extruebantur.*" [Tuſc. Diſp. Lib. V. 21.]

"It follows, that *Damocles* fell into the ſweet deluſion of *Chriſtophero Sly*:

'*Fortunatus ſibi Damocles videbatur.*'

"The event in theſe two dramas, was, indeed, different. For the philoſopher took care to make the *flatterer* ſenſible of his miſtake; while the poet did not think fit to diſabuſe the *beggar*. But this was according to the deſign of each. For, the *former* would ſhow the *miſery* of *regal luxury*; the *latter* its *vanity*. The *tyrant*, therefore, is painted *wretched*. And his *Lordſhip* only a *beggar in diſguiſe*.

"To conclude with our poet. The ſtrong ridicule and decorum of this *Induction* make it appear, how impoſſible it was for Shakſpeare, in his idleſt hours, perhaps when he was only reviſing the traſh of others, not to leave ſome ſtrokes of the *maſter* behind him. But the morality of its purpoſe ſhould chiefly recommend it to us. For the whole was written with the beſt deſign of expoſing that monſtrous Epicurean poſition, *that the true enjoyment of life conſiſts in a delirium of ſenſual pleaſure*. And this, in a way the moſt likely to work upon the *great*, by ſhowing their pride, that it was fit only to conſtitute the *ſummum bonum* of one—

'No better than a poor and loathſome beggar.' ſc. iii.

"Nor let the poet be thought to have dealt too freely with his

letters, in giving this repreſentation of *nobility*. He had the higheſt authority for what he did. For the great *maſter of life* himſelf gave no other of *Divinity*:

'*Ipſe pater veri Doctus Epicurus in arte*
'*Juſſit* & hanc vitam dixit habere Deos."
Petron. c. 132. STEEVENS.

The circumſtance on which the *Induction* to the anonymous play, as well as that to the preſent comedy, is founded, is related (as Langbaine has obſerved,) by Heuterus, *Rerum, Burgund.* Lib. IV. The earlieſt Engliſh original of this ſtory in proſe that I have met with, is the following, which is found in Goulart's ADMIRABLE AND MEMORABLE HISTORIES, tranſlated by E. Grimſtone, quarto, 1607; but this tale (which Goulart tranſlated from Heuterus,) had undoubtedly appeared in Engliſh, in ſome other ſhape, before 1594:

"PHILIP called the good Duke of *Bourgundy*, in the memory of our anceſtors, being at Bruxelles with his Court, and walking one night after ſupper through the ſtreets, accompanied with ſome of his favorits, he found lying upon the ſtones a certaine artiſan that was very dronke, and that ſlept ſoundly. It pleaſed the prince in this artiſan to make trial of the vanity of our life, whereof he had before diſcourſed with his familiar friends. He therefore cauſed this ſleeper to be taken up, and carried into his palace: he commands him to be layed in one of the richeſt beds; a riche night-cap to be given him: his foule ſhirt to be taken off, and to have another put on him of fine Holland. When as this dronkard had digeſted his wine, and began to awake, behold there comes about his bed Pages and Groomes of the Duke's chamber, who drawe the curteines, and make many courteſies, and, being bare-headed, aſke him if it pleaſe him to riſe, and what apparell it would pleaſe him to put on that day.——They bring him rich apparell. This new *Monſieur* amazed at ſuch courteſie, and doubting whether he dreampt or waked, ſuffered himſelfe to be dreſt, and led out of the chamber. There came noblemen which ſaluted him with all honour, and conduct him to the Maſſe, where with great ceremonie they gave him the booke of the Goſpell, and the Pixe to kiſſe, as they did uſually to the Duke. From the Maſſe, they bring him backe unto the pallace; he waſhes his hands, and ſittes downe at the table well furniſhed. After dinner, the great Chamberlaine commandes cardes to be brought, with a greate ſumme of money. This Duke in imagination playes with the chiefe of the court. Then they carry him to walke in the gardein, and to hunt the hare, and to hawke. They bring him back unto the pallace, where he

ſups in ſtate. Candles being light, the muſitions begin to play; and, the tables taken away, the gentlemen and gentlewomen fell to dancing. *Then they played a pleaſant Comedie,* after which followed a Banket, whereat they had preſently ſtore of Ipocras and pretious wine, with all ſorts of couſitures, to this prince of the new impreſſion; ſo as he was dronke, and fell ſoundlie aſleepe. Hereupon the Duke commanded that he ſhould be diſrobed of all his riche attire. He was put into his olde ragges, and carried into the ſame place where he had beene found the night before; where he ſpent that night. Being awake in the morning, he beganne to remember what had happened before; —he knewe not whether it were true indeede, or a dreame that had troubled his brain. But in the end, after many diſcourſes, he concludes that all was but a dreame that had happened unto him; and ſo entertained his wife, his children, and his neighbours, without any other apprehenſion." MALONE.

The following ſtory, related, as it appears, by an eye-witneſs, may not be thought inapplicable to this *Induction:* "I remember (ſays Sir Richard Barckley, in *A Diſcourſe on the Felicitie of Man,* 1598, p. 24,) a pretie experiment practiſed by the Emperour Charles the Fifth upon a drunkard. As this Emperour on a time entered into Gaunt, there lay a drunken fellow overthwart the ſtreetes, as though he had bene dead; who, leaſt the horſemen ſhould ride ouer him, was drawen out of the way by the legges, and could by no means be wakened; which when the Emperour ſaw, he cauſed him to be taken vp and carried home to his pallace, and vſed as he had appointed. He was brought into a faire chamber hanged with coſtly arras, his clothes taken off, and laid in a ſtately bed meet for the Emperour himſelfe. He continued in a ſleepe vntil the next day almoſt noone. When he awaked and had lyen wondring awhile to ſee himſelf in ſuch a place, and diuers braue gentlemen attending upon him, they took him out of the bed, and apparelled him like a prince, in verie coſtly garments, and all this was done with verie great ſilence on everie ſide. When he was ready, there was a table ſet and furniſhed with very daintie meats, and he ſet in a chaire to eat, attended vpon with braue courtiers, and ſerued as if the Emperour had bin preſent, the cupboord full of gold plate and diuerſe ſortes of wines. When he ſaw ſuch preparation made for him, he left any longer to wonder, and thought it not good to examine the matter any further, but tooke his fortune as it came, and fell to his meate. His wayters with great reuerence and dutie obſerued diligently his nods and becks, which were his ſignes to call for that he lacked, for words he vſed none. As he thus ſate in his majeſtie eating and drinking, he tooke in his cups ſo freelie, that he fel faſt aſleepe againe as he ſate in his

chaire. His attendants ſtripped him out of his freſh apparel, and arrayed him with his owne ragges againe, and carried him to the place where they found him, where he lay ſleeping vntil the next day. After he was awakened, and fell into the companie of his acquaintance, being aſked where he had bene; he anſwered that he had bene aſleepe, and had the pleaſanteſt dream that ever he had in his life; and told them all that paſſed, thinking that it had bene nothing but a dreame."

This frolick ſeems better ſuited to the gaiety of the gallant Francis, or to the revelry of the boiſterous Henry, than to the cold and diſtant manners of the reſerved Charles; of whoſe private character, however, hiſtorians have taken but ſlight notice. HOLT WHITE.

From this play, *The Tatler* formed a ſtory, Vol. IV. No. 231:

"THERE are very many ill habits that might with much eaſe have been prevented, which, after we have indulged ourſelves in them, become incorrigible. We have a ſort of proverbial expreſſion, of *taking a woman down in her wedding ſhoes*, if you would bring her to reaſon. An early behaviour of this ſort, had a very remarkable good effect in a family wherein I was ſeveral years an intimate acquaintance:

"A gentleman in Lincolnſhire had four daughters, three of which were early married very happily; but the fourth, though no way inferior to any of her ſiſters, either in perſon or accompliſhments, had from her infancy diſcovered ſo imperious a temper, (uſually called a high ſpirit,) that it continually made great uneaſineſs in the family, became her known character in the neighbourhood, and deterred all lovers from declaring themſelves. However, in proceſs of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune and long acquaintance, having obſerved that quickneſs of ſpirit to be her only fault, made his addreſſes, and obtained her conſent in due form. The lawyers finiſhed the writings, (in which, by the way, there was no pin-money,) and they were married. After a decent time ſpent in the father's houſe, the bridegroom went to prepare his ſeat for her reception. During the whole courſe of his courtſhip, though a man of the moſt equal temper, he had artificially lamented to her, that he was the moſt paſſionate creature breathing. By this one intimation, he at once made her to underſtand warmth of temper to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well as that he alarmed her againſt that conſtitution in himſelf. She at the ſame time thought herſelf highly obliged by the compoſed behaviour which he maintained in her preſence. Thus far he with great ſucceſs ſoothed her from being guilty of violences, and ſtill reſolved to give her

ſuch a terrible apprehenſion of his fiery ſpirit, that ſhe ſhould never dream of giving way to her own. He returned on the day appointed for carrying her home; but inſtead of a coach and ſix horſes, together with the gay equipage ſuitable to the occaſion, he appeared without a ſervant, mounted on a ſkeleton of a horſe, (which his huntſman had the day before brought in to feaſt his dogs on the arrival of his new miſtreſs,) with a pillion fixed behind, and a caſe of piſtols before him, attended only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped, he in a very obliging, (but ſomewhat poſitive manner,) deſired his lady to ſeat herſelf on the cuſhion; which done, away they crawled. The road being obſtructed by a gate, the dog was commanded to open it: the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail; but the maſter, to ſhow the impatience of his temper, drew a piſtol and ſhot him dead. He had no ſooner done it, but he fell into a thouſand apologies for his unhappy raſhneſs, and begged as many pardons for his exceſſes before one for whom he had ſo profound a reſpect. Soon after their ſteed ſtumbled, but with ſome difficulty recovered; however, the bridegroom took occaſion to ſwear, if he frightened his wife ſo again, he would run him through! And alas! the poor animal being now almoſt tired, made a ſecond trip; immediately on which the careful huſband alights, and with great ceremony, firſt takes off his lady, then the accoutrements, draws his ſword, and ſaves the huntſman the trouble of killing him: then ſays to his wife, Child, pr'ythee, take up the ſaddle; which ſhe readily did, and tugged it home, where they found all things in the greateſt order, ſuitable to their fortune and the preſent occaſion. Some time after, the father of the lady gave an entertainment to all his daughters and their huſbands, where, when the wives were retired, and the gentlemen paſſing a toaſt about, our laſt married man took occaſion to obſerve to the reſt of his brethren, how much, to his great ſatisfaction, he found the world miſtaken as to the temper of his lady, for that ſhe was the moſt meek and humble woman breathing. The applauſe was received with a loud laugh; but as a trial which of them would appear the moſt maſter at home, he propoſed they ſhould all by turns ſend for their wives down to them. A ſervant was diſpatched, and anſwer made by one, 'Tell him I will come by and by;' and another, 'That ſhe would come when the cards were out of her hand;' and ſo on. But no ſooner was her huſband's deſire whiſpered in the ear of our laſt married lady, but the cards were clapped on the table, and down ſhe comes with, 'My dear, would you ſpeak with me?' He received her in his arms, and, after repeated careſſes, tells her the experiment, confeſſes his good-nature, and aſſures her, that ſince ſhe

could now command her temper, he would no longer diſguiſe his own."

It cannot but ſeem ſtrange that Shakſpeare ſhould be ſo little known to the author of *The Tatler*, that he ſhould ſuffer this ſtory to be obtruded upon him; or ſo little known to the publick, that he could hope to make it paſs upon his readers as a real narrative of a tranſaction in Lincolnſhire; yet it is apparent, that he was deceived, or intended to deceive, that he knew not himſelf whence the ſtory was taken, or hoped that he might rob ſo obſcure a writer without detection.

Of this play the two plots are ſo well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not diſtracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between Katharine and Petruchio is eminently ſpritely and diverting. At the marriage of Bianca the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleaſure. The whole play is very popular and diverting. JOHNSON.

WINTER'S TALE.

* WINTER'S TALE.] This play, throughout, is written in the very ſpirit of its author. And in telling this homely and ſimple, though agreeable, country tale,

Our ſweeteſt Shakſpeare, fancy's child,
Warbles his native wood-notes wild.

This was neceſſary to obſerve in mere juſtice to the play; as the meanneſs of the fable, and the extravagant conduct of it, had miſled ſome of great name into a wrong judgment of its merit; which, as far as it regards ſentiment and character, is ſcarce inferior to any in the whole collection. WARBURTON.

At Stationers' Hall, May 22, 1594, Edward White entered "A booke entitled *A Wynter Nyght's Paſtime.*" STEEVENS.

The ſtory of this play is taken from *The Pleaſant Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia*, written by Robert Greene. JOHNSON.

In this novel, the King of Sicilia, whom Shakſpeare names

Leontes, is called	Egiſtus.
Polixenes K. of Bohemia	Pandoſto.
Mamillius P. of Sicilia	Garinter.
Florizel P. of Bohemia	Doraſtus.
Camillo	Franion
Old Shepherd	Porrus.
Hermione	Bellaria.
Perdita	Faunia.
Mopſa	Mopſa.

The parts of Antigonus, Paulina, and Autolycus, are of the poet's own invention; but many circumſtances of the novel are omitted in the play. STEEVENS.

Dr. Warburton, by "ſome of great name," means Dryden and Pope. See the Eſſay at the end of the Second Part of *The Conqueſt of Granada*: "Witneſs the lameneſs of their plots; [the plots of Shakſpeare and Fletcher;] many of which, eſpecially thoſe which they wrote firſt, (for even that age refined itſelf in ſome meaſure,) were made up of ſome ridiculous incoherent ſtory, which in one play many times took up the buſineſs of an age. I ſuppoſe I need not name, *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, [and here, by-the-by, Dryden expreſsly names *Pericles* as our author's production,] nor the hiſtorical plays of Shakſpeare; beſides many of the reſt, as *The Winter's Tale, Love's Labour's Loſt, Meaſure for Meaſure*, which were either grounded on impoſſibilities, or at leaſt ſo meanly written, that the comedy neither cauſed your mirth, nor the ſerious part your concernment." Mr. Pope, in the Preface to his edition of our author's plays, pronounced the ſame ill-conſidered judgment on the play before us: "I ſhould conjecture (ſays he,) of ſome of the others, particularly *Love's Labour's Loſt*, THE WINTER'S TALE,

Comedy of Errors, and *Titus Andronicus*, that only ſome characters, ſingle ſcenes, or perhaps a few particular paſſages, were of his hand."

None of our author's plays has been more cenſured for the breach of dramatick rules than *The Winter's Tale*. In confirmation of what Mr. Steevens has remarked in another place—"that Shakſpeare was not ignorant of theſe rules, but diſregarded them,"—it may be obſerved, that the laws of the drama are clearly laid down by a writer once univerſally read and admired, Sir Philip Sidney, who, in his *Defence of Poeſy*, 1595, has pointed out the very improprieties into which our author has fallen in this play. After mentioning the defects of the tragedy of *Gorboduc*, he adds: "But if it be ſo in *Gorboducke*, how much more in all the reſt, where you ſhall have Aſia of the one ſide, and Affricke of the other, and ſo manie other under kingdomes, that the player when he comes in, muſt ever begin with telling where he is, or elſe the tale will not be conceived.—Now of time they are much more liberal. For ordinarie it is, that two young princes fall in love, after many traverſes ſhe is got with childe, delivered of a faire boy: he is loſt, groweth a man, falleth in love, and is readie to get another childe, and all this in two houres ſpace: which how abſurd it is in ſence, even ſence may imagine."

The Winter's Tale is ſneered at by B. Jonſon, in the Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*, 1614: "If there be never a ſervant-monſter in the fair, who can help it, *nor a neſt of antiques?* He is loth to make nature afraid in his plays, like thoſe that beget Tales, *Tempeſts*, and ſuch like drolleries." By the *neſt of antiques*, the twelve ſatyrs who are introduced at the ſheep-ſhearing feſtival, are alluded to.—In his converſation with Mr. Drummond of Hawthornden, in 1619, he has another ſtroke at his *beloved* friend: "He [Jonſon] ſaid, that Shakſpeare wanted art, and ſometimes ſenſe; for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men, ſaying they had ſuffered ſhipwreck in Bohemia, where is no ſea near by 100 miles." Drummond's Works, fol. 225, edit. 1711.

When this remark was made by Ben Jonſon, *The Winter's Tale* was not printed. Theſe words, therefore, are a ſufficient anſwer to Sir T. Hanmer's idle ſuppoſition that *Bohemia* was an error of the preſs for *Bythinia*.

This play, I imagine, was written in the year 1604. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

Malone.

Sir Thomas Hanmer gave himſelf much needleſs concern that Shakſpeare ſhould conſider Bohemia as a maritime country. He would have us read *Bythinia*: but our author implicitly copied the novel before him. Dr. Grey, indeed, was *apt to believe*

that *Doraſtus and Faunia* might rather be borrowed from the play; but I have met with a copy of it, which was printed in 1588.—Cervantes ridicules theſe geographical miſtakes, when he makes the princeſs Micomicona land at Oſſuna.—Corporal Trim's king of Bohemia "delighted in navigation, and had never a ſea-port in his dominions;" and my Lord Herbert tells us, that De Luines, the prime miniſter of France, when he was embaſſador there, demanded, whether Bohemia was an inland country, or lay "*upon the ſea?*"——There is a ſimilar miſtake in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, relative to that city and Milan.

FARMER.

The Winter's Tale may be ranked among the hiſtoric plays of Shakſpeare, though not one of his numerous criticks and commentators have diſcovered the drift of it. It was certainly intended (in compliment to Queen Elizabeth,) as an indirecta pology for her mother, Anne Boleyn. The addreſs of the poet appears no where to more advantage. The ſubject was too delicate to be exhibited on the ſtage without a veil; and it was too recent, and touched the Queen too nearly, for the bard to have ventured ſo home an alluſion on any other ground than compliment. The unreaſonable jealouſy of Leontes, and his violent conduct in conſequence, form a true portrait of Henry the Eighth, who generally made the law the engine of his boiſterous paſſions. Not only the general plan of the ſtory is moſt applicable, but ſeveral paſſages are ſo marked, that they touch the real hiſtory nearer than the fable. Hermione on her trial ſays:

"————for honour,
"'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
"And only that I ſtand for."

This ſeems to be taken from the very letter of Anne Boleyn to the King before her execution, where ſhe pleads for the infant Princeſs his daughter. Mamillius, the young Prince, an unneceſſary character, dies in his infancy; but it confirms the alluſion, as Queen Anne, before Elizabeth, bore a ſtill-born ſon. But the moſt ſtriking paſſage, and which had nothing to do in the tragedy, but as it pictured Elizabeth, is, where Paulina, deſcribing the new-born Princeſs, and her likeneſs to her father, ſays: "*She has the very trick of his frown.*" There is one ſentence indeed ſo applicable, both to Elizabeth and her father, that I ſhould ſuſpect the poet inſerted it after her death. Paulina, ſpeaking of the child, tells the King:

"————'Tis yours;
"And might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
"So like you, 'tis the worſe."—

The Winter's Tale was therefore in reality a ſecond part of *Henry the Eighth*. WALPOLE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Leontes, *King of* Sicilia:
Mamillius, *his Son.*
Camillo,
Antigonus,
Cleomenes,
Dion,
} Sicilian *Lords.*
Another Sicilian *Lord.*
Rogero, *a* Sicilian *Gentleman.*
An Attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a Court of Judicature.
Polixenes, *King of* Bohemia:
Florizel, *his Son.*
Archidamus, *a* Bohemian *Lord.*
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
An old Shepherd, reputed Father of Perdita:
Clown, his Son.
Servant to the old Shepherd.
Autolycus, *a Rogue.*
Time, as Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to* Leontes.
Perdita, *Daughter to* Leontes *and* Hermione.
Paulina, *Wife to* Antigonus.
Emilia, *a Lady,*
Two other Ladies,
} *attending the Queen.*
Mopsa,
Dorcas,
} *Shepherdesses.*

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Satyrs for a Dance; Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, &c.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, *sometimes in* Bohemia.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *An Antechamber in* Leontes' *Palace.*

Enter CAMILLO *and* ARCHIDAMUS.

ARCH. If you ſhall chance, Camillo, to viſit Bohemia, on the like occaſion whereon my ſervices are now on foot, you ſhall ſee, as I have ſaid, great difference betwixt our Bohemia, and your Sicilia.

CAM. I think, this coming ſummer, the king of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

ARCH. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us,[1] we will be juſtified in our loves: for, indeed,—

CAM. 'Beſeech you,——

ARCH. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with ſuch magnificence—in ſo rare—I know not what to ſay.——We will give you ſleepy drinks; that your ſenſes, unintelligent of our inſufficience, may, though they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

[1] ——*our entertainment* &c.] Though we cannot give you equal entertainment, yet the conſciouſneſs of our good-will ſhall juſtify us. JOHNSON.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear, for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhow himſelf over-kind to Bohemia. They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot chooſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities, and royal neceſſities, made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, though not perſonal, have been royally attornied,[2] with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies; that they have ſeemed to be together, though abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds.[3] The heavens continue their loves!

[2] ——*royally attornied,*] Nobly ſupplied by ſubſtitution of embaſſies, &c. Johnson.

[3] ——*ſhook hands, as over a* vaſt; *and embraced, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds.*] Thus the folio, 1623. The folio, 1632:—*over a* vaſt ſea. I have ſince found that Sir T. Hanmer attempted the ſame correction; though I believe the old reading to be the true one. *Vaſtum* was the ancient term for *waſte* uncultivated land. Over a *vaſt*, therefore, means at a great and vacant diſtance from each other. *Vaſt*, however, may be uſed for the *ſea*, as in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

" Thou God of this great *vaſt*, rebuke the ſurges."

Steevens.

Shakſpeare has, more than once, taken his imagery from the prints, with which the books of his time were ornamented. If my memory do not deceive me, he had his eye on a wood cut in Holinſhed, while writing the incantation of the weird ſiſters in *Macbeth*. There is alſo an alluſion to a print of one of the Henries holding a ſword adorned with crowns. In this paſſage he refers to a device common in the title-page of old books, of two hands extended from oppoſite clouds, and joined as in token of friendſhip over a wide waſte of country. Henley.

Arch. I think, there is not in the world either malice, or matter, to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius; it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe, that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, phyſicks the ſubject,[4] makes old hearts freſh: they, that went on crutches ere he was born, deſire yet their life, to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the king had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches till he had one. [*Exeunt.*

[4] —— phyſicks *the ſubject,*] Affords a cordial to the ſtate, has the power of aſſuaging the ſenſe of miſery. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"The labour we delight in, *phyſicks* pain."

Steevens.

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of State in the Palace.

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, CAMILLO, *and Attendants.*

Pol. Nine changes of the wat'ry ſtar have been
The ſhepherd's note, ſince we have left our throne
Without a burden: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: And therefore, like a cipher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply,
With one we-thank-you, many thouſands more
That go before it.

Leon. Stay your thanks awhile;
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow.
I am queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance,
Or breed upon our abſence: That may blow
No ſneaping winds [5] at home, to make us ſay,

[5] ——— that may *blow*
No ſneaping winds —] Dr. Warburton calls this *nonſenſe*; and Dr. Johnſon tells us it is a *Galliciſm*. It happens, however, to be both *ſenſe* and *Engliſh*. *That*, for *Oh! that*—is not uncommon. In an old tranſlation of the famous *Alcoran of the Franciſcans*: "St. Francis obſerving the holineſs of friar Juniper, ſaid to the priors, *That* I had a wood of ſuch Junipers!" And, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*:

"——In thy rumination,
"*That* I poor man might eftſoons come between!"

And ſo in other places. This is the conſtruction of the paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"*That* runaway's eyes may wink!"

Which in other reſpects Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted.
FARMER.

This is put forth too truly![6] Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leon. One ſeven-night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

Leon. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gain-ſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge, and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied, our queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, ſir, to have held my peace, until
You had drawn oaths from him, not to ſtay. You, ſir,
Charge him too coldly: Tell him, you are ſure,
All in Bohemia's well: this ſatisfaction[7]

——ſneaping *winds*—] *Nipping* winds. So, in *Gawin Douglas's Tranſlation of Virgil's Eneid. Prologue of the ſeuynth Booke:*

"Scharp ſoppis of ſleit, and of the *ſnyppand* ſnaw."
HOLT WHITE.

[6] *This is put forth too truly!*] i. e. to make me ſay, *I had too good reaſon for my fears* concerning what might happen in my abſence from home. MALONE.

[7] ——*this ſatisfaction*—] We had ſatisfactory accounts yeſterday of the ſtate of Bohemia. JOHNSON.

The by-gone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leon. Well ſaid, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong:
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay,
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.—
Yet of your royal preſence [*To* Polixenes.] I'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I'll give him my commiſſion,[8]
To let him there a month, behind the geſt[9]

[8] ——*I'll give* him *my commiſſion,*] We ſhould read:
——*I'll give* you *my commiſſion,*
The verb *let,* or hinder, which follows, ſhows the neceſſity of it: for ſhe could not ſay ſhe would give her huſband a commiſſion to *let* or hinder himſelf. The commiſſion is given to Polixenes, to whom ſhe is ſpeaking, to let or hinder her huſband. Warburton.

"I'll give him my licence of abſence, ſo as to obſtruct or retard his departure for a month," &c. To let *him,* however, may be uſed as many other reflective verbs are by Shakſpeare, for to let or hinder *himſelf:* then the meaning will be: "I'll give him my permiſſion to tarry for a month," &c. Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors read, I think, without neceſſity—"I'll give *you* my commiſſion, &c. Malone.

[9] ——*behind the* geſt—] Mr. Theobald ſays: *he can neither trace, nor underſtand the phraſe,* and therefore thinks it ſhould be *juſt:* But the word *geſt* is right, and ſignifies a ſtage or journey. In the time of *royal progreſſes* the king's ſtages, as we may ſee by the journals of them in the herald's office, were called his *geſts;* from the old French word *giſte, diverſorium.* Warburton.

In Strype's *Memorials of Archbiſhop Cranmer,* p. 283,—The Archbiſhop entreats Cecil, "to let him have the new reſolved upon *geſts,* from that time to the end, that he might from time to time know where the king was."

Again, in *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay,* 1594:

"Caſtile, and lovely Elinor with him,
"Have in their *geſts* reſolv'd for Oxford town."

Prefix'd for his parting: yet, good deed,[1] Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock[2] behind
What lady ſhe her lord.—You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows: But I,

Again, in *The White Devil*, or, *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

" ——Do, like the *geſts* in the progreſs,
" You know where you ſhall find me." STEEVENS.

Geſts, or rather *giſts*, from the Fr. *giſte*, (which ſignifies both a bed, and a lodging place,) were the names of the houſes or towns where the King or Prince intended to lie every night during his PROGRESS. They were written in a ſcroll, and probably each of the royal attendants was furniſhed with a copy. MALONE.

[1] ——*yet*, good-deed,] ſignifies, *indeed*, *in very deed*, as Shakſpeare in another place expreſſes it. *Good-deed*, is uſed in the ſame ſenſe by the Earl of Surrey, Sir John Hayward, and Gaſcoigne.

Dr. Warburton would read—good *heed*,—meaning—take good heed. STEEVENS.

The ſecond folio reads—*good heed*, which, I believe, is right. TYRWHITT.

[2] ——*a* jar *o' the clock*—] A *jar* is, I believe, a ſingle repetition of the noiſe made by the pendulum of a clock; what children call the *ticking* of it. So, in *King Richard II*:

" My thoughts are minutes, and with ſighs they *jar*." STEEVENS.

A *jar* perhaps means a minute, for I do not ſuppoſe that the ancient clocks ticked or noticed the ſeconds. See Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, p. 241. TOLLET.

To *jar* certainly means to *tick*; as in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, cant. iv. ſt. 107; edit. 1609: " He *hears* no waking-clocke, nor watch to *jarre*." HOLT WHITE.

So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1601:—" the owle ſhrieking, the toades croaking, the *minutes jerring*, and the clöcke ſtriking twelve." MALONE.

Though you would ſeek to unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, *Sir, no going.* Verily,
You ſhall not go; a lady's verily is
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt; ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread verily,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your gueſt then, madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.

Her. Not your gaoler then,
But your kind hoſteſs. Come, I'll queſtion you
Of my lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys;
You were pretty lordings[3] then.

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord the verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i' the ſun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not

[3] —— *lordings*—] This diminutive of *lord* is often uſed by Chaucer. So, in the prologue to his *Canterbury Tales*, the hoſt ſays to the company, v. 790, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:

"*Lordinges* (quod he) now herkeneth for the beſte."

STEEVENS.

The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd[4]
That any did: Had we purſued that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty*; the impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours.[5]

Her. By this we gather,
You have tripp'd ſince.

Pol. O my moſt ſacred lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to us: for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had then not croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no concluſion; leſt you ſay,[6]

[4] *The* doctrine *of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd*—] *Doctrine* is here uſed as a triſyllable. So *children, tickling,* and many others. The editor of the ſecond folio inſerted the word *no*, to ſupply a ſuppoſed defect in the metre, [—*no*, nor dream'd] and the interpolation was adopted in all the ſubſequent editions. MALONE.

I cannot ſuppoſe myſelf to be reading a verſe, unleſs I adopt the emendation of the ſecond folio. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the impoſition clear'd,*
Hereditary ours.] i. e. ſetting aſide *original ſin*; bating the impoſition from the offence of our firſt parents, we might have boldly proteſted our innocence to Heaven. WARBURTON.

[6] *Grace to boot!*
Of this make no concluſion; leſt you ſay, &c.] Polixenes had ſaid, that ſince the time of childhood and innocence, *temptations had grown to them*; for that, in that interval, the two Queens were become women. To each part of this obſervation the Queen anſwers in order. To that of *temptations* ſhe replies, *Grace to boot!* i. e. though temptations have grown up, yet I hope grace too has kept pace with them. *Grace to boot,* was a proverbial expreſſion on theſe occaſions. To the other part, ſhe replies, as for *our* tempting you, pray take heed you draw no

Your queen and I are devils: Yet, go on;
The offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you ſlipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He'll ſtay, my lord.

Leon. At my requeſt, he would not.
Hermione, my deareſt, thou never ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee, tell me: Cram us with praiſe, and make us
As fat as tame things: One good deed, dying tongue-leſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages: You may ride us,

concluſion from thence, for that would be making your Queen and mé devils, &c. Warburton.

This explanation may be right; but I have no great faith in the exiſtence of ſuch a proverbial expreſſion. Steevens.

She calls for Heaven's grace, to purify and vindicate her own character, and that of the wife of Polixenes, which might ſeem to be ſullied by a ſpecies of argument that made them appear to have led their huſbands into temptation.

Grace or Heaven *help* me!—Do not argue in that manner; do not draw any concluſion or inference from your, and your friend's, having, ſince thoſe days of childhood and innocence, become acquainted with your Queen and me; for, as you have ſaid that in the period between childhood and the preſent time temptations have been born to you, and as in that interval you have become acquainted with us, the inference or inſinuation would be ſtrong againſt us, as your corrupters, and, "by that kind of chaſe," your Queen and I would be devils. Malone.

With one ſoft kiſs, a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre. But to the goal;[7]—
My laſt good was, to entreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I ſpoke to the purpoſe: When?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had four'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyſelf my love;[8] then didſt thou utter,
I am yours for ever.

[7] *With ſpur we heat an acre. But to the goal;*] Thus this paſſage has been always printed; whence it appears, that the editors did not take the poet's conceit. They imagined that, *But to the goal,* meant, *but to come to the purpoſe*; but the ſenſe is different, and plain enough when the line is pointed thus:

——————— *ere*
With ſpur we heat an acre, but to the goal.

i. e. good uſage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we ſtop ſhort, even there where both our intereſt and our inclination would otherwiſe have carried us. Warburton.

I have followed the old copy, the pointing of which appears to afford as apt a meaning as that produced by the change recommended by Dr. Warburton. Steevens.

[8] *And* clap *thyſelf my love*;] She opened her hand, to *clap* the palm of it into his, as people do when they confirm a bargain. Hence the phraſe—*to clap up a bargain*, i. e. make one with no other ceremony than the junction of hands. So, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" —— Speak, widow, is't a match?
" Shall we *clap* it up?"

Again, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1618:

" Come, *clap* hands, a match."

Again, in *King Henry V.*:

" —— and ſo *clap* hands, and a bargain." Steevens.

This was a regular part of the ceremony of troth-plighting, to which Shakſpeare often alludes. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

Her. It is Grace, indeed.[9]—
Why, lo you now, I have ſpoke to the purpoſe twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
The other, for ſome while a friend.
[*Giving her hand to* Polixenes.

Leon. Too hot, too hot: [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me:—my heart dances;
But not for joy,—not joy.—This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,[1]
And well become the agent: it may, I grant:
But to be paddling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are; and making practis'd ſmiles,

"This is the *hand*, which with a *vow'd contract*
"Was faſt belock'd in thine."

Again, in *King John*:

"*Phil.* It likes us well. Young princes, *cloſe your hands.*
"*Auſt.* And your lips too, for I am well aſſur'd,
"That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd."

So, alſo, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"There theſe young *lovers* ſhall *clap hands* together."

I ſhould not have given ſo many inſtances of this cuſtom, but that I know Mr. Pope's reading—"And *clepe* thyſelf my love," has many favourers. The old copy has—*A* clap, &c. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[9] *It is* Grace, *indeed!*] Referring to what ſhe had juſt ſaid—"O, would her name were *Grace!*" Malone.

[1] ——*from* bounty, *fertile boſom*,] I ſuppoſe that a letter dropped out at the preſs, and would read—from *bounty's* fertile boſom. Malone.

By *fertile boſom*, I ſuppoſe, is meant a boſom like that of the earth, which yields a ſpontaneous produce. In the ſame ſtrain is the addreſs of *Timon of Athens*:

"Thou common mother, thou,
"Whoſe ——infinite *breaſt*
"*Teems and feeds all!*" Steevens.

As in a looking-glaſs;—and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer;[2] O, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I'fecks?[3]
Why, that's my bawcock.[4] What, haſt ſmutch'd thy noſe?—
They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We muſt be neat;[5] not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd, neat.—Still virginalling[6]
[*Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.

[2] *The* mort *o' the deer*;] A leſſon upon the horn at the death of the deer. Theobald.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—He that bloweth the *mort* before the death of the buck, may very well miſs of his fees." Again, in the oldeſt copy of *Chevy Chace:*

"The blewe a *mort* uppone the bent." Steevens.

[3] *I'fecks?*] A ſuppoſed corruption of—*in faith.* Our preſent vulgar pronounce it—*fegs.* Steevens.

[4] *Why, that's my* bawcock.] Perhaps from *beau* and *coq.* It is ſtill ſaid in vulgar language that ſuch a one is a *jolly cock*, a *cock of the game.* The word has already occurred in *Twelfth-Night*, and is one of the titles by which Piſtol ſpeaks of King Henry the Fifth. Steevens.

[5] *We muſt be neat*;] Leontes, ſeeing his ſon's noſe ſmutch'd, cries, *we muſt be neat*; then recollecting that *neat* is the ancient term for *horned* cattle, he ſays, *not neat, but cleanly.* Johnson.

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 3:

"His large proviſion there of fleſh, of fowl, of *neat.*"
Steevens.

[6] —— *Still virginalling*—] Still playing with her fingers, as a girl playing on the *virginals.* Johnson.

A *virginal*, as I am informed, is a very ſmall kind of ſpinnet. Queen Elizabeth's *virginal-book* is yet in being, and many of the leſſons in it have proved ſo difficult, as to baffle our moſt expert players on the harpſichord.

Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf?
A't thou my calf?

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have,[7]

So, in Decker's *Satiromaſtix, or the Untruſſing of the humorous Poet*, 1602:

"When we have huſbands, we play upon them like *virginal jacks*, they muſt riſe and fall to our humours, elſe they'll never get any good ſtrains of muſick out of one of us."

Again, in *Ram-alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Where be theſe raſcals that ſkip and down
"Like *virginal jacks?*" STEEVENS.

A virginal was ſtrung like a ſpinnet, and ſhaped like a *piano forte*. MALONE.

[7] *Thou want'ſt a rough* paſh, *and the* ſhoots *that I have,*] *Paſh*, (ſays Sir T. Hanmer,) is *kiſs*. *Pax*. Spaniſh, i. e. *thou want'ſt a mouth made rough by a beard, to kiſs with. Shoots* are *branches*, i. e. horns. Leontes is alluding to the enſigns of cuckoldom. A mad-brained boy, is, however, called a mad *paſh* in Cheſhire. STEEVENS.

Thou want'ſt a rough *paſh*, and the *ſhoots* that I have, in connection with the context, ſignifies—*to make thee a* calf *thou muſt have the* tuft *on thy forehead and the* young horns *that* ſhoot *up in it, as I have.* Leontes aſks the Prince:

——*How now, you* wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?

Mam. *Yes, if you will, my lord.*

Leon. *Thou want'ſt a rough* paſh, *and the* ſhoots *that I have, To be full like me.*

To *paſh* ſignifies to *puſh* or *daſh againſt*, and frequently occurs in old writers. Thus, Drayton:

"They either poles their heads together *paſht.*"

Again, in *How to chooſe a good Wife from a bad*, 1602, 4to:

"——learn *paſh* and knock, and beat and mall,
"Cleave pates and caputs."

When in Cheſhire a *paſh* is uſed for a *mad-brained boy*, it is deſigned to characterize him from the wantonneſs of a calf that blunders on, and runs his head againſt any thing. HENLEY.

In *Troilus and Creſſida*, the verb *paſh* alſo occurs:

"——waving his beam
"Upon the *paſhed* corſes of the kings
"Epiſtrophus and Cedius."

To be full like me:[8]—yet, they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs; women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing: But were they falſe
As o'er-died blacks,[9] as wind, as waters; falſe

And again, (as Mr. Henley on another occaſion obſerves,) in *The Virgin Martyr:*

" —— when the battering ram
" Were fetching his career backward, to *paſh*
" Me with *his horns* to pieces." STEEVENS.

I have lately learned that *paſh* in Scotland ſignifies a *head.* The old reading therefore may ſtand. Many words, that are now uſed only in that country, were perhaps once common to the whole iſland of Great Britain, or at leaſt to the northern part of England. The meaning, therefore, of the preſent paſſage, I ſuppoſe, is this: *You tell me,* (ſays Leontes to his ſon,) *that you are like me; that you are my calf. I am the* horned *bull: thou wanteſt the* rough head and the horns *of that animal, completely to reſemble your father.* MALONE.

[8] *To be* full *like me:*] *Full* is here, as in other places, uſed by our author, adverbially;—to be *entirely* like me. MALONE.

[9] *As o'er-died blacks,*] Sir T. Hanmer underſtands blacks died too much, and therefore rotten. JOHNSON.

It is common with tradeſmen, to die their faded or damaged ſtuffs, black. *O'er died blacks* may mean thoſe which have received a die over their former colour.

There is a paſſage in *The old Law* of Maſſinger, which might lead us to offer another interpretation:

" —— *Blacks* are often ſuch diſſembling mourners,
" There is no credit given to't, it has loſt
" All reputation by *falſe* ſons and widows:
" I would not hear of *blacks.*"

It ſeems that *blacks* was the common term for mourning. So, in *A mad World my Maſters,* 1608:

" —— in ſo many *blacks*
" I'll have the church hung round—."

Black, however, will receive no other hue without diſcovering itſelf through it: " *Lanarum nigræ nullum colorem bibunt.*"
Plin. *Nat. Hiſt.* Lib. VIII. STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in a book which our author had certainly read, inclines me to believe that the laſt is the true inter-

As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourn [1] 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay this boy were like me.—Come, ſir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: [2] Sweet villain!
Moſt dear'ſt! my collop![3]—Can thy dam?—may't be?
Affection! thy intention ſtabs the center: [4]

pretation. "Truly (quoth Camillo) my wool was *blacke*, and therefore *it could take no other colour*." Lyly's *Euphues and his England*, 4to. 1580. MALONE.

[1] *No* bourn —] *Bourn* is boundary. So, in *Hamlet*:
"——— from whoſe *bourn*
"No traveller returns—." STEEVENS.

[2] ——— *welkin-eye*:] Blue-eye; an eye of the ſame colour with the *welkin*, or ſky. JOHNSON.

[3] ——— *my* collop!] So, in *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI*:
"God knows, thou art a *collop* of my fleſh."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Affection! thy intention ſtabs the center*:] Inſtead of this line, which I find in the folio, the modern editors have introduced another of no authority:
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to the center.
Mr. Rowe firſt made the exchange. I am not ſure that I underſtand the reading I have reſtored. *Affection*, however, I believe, ſignifies *imagination*. Thus, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"——————— *affection*,
"Miſtreſs of paſſion, ſways it," &c.
i. e. *imagination* governs our *paſſions*. *Intention* is, as Mr. Locke expreſſes it, "when the mind with great earneſtneſs, and of choice, fixes its view on any idea, conſiders it on every ſide, and will not be called off by the ordinary ſolicitations of other ideas." This vehemence of the mind ſeems to be what affects Leontes ſo deeply, or, in Shakſpeare's language,—*ſtabs him to the center*. STEEVENS.

Intention, in this paſſage, means eagerneſs of attention, or of deſire; and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, where Falſtaff ſays—"She did ſo courſe o'er my exteriors, with ſuch a greedy *intention*," &c. M. MASON.

I think, with Mr. Steevens, that *affection* means here imagination, or perhaps more accurately: "the diſpoſition of the mind

Thou doſt make poſſible, things not ſo held,[5]
Communicat'ſt with dreams; — (How can this be?)—
With what's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'ſt nothing: Then, 'tis very credent,[6]
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething; and thou doſt;
(And that beyond commiſſion; and I find it,)
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.

Pol. How, my lord?
What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?[7]

Her. You look,
As if you held a brow of much diſtraction:
Are you mov'd, my lord?[8]

Leon. No, in good earneſt.—

when ſtrongly *affected* or poſſeſſed by a particular idea." And in a kindred ſenſe at leaſt to this, it is uſed in the paſſage quoted from *The Merchant of Venice.* Malone.

[5] *Thou doſt make poſſible, things not ſo held,*] i. e. thou doſt make thoſe things poſſible, which are conceived to be impoſſible. Johnson.

To expreſs the ſpeaker's meaning, it is neceſſary to make a ſhort pauſe after the word *poſſible.* I have therefore put a comma there, though perhaps in ſtrictneſs it is improper. Malone.

[6] —— *credent,*] i. e. credible. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure,* Act V. ſc. v:

"For my authority bears a *credent* bulk." Steevens.

[7] *What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?*] This line, which in the old copy is given to Leontes, has been attributed to Polixenes, on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Steevens. Sir T. Hanmer had made the ſame emendation. Malone.

[8] *Are you* mov'd, *my lord?*] We have again the ſame expreſſion on the ſame occaſion, in *Othello:*

"*Iago.* I ſee my Lord, you are *mov'd.*

"*Othel.* No, not much *mov'd,* not much." Malone.

How ſometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderneſs, and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts, I did recoil
Twenty-three years; and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite[9] its maſter, and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous.[1]
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh,[2] this gentleman:—Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money?[3]

[9] —— *my dagger* muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite—] So, in *King Henry VIII:*
" This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
" Have not the power to *muzzle* him."
Again, in *Much Ado about Nothing:* " I am truſted with a *muzzle.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *As* ornaments *oft do, too* dangerous.] So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*
" Thus *ornament* is but the guiled ſhore
" To a moſt *dangerous* ſea." STEEVENS.

[2] *This* ſquaſh,] A *ſquaſh* is a pea-pod, in that ſtate when the young peas begin to ſwell in it. HENLEY.

[3] *Will you take eggs for money?*] This ſeems to be a proverbial expreſſion, uſed when a man ſees himſelf wronged and makes no reſiſtance. Its original, or preciſe meaning, I cannot find, but I believe it means, will you be a *cuckold* for hire. The cuckow is reported to lay her eggs in another bird's neſt; he therefore that has eggs laid in his neſt is ſaid to be *cucullatus, cuckowed,* or *cuckold.* JOHNSON.

The meaning of this is, *will you put up affronts?* The French have a proverbial ſaying, *A qui vendez vous coquilles?* i. e. whom do you deſign to affront? Mamillius's anſwer plainly proves it. Mam. *No, my Lord, I'll fight.* SMITH.

I meet with Shakſpeare's phraſe in a comedy, call'd *A Match at Midnight,* 1633:—" I ſhall have *eggs for my money*; I muſt hang myſelf." STEEVENS.

Leontes ſeems only to aſk his ſon if he would fly from an enemy. In the following paſſage the phraſe is evidently to be

Mam. No, my lord, I'll fight.

Leon. You will? why, happy man be his dole![4]—
My brother,

taken in that ſenſe: "The French infantery ſkirmiſheth bravely afarre off, and cavallery gives a furious onſet at the firſt charge; but after the firſt heat *they will take eggs for their money.*" *Relations of the moſt famous Kingdomes and Commonwealths thorowout the World*, 4to. 1630, p. 154.

Mamillius's reply to his father's queſtion appears ſo deciſive as to the true explanation of this paſſage, that it leaves no doubt with me even after I have read the following note. The phraſe undoubtedly ſometimes means what Mr. Malone aſſerts, but not here. Reed.

This phraſe ſeems to me to have meant originally,—Are you ſuch a poltron as to ſuffer another to uſe you as he pleaſes, to compel you to give him your money and to accept of a thing of ſo ſmall a value as a few eggs in exchange for it? This explanation appears to me perfectly conſiſtent with the paſſage quoted by Mr. Reed. He, who will *take eggs for money* ſeems to be what, in *As you like it*, and in many of the old plays, is called a *tame ſnake*.

The following paſſage in Campion's *Hiſtory of Ireland*, folio 1633, fully confirms my explanation of this paſſage; and ſhows that by the words—*Will you take eggs for money*, was meant, *Will you ſuffer yourſelf to be cajoled or impoſed upon?*—"What my couſin Deſmond hath compaſſed, as I know not, ſo I beſhrew his naked heart for holding out ſo long.—But go to, ſuppoſe hee never bee had; what is Kildare to blame for it, more than my good brother of Oſſory, who, notwithſtanding his high promiſes, having alſo the king's power, is glad *to take eggs for his money*, and to bring him in at leiſure."

Theſe words make part of the defence of the Earl of Kildare, in anſwer to a charge brought againſt him by Cardinal Wolſey, that he had not been ſufficiently active in endeavouring to take the Earl of Deſmond, then in rebellion. In this paſſage, *to take eggs for his money* undoubtedly means, to *be trifled with*, or *to be impoſed upon*.

"For money" means, *in the place of money*. "Will you give me money, and take eggs inſtead of it?" Malone.

[4] —— *happy man be his* dole!] May his *dole* or *ſhare* in life be to be a *happy man*. Johnson.

The expreſſion is proverbial. *Dole* was the term for the al-

Are you ſo fond of your young prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, ſir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter:
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all:
He makes a July's day ſhort as December;
And, with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So ſtands this ſquire
Offic'd with me: We two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps.—Hermione,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhow in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap:
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent[5] to my heart.

Her. If you would ſeek us,
We are yours i'the garden: Shall's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents diſpoſe you: you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky:—I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
[*Aſide. Obſerving* Polixenes *and* Hermione.
How ſhe holds up the neb,[6] the bill to him!

lowance of proviſion given to the poor, in great families. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614:

"Had the women puddings to their *dole?*"

See p. 46, n. 6. Steevens.

The alms immemorially given to the poor by the Archbiſhops of Canterbury, is ſtill called the *dole*. See *The Hiſtory of Lambeth Palace*, p. 31, in *Bibl. Top. Brit.* Nichols.

[5] *Apparent*—] That is, *heir apparent*, or the next claimant. Johnson.

[6] ——*the neb*,] The word is commonly pronounced and written *nib*. It ſignifies here the *mouth*. So, in *Anne the Queen*

And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
To her allowing huſband![7] Gone already;
Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears a fork'd one.[8]——

[*Exeunt* POLIXENES, HERMIONE, *and Attendants.*

Go, play, boy, play;—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave; contempt and clamour
Will be my knell.—Go, play, boy, play;—There have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,[9]
Now, while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in his abſence,
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour,[1] by

of Hungarie, being one of the Tales in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure,* 1566: "—the amorous wormes of love did bitterly gnawe and teare his heart wyth the *nels* of their forked heads." STEEVENS.

[7] *To her* allowing *huſband!*] *Allowing* in old language is *approving.* MALONE.

[8] —— *a* fork'd *one.*] That is, a *horned* one; a *cuckold.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello:*

"Even then this *forked* plague is fated to us,
"When we do quicken." MALONE.

[9] —— *even at* this preſent,] i. e. preſent time. So, in *Macbeth:*

"Thy letters have tranſported me beyond
"*This* ignorant *preſent*;"—

See note on this paſſage; Act I. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

[1] *And his* pond fiſh'd *by his next neighbour,*] This metaphor perhaps owed its introduction and currency, to the once frequent depredations of neighbours on each others fiſh, a complaint that often occurs in ancient correſpondence. Thus, in one of the *Paſton Letters,* Vol. IV. p. 15: "My mother bade me ſend you word that Waryn Herman hath daily *fiſhed her water* all this year." STEEVENS.

Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates; and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will: Should all deſpair,
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſick for't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth: Be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know it;
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage: many a thouſand of us
Have the diſeaſe, and feel't not.—How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they ſay.[2]

Leon. Why, that's ſome comfort.—
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou'rt an honeſt man.— [*Exit* Mamillius.
Camillo, this great ſir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.[3]

Leon. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions; made
His buſineſs more material.[4]

[2] —— they *ſay.*] *They*, which was omitted in the original copy by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or printer, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[3] —— *it ſtill came home.*] This is a ſea-faring expreſſion, meaning, *the anchor would not take hold.* Steevens.

[4] —— *made*
His buſineſs more material.] i. e. the more you requeſted

Leon. Didſt perceive it?—
They're here with me already;[5] whiſpering, rounding,[6]
Sicilia is a ſo-forth:[7] 'Tis far gone,

him to ſtay, the more urgent he repreſented that buſineſs to be which ſummoned him away. Steevens.

[5] *They're here with me already;*] Not Polixenes and Hermione, but caſual obſervers, people accidentally preſent. Thirlby.

[6] ——*whiſpering,* rounding,] *To round in the ear* is to *whiſper,* or *to tell ſecretly.* The expreſſion is very copiouſly explained by M. Caſaubon, in his book *de Ling. Sax.* Johnson.

The word is frequently uſed by Chaucer, as well as later writers. So, in *Lingua,* 1607: "I helped Herodotus to pen ſome part of his Muſes; lent Pliny ink to write his hiſtory; and *rounded* Rabelais *in the ear,* when he hiſtorified Pantagruel."

Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

"Forthwith revenge *ſhe rounded me i' th' ear.*"

Steevens.

[7] *Sicilia is a* ſo-forth:] This was a phraſe employed when the ſpeaker, through caution or diſguſt, wiſhed to eſcape the utterance of an obnoxious term. A commentator on Shakſpeare will often derive more advantage from liſtening to vulgar than to polite converſation. At the corner of Fleet Market, I lately heard one woman, deſcribing another, ſay—"Every body knows that her huſband is a *ſo-forth.*" As ſhe ſpoke the laſt word, her fingers expreſſed the emblem of cuckoldom. Mr. Malone reads —*Sicilia is a*—ſo-forth. Steevens.

In regulating this line, I have adopted a hint ſuggeſted by Mr. M. Maſon. I have more than once obſerved, that almoſt every abrupt ſentence in theſe plays is corrupted. Theſe words, without the break now introduced, are to me unintelligible. Leontes means—I think I already hear my courtiers whiſpering to each other, "Sicilia is a *cuckold,* a tame cuckold, to which (ſays he) they will add every other opprobrious name and epithet they can think of;" for ſuch, I ſuppoſe, the meaning of the words—*ſo forth.* He avoids naming the word *cuckold,* from a horror of the very ſound. I ſuſpect, however, that our author wrote—Sicilia is—*and* ſo forth. So, in *The Merchant of Venice:* "I will buy with you, ſell with you, talk with you, walk with you, *and ſo following.*"

Again, in *Hamlet:*

When I ſhall guſt it laſt.[8]—How came't, Camillo,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's, be't: good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking,[9] will draw in
More than the common blocks:—Not noted, is't,
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals,
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower meſſes,[1]
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind: ſay.

"I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
"(*Videlicet*, a brothel,) *or ſo forth.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"——with a diſh of carraways, AND *ſo forth.*"

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, AND *ſo forth*, the ſpice and ſalt that ſeaſon a man?" MALONE.

[8] ——*guſt it*—] i. e. taſte it. STEEVENS.

"Dedecus ille domus ſciet ultimus." *Juv. Sat.* X. MALONE.

[9] ——is *ſoaking*,] Dr. Grey would read—*in* ſoaking; but I think without neceſſity. Thy conceit is of an *abſorbent* nature, will draw in more, &c. ſeems to be the meaning. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*lower meſſes*,] I believe, *lower meſſes* is only uſed as an expreſſion to ſignify the loweſt degree about the court. See *Anſtis, Ord. Gart.* I. App. p. 15: "The earl of Surry began the borde in preſence: the earl of Arundel waſhed with him, and ſat both at the *firſt meſſe*." Formerly not only at every great man's table the viſitants were placed according to their conſequence or dignity, but with additional marks of inferiority, viz. of ſitting below the great ſaltſeller placed in the center of the table, and of having coarſer proviſions ſet before them. The former cuſtom is mentioned in *The Honeſt Whore*, by Decker, 1604: "Plague him; ſet him *beneath the ſalt*, and let him not touch a bit till every one has had his full cut." The latter was as much a ſubject of complaint in the time of Beaumont and Fletcher, as in that of Juvenal, as the following inſtance may prove:

Cam. Buſineſs, my lord? I think, moſt underſtand Bohemia ſtays here longer.

Leon. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfy your highneſs, and the entreaties Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leon. Satisfy
The entreaties of your miſtreſs?——ſatisfy?—
Let that ſuffice. I have truſted thee, Camillo,
With all the neareſt things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils: wherein, prieſt-like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom; I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity, deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon't;—Thou art not honeſt: or, If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward;

"Uncut up pies at the nether end, filled with moſs and ſtones,
"Partly to make a ſhew with,
"And partly to keep the *lower meſs* from eating."
Woman Hater, Act I. ſc. ii.

This paſſage may be yet ſomewhat differently explained. It appears from a paſſage in *The merye Jeſt of a Man called Howleglas*, bl. l. no date, that it was anciently the cuſtom in publick houſes to keep ordinaries of different prices: "What table will you be at? for at the lordes table thei give me no leſs than to ſhylinges, and at the merchaunts table xvi pence, and at my houſhold ſervantes geve me twelve pence."—Leontes comprehends inferiority of underſtanding in the idea of inferiority of rank. STEEVENS.

Concerning the different *meſſes* in the great families of our ancient nobility, ſee *The Houſhold Book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland*, 8vo. 1770. PERCY.

Which hoxes honeſty behind,[2] reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: Or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant, grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful;
In every one of theſe no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth: In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance,[3] 'twas a fear

[2] ——hoxes *honeſty behind,*] To *hox* is to ham-ſtring. So, in Knolles' *Hiſtory of the Turks*:

" ——alighted, and with his ſword *hoxed* his horſe."

King James VI. in his 11th Parliament, had an act to puniſh " *hochares,*" or ſlayers of horſe, oxen, &c. STEEVENS.

The proper word is, to *hough*, i. e. to cut the *hough*, or ham-ſtring. MALONE.

[3] *Whereof the execution did cry out*
Againſt the non-performance,] This is one of the expreſſions by which Shakſpeare too frequently clouds his meaning. This ſounding phraſe means, I think, no more than *a thing neceſſary to be done.* JOHNSON.

I think we ought to read—" the *now*-performance," which gives us this very reaſonable meaning:—*At the execution whereof, ſuch circumſtances diſcovered themſelves, as made it prudent to ſuſpend all further proceeding in it.* HEATH.

I do not ſee that this attempt does any thing more, than produce a harſher word without an eaſier ſenſe JOHNSON.

I have preſerved this note, [Mr. Heath's] becauſe I think it

Which oft affects the wiſeſt: theſe, my lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Have not you ſeen, Camillo,
(But that's paſt doubt: you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn;) or heard,
(For, to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man, that does not think it,[4])

a good interpretation of the original text. I have, however, no doubt that Shakſpeare wrote *non-performance*, he having often entangled himſelf in the ſame manner; but it is clear that he *ſhould* have written, either—"againſt *the performance*," or—"*for* the non-performance." In *The Merchant of Venice*, our author has entangled himſelf in the ſame manner: "I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no *impediment* to let him *lack* a reverend eſtimation;" where either *impediment* ſhould be *cauſe*, or to *let him lack*, ſhould be, *to prevent his obtaining*. Again, in *King Lear*:

"——————I have hope
"You *leſs* know how to value her deſert,
"Than ſhe to *ſcant* her duty."

Again, in the play before us:

"——————I ne'er heard yet,
"That any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
"*Leſs* impudence to gain-ſay what they did,
"Than to perform it firſt."

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*:

"Fortune *forbid* my outſide have *not* charm'd her!"

Malone.

[4] ——————(*for cogitation*
Reſides not in that man, that does not think it,) The folio, 1623, omits the pronoun—*it*, which is ſupplied from the folio, 1632. Stevens.

Mr. Theobald, in a Letter ſubjoined to one edition of *The Double Falſhood*, has quoted this paſſage in defence of a well-known line in that play: "None but himſelf can be his parallel."—

My wife is ſlippery? If thou wilt confeſs,
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay,
My wife's a hobbyhorſe;[5] deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay it, and juſtify it.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken: 'Shrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, though true.[6]

" Who does not ſee at once (ſays he) that he who does not think, has no thought in him." In the ſame light this paſſage ſhould ſeem to have appeared to all the ſubſequent editors, who read, with the editor of the ſecond folio, " — that does not think *it*." But the old reading, I am perſuaded, is right. This is not an abſtract propoſition. The whole context muſt be taken together. Have you not thought (ſays Leontes) my wife is ſlippery (for cogitation reſides not in the man that does not think *my wife is ſlippery*)? The four latter words, though disjoined from the word *think* by the neceſſity of a parentheſis, are evidently to be connected in conſtruction with it; and conſequently the ſeeming abſurdity attributed by Theobald to the paſſage, ariſes only from miſapprehenſion. In this play, from whatever cauſe it has ariſen, there are more involved and parenthetical ſentences, than in any other of our author's, except, perhaps, *King Henry VIII.* Malone.

I have followed the ſecond folio, which contains many valuable corrections of our author's text. The preſent emendation (in my opinion at leaſt,) deſerves that character. Such advantages are not to be rejected, becauſe we know not from what hand they were derived. Steevens.

[5] —— *a* hobby*horſe*;] Old copy—*holy*-horſe. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[6] ———— *were ſin*
As deep as that, though true.] i. e. your ſuſpicion is as great a ſin as would be that (if committed) for which you ſuſpect her. Warburton.

Leon. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?[7]
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty:) horſing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes blind
With the pin and web,[8] but theirs, theirs[9] only,
That would unſeen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
The covering ſky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leon. Say, it be; 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I ſay, thou lieſt, Camillo, and I hate thee;
Pronounce thee a groſs lout, a mindleſs ſlave;
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: Were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.[1]

[7] —— *meeting noſes?*] Dr. Thirlby reads *meting noſes*; that is, *meaſuring noſes*. Johnson.

[8] —— *the* pin *and* web,] Diſorders in the eye. See *King Lear*, Act III. ſc. iv. Steevens.

[9] —— *theirs, theirs*—] Theſe words were meant to be pronounced as diſſyllables. Steevens.

[1] —— *of one* glaſs.] i.e. of one *hour*-glaſs. Malone.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why he, that wears her like her medal,[2] hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: Who—if I
Had ſervants true about me: that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts,—they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing:[3] Ay, and thou,
His cup-bearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heaven ſees earth, and earth ſees heaven,
How I am galled,—might'ſt beſpice a cup,[4]

[2] —— *like* her *medal,*] Mr. Malone reads—*his* medal. Steevens.

The old copy has—*her* medal, which was evidently an error of the preſs, either in conſequence of the compoſitor's eye glancing on the word *her* in the preceding line, or of an abbreviation being uſed in the MS. In *As you like it* and *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *her* and *his* are frequently confounded. Theobald, I find, had made the ſame emendation.—In *King Henry VIII.* we have again the ſame thought:

" ——— a loſs of her,
" That like *a jewel* has hung twenty years
" About his neck, yet never loſt her luſtre."

It ſhould be remembered that it was cuſtomary for *gentlemen*, in our author's time, to wear jewels appended to a ribbon round the neck. So, in *Honour in Perfection, or a Treatiſe in Commendation of Henrie Earl of Oxenford, Henrie Earl of Southampton*, &c. by Gervais Markham, 4to. 1624, p. 18:—" he hath *hung about the neck* of his noble kinſman, Sir Horace Vere, like a rich *jewel*."—The Knights of the Garter wore the George, in this manner, till the time of Charles I. Malone.

I ſuppoſe the poet meant to ſay, that Polixenes *wore her, as he would have worn a medal of her, about his neck.* Sir Chriſtopher Hatton is repreſented with a medal of Queen Elizabeth appended to his chain. Steevens.

[3] —— *more* doing:] The latter word is uſed here in a wanton ſenſe. See Vol. VI. p. 203, n. 5. Malone.

[4] —— *might'ſt* beſpice *a cup,*] So, in Chapman's tranſlation of the tenth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey:*

To give mine enemy a laſting wink;[5]
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this; and that with no raſh potion,
But with a ling'ring dram, that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly like poiſon:[6] But I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.
I have lov'd thee,[7]——

" ——— With a feſtival
" She'll firſt receive thee; but will *ſpice* thy bread
" With flowery *poiſons*."

Again, in the eighteenth Book:

" ——*ſpice* their pleaſure's *cup*." Steevens.

[5] ——*a laſting* wink;] So, in *The Tempeſt*:

" To the *perpetual wink* for aye might put
" This ancient morſel."— Steevens.

[6] ——*with no* raſh *potion*,——

Maliciouſly, *like poiſon*:] *Raſh* is *haſty*, as in *King Henry IV.* P. II: " —*raſh gunpowder*." *Maliciouſly* is *malignantly*, with effects *openly hurtful*. Johnson.

[7] ——*But I cannot*
Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.

I have lov'd thee, &c.] The laſt hemiſtich aſſign'd to Camillo muſt have been miſtakenly placed to him. It is diſreſpect and inſolence in Camillo to his king, to tell him that he has once loved him.—I have ventured at a tranſpoſition, which ſeems ſelf-evident. Camillo will not be perſuaded into a ſuſpicion of the diſloyalty imputed to his miſtreſs. The King, who believes nothing but his jealouſy, provoked that Camillo is ſo obſtinately diffident, finely ſtarts into a rage, and cries:

I've lov'd thee—Make't thy queſtion, and go rot!

i. e. I have tendered thee well, Camillo, but I here cancel all former reſpect at once. If thou any longer make a queſtion of my wife's diſloyalty, go from my preſence, and perdition overtake thee for thy ſtubbornneſs. Theobald.

I have admitted this alteration, as Dr. Warburton has done but am not convinced that it is neceſſary. Camillo, deſirous to defend the Queen, and willing to ſecure credit to his apology,

Leon. Make't thy queſtion, and go rot![8]
Doſt think, I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled,

begins, by telling the King that *he has loved him,* is about to give inſtances of his love, and to infer from them his preſent zeal, when he is interrupted. Johnson.

I have lov'd thee,] In the firſt and ſecond folio, theſe words are the concluſion of Camillo's ſpeech. The later editors have certainly done right in giving them to Leontes; but I think they would come in better at the end of the line:

Make that thy queſtion, and go rot!——I have lov'd thee.

Tyrwhitt.

I have reſtored the old reading. Camillo is about to tell Leontes how much he had loved him. The impatience of the King interrupts him by ſaying: *Make that thy queſtion,* i. e. make the love of which you boaſt, the ſubject of your future converſation, and go to the grave with it. *Queſtion,* in our author, very often has this meaning. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:* "But in the loſs of *queſtion*;" i. e. in converſation that is thrown away. Again, in *Hamlet:* "*queſtionable* ſhape" is a form propitious to converſation. Again, in *As you like it:* "an *unqueſtionable* ſpirit" is a ſpirit unwilling to be converſed with.

Steevens.

I think Steevens right in reſtoring the old reading, but miſtaken in his interpretation of it. Camillo is about to expreſs his affection for Leontes, but the impatience of the latter will not ſuffer him to proceed. He takes no notice of that part of Camillo's ſpeech, but replies to that which gave him offence—the doubts he had expreſſed of the Queen's miſconduct; and ſays—"Make that thy queſtion and go rot." Nothing can be more natural than this interruption. M. Mason.

The commentators have differed much in explaining this paſſage, and ſome have wiſhed to transfer the words—"I have lov'd thee," from Camillo to Leontes. Perhaps the words—"being honourable," ſhould be placed in a parentheſis, and the full point that has been put in all the editions after the latter of theſe words, ought to be omitted. The ſenſe will then be: *Having ever had the higheſt reſpect for you, and thought you ſo eſtimable and* honourable *a character, ſo worthy of the love of my miſtreſs, I cannot believe that ſhe has played you falſe, has diſhonoured you.* However, the text is very intelligible as now regulated. Camillo is going to give the King inſtances of his love, and is interrupted. I ſee no ſufficient reaſon for transferring the words, *I have lov'd thee,* from Camillo to Leontes. In the orignal copy

To appoint myſelf in this vexation? ſully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
Which to preſerve, is ſleep; which being ſpotted,
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps?[9]
Give ſcandal to the blood o' the prince my ſon,
Who, I do think is mine, and love as mine;
Without ripe moving to't? Would I do this?
Could man ſo blench?[1]

Cam. I muſt believe you, ſir;
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for't:
Provided, that when he's remov'd, your highneſs
Will take again your queen, as yours at firſt;
Even for your ſon's ſake; and, thereby, for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou doſt adviſe me,

there is a comma at the end of Camillo's ſpeech, to denote an abrupt ſpeech. Malone.

[8] *Make't thy* queſtion, *and go rot!* &c.] This refers to what Camillo has juſt ſaid, relative to the Queen's chaſtity:

" ——— I cannot
" Believe this crack to be in my dread miſtreſs—."

Not believe it, replies Leontes; make that (i. e. Hermione's diſloyalty, which is ſo clear a point,) a ſubject of debate or diſcuſſion, and go rot! Doſt thou think, I am ſuch a fool as to torment myſelf, and to bring diſgrace on me and my children, without ſufficient grounds? Malone.

[9] *Is goads*, &c.] Somewhat neceſſary to the meaſure is omitted in this line. Perhaps we ſhould read, with Sir T. Hanmer:

" Is goads *and* thorns, nettles *and* tails of waſps."
Steevens.

[1] *Could man ſo* blench?] To *blench* is to ſtart off, to ſhrink. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——if he but *blench*,
" I know my courſe."—

Leontes means—could any man ſo ſtart or fly off from propriety of behaviour? Steevens.

Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with Bohemia,
And with your queen: I am his cupbearer;
If from me he have wholſome beverage,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leon. This is all:
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my lord.

Leon. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt advis'd me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable lady!—But, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the poiſoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his, ſo too.—To do this deed,
Promotion follows: If I could find example*
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one,
Let villainy itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court: to do't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar, reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks,

* —— *If I could find example* &c.] An alluſion to the death of the Queen of Scots. The play, therefore, was written in King James's time. Blackstone.

My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?——
Good-day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, moſt royal ſir!

Pol. What is the news i'the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region,
Lov'd as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me;[3] and
So leaves me, to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not? do not. Do you know, and dare not
Be intelligent to me?[4] 'Tis thereabouts;
For, to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhows me mine chang'd too: for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.

Cam. There is a ſickneſs

[3] ——— *when he,*
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me;] This is a ſtroke of nature worthy of Shakſpeare. Leontes had but a moment before aſſured Camillo that he would ſeem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealouſy gets the better of his reſolution, and he finds it impoſſible to reſtrain his hatred. M. Mason.

[4] —— *Do you know, and dare not*
Be intelligent to me?] i. e. *do you know, and dare not confeſs to me that you know?* Tyrwhitt.

Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk:
I have look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo. Camillo,——
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like, experienc'd, which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs we are gentle,[5]—I beſeech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon it not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not anſwer.

Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well!
I muſt be anſwer'd.—Doſt thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge,—whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine,—that thou declare

[5] *In whoſe* ſucceſs *we are* gentle,] I know not whether *ſucceſs* here does not mean *ſucceſſion.* Johnson.

Gentle in the text is evidently oppoſed to *ſimple*; alluding to the diſtinction between the gentry and yeomanry. So, in *The Infatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

"And make thee *gentle* being born a beggar."

In whoſe *ſucceſs* we are gentle, may, indeed, mean in conſequence of whoſe *ſucceſs* in life, &c. Steevens.

Succeſs ſeems clearly to have been uſed for *ſucceſſion* by Shakſpeare, in this, as in other inſtances. Henley.

I think Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *ſucceſs* the true one. So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Plead my *ſucceſſive* title with your ſwords."

Malone

What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I'll tell you;
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable: Therefore, mark my counſel;
Which muſt be even as ſwiftly follow'd, as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry, *loſt*, and ſo good-night.

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed Him to murder you.[6]

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't,[7]—that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

[6] *I am appointed* Him *to murder you.*] i. e. I am the perſon appointed to murder you. Steevens.

So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"*Him* that thou magnifieſt with all theſe titles,
"Stinking and fly-blown lies there at our feet."

Malone.

[7] *To* vice *you to't,*] i. e. to draw, perſuade you. The character called the *Vice*, in the old plays, was the *tempter* to evil. Warburton.

The *vice* is an inſtrument well known; its operation is to hold things together. So, the Bailiff ſpeaking of Falſtaff: "If he come but within my *vice*," &c. A *vice*, however, in the age of Shakſpeare, might mean any kind of clock-work or machinery. So, in Holinſhed, p. 245: "—the rood of Borleie in Kent, called the rood of grace, made with diverſe *vices* to moove the

Pol. O, then my beſt blood turn
To an infected jelly; and my name
Be yok'd with his, that did betray the beſt![8]
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour, that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard, or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over
By each particular ſtar in heaven,[9] and

eyes and lips," &c. It may, indeed, be no more than a corruption of "to *adviſe* you." So, in the old metrical romance of *Syr Guy of Warwick*, bl. l. no date:

"Then ſaid the emperour Ernis,
"Methinketh thou ſayeſt a good *vyce*."

But my firſt attempt at explanation is, I believe, the beſt.
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*did betray the* beſt!] Perhaps Judas. The word *beſt* is ſpelt with a capital letter thus, *Beſt*, in the firſt folio.
HENDERSON.

[9] *Swear* his thought *over*
By each particular ſtar in heaven, &c.] The tranſpoſition of a ſingle letter reconciles this paſſage to good ſenſe. Polixenes, in the preceding ſpeech, had been laying the deepeſt imprecations on himſelf, if he had ever abuſed Leontes in any familiarity with his Queen. To which Camillo very pertinently replies:
——*Swear* this though *over*, &c. THEOBALD.

Swear his thought *over*, may perhaps mean, *overſwear his preſent perſuaſion*, that is, endeavour to *overcome his opinion*, by ſwearing oaths numerous as the ſtars. JOHNSON.

It may mean: "Though you ſhould endeavour to *ſwear away* his jealouſy,—though you ſhould ſtrive, by your oaths, to change his preſent thoughts."—The vulgar ſtill uſe a ſimilar expreſſion: "To *ſwear* a perſon *down*." MALONE.

This appears to me little better than nonſenſe; nor have either Malone or Johnſon explained it into ſenſe. I think, therefore, that Theobald's amendment is neceſſary and well imagined.
M. MASON.

Perhaps the conſtruction is—"Over-ſwear his thought,"—i. e. ſtrive to bear down, or overpower, his conception by oaths.

By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,[1]
As or, by oath, remove, or counſel, ſhake,
The fabrick of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith,[2] and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not: but, I am ſure, 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,—
That lies encloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd,—away to-night.
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will, by twos, and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o' the city: For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:

—In our author we have *weigh out* for *outweigh*, *overcome* for *come over*, &c. and *over-ſwear* for *ſwear over*, in *Twelfth-Night*, Act V. Steevens.

[1] ——*you may as well*
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,] We meet with the ſame ſentiment in *The Merchant of Venice*:
" You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
" And bid the main flood 'bate his uſual height."
Douce.

[2] ——*whoſe foundation*
Is pil'd upon his faith,] This folly which is erected on the foundation of ſettled *belief*. Steevens.

I saw his heart in his face.[3] Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine:[4] My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion![5] Come, Camillo;

[3] *I saw his heart in his face.*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"To find the mind's construction in the face."
STEEVENS.

[4] —— *and thy* places *shall*
Still neighbour mine:] Perhaps Shakspeare wrote—"And thy *paces* shall," &c. Thou shalt be my conductor, and we will both pursue the same path.—The old reading, however, may mean—wherever thou art, I will still be near thee.
MALONE.

By *places*, our author means—*preferments*, or *honours*.
STEEVENS.

[5] *Good expedition be my friend, and comfort*
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!] But how could this expedition comfort the Queen? on the contrary, it would increase her husband's suspicion. We should read:
——— *and comfort*
The gracious queen's;
i. e. be expedition my friend, and be comfort the queen's friend.
WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton's conjecture is, I think, just; but what shall be done with the following words, of which I can make nothing? Perhaps the line which connected them to the rest is lost:
——— *and comfort*
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion!——

I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence: Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority, to command
The keys of all the poſterns: Pleaſe your highneſs
To take the urgent hour: come, ſir, away.
[*Exeunt.*

Jealouſy is a paſſion compounded of love and ſuſpicion; this paſſion is the *theme* or ſubject of the King's thoughts.—Polixenes, perhaps, wiſhes the Queen, for her comfort, ſo much of that *theme* or ſubject as is good, but deprecates that which cauſes miſery. May part of the King's preſent ſentiments comfort the Queen, but away with his ſuſpicion. This is ſuch meaning as can be picked out. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the ſenſe is—May that good ſpeed which is my friend, *comfort* likewiſe the Queen who is *part of its theme*, i. e. *partly* on whoſe account I go away; but may not the ſame *comfort* extend itſelf to the groundleſs ſuſpicions of the King; i. e. may not my departure ſupport him in them! *His* for *its* is common with Shakſpeare: and Paulina ſays, in a ſubſequent ſcene, that ſhe does not chooſe to appear a friend to Leontes, *in comforting his evils*, i. e. in ſtrengthening his jealouſy by appearing to acquieſce in it. STEEVENS.

Comfort is, I apprehend, here uſed as a verb. Good expedition befriend me, by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent Queen, by removing the object of her huſband's jealouſy; the Queen, who is the ſubject of his converſation, but without reaſon the object of his ſuſpicion!—We meet with a ſimilar phraſeology in *Twelfth-Night*: "Do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight; what my offence to him is; it is *ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe*." MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter HERMIONE, MAMILLIUS, *and* Ladies.

HER. Take the boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *LADY.* Come, my gracious lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

MAM. No, I'll none of you.

1 *LADY.* Why, my ſweet lord?

MAM. You'll kiſs me hard; and ſpeak to me as if I were a baby ſtill.—I love you better.

2 *LADY.* And why ſo, my good lord?[6]

MAM. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt; ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemi-circle,
Or half-moon made with a pen.

2 *LADY.* Who taught you this?[7]

MAM. I learn'd it out of women's faces.—Pray now
What colour are your eye-brows?

1 *LADY.* Blue, my lord.

[6] ——*my* good *lord?*] The epithet—*good,* which is wanting in the old copies, is tranſplanted (for the ſake of metre) from a redundant ſpeech in the following page. STEEVENS.

[7] *Who taught* you *this?*] *You,* which is not in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I have ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

2 *Lady.* Hark ye:
The queen, your mother, rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince,
One of theſe days; and then you'd wanton with us,
If we would have you.

1 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk: Good time encounter her!

Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? Come, ſir, now
I am for you again: Pray you, ſit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad tale's beſt for winter:[8]
I have one of ſprites and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, ſir.[9]
Come on, ſit down:—Come on, and do your beſt
To fright me with your ſprites: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man,——

[8] A *ſad* tale's *beſt for* winter:] Hence, I ſuppoſe, the title of the play. Tyrwhitt.

This ſuppoſition may ſeem to be countenanced by our author's 98th Sonnet:

"Yet not the lays of birds, &c.
"Could make me any *Summer's ſtory* tell."

And yet I cannot help regarding the words—*for winter* (which ſpoil the meaſure,) as a playhouſe interpolation. All children delight in telling diſmal ſtories; but why ſhould a diſmal ſtory be *beſt for winter*? Steevens.

[9] *Let's have that, ſir.*] The old copy redundantly reads—*good* ſir. Steevens.

Her. Nay, come, ſit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;—I will tell it ſoftly;
Yon crickets ſhall not hear it.

Her. Come on then,
And give't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, *and Others.*

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

1 *Lord.* Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcour ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.

Leon. How bleſs'd am I[1]
In my juſt cenſure? in my true opinion?[2]—
Alack, for leſſer knowledge![3]—How accurs'd,
In being ſo bleſt!—There may be in the cup
A ſpider ſteep'd,[4] and one may drink; depart,

[1] *How bleſs'd am I*—] For the ſake of metre, I ſuppoſe, our author wrote—How bleſſed *then* am I—. Steevens.

[2] *In my juſt* cenſure? *in my true opinion?*] *Cenſure*, in the time of our author, was generally uſed (as in this inſtance) for judgment, opinion, So, Sir Walter Raleigh, in his commendatory verſes prefixed to Gaſcoigne's *Steel Glaſſe*, 1576:

"Wherefore to write my *cenſure* of this book—."

Malone.

[3] *Alack, for leſſer knowledge!*] That is, *O that my knowledge were leſs.* Johnson.

[4] *A ſpider ſteep'd,*] That ſpiders were eſteemed venomous, appears by the evidence of a perſon who was examined in Sir T. Overbury's affair: "The Counteſſe wiſhed me to get the *ſtrongeſt poyſon* I could, &c. Accordingly I bought *ſeven——great ſpiders*, and cantharides." Henderson.

This was a notion generally prevalent in our author's time.

And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected: but if one preſent
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drank, he cracks his gorge, his ſides,
With violent hefts:[5]—I have drank, and ſeen the
ſpider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:—
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true that is miſtruſted:—that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He has diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing;[6] yea, a very trick

So, in Holland's *Leaguer*, a pamphlet publiſhed in 1632: "—like the *ſpider*, which turneth all things to poiſon which it taſteth." MALONE.

[5] ——*violent* hefts:—] *Hefts* are heavings, what is heaved up. So, in Sir Arthur Gorges' tranſlation of Lucan, 1614:

"But if a part of heavens huge ſphere
"Thou chuſe thy pond'rous *heft* to beare." STEEVENS.

[6] *He has diſcover'd my deſign, and I*
Remain a pinch'd thing;] The ſenſe, I think, is, He hath now diſcovered my deſign, and I am treated as a mere child's baby, a thing pinched out of clouts, a puppet for them to move and actuate as they pleaſe. HEATH.

This ſenſe is poſſible; but many other meanings might ſerve as well. JOHNSON.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Elioſto Lilidinoſo*, a novel by one John Hinde, 1606: "Sith then, Cleodora, thou art *pinched*, and haſt none to pity thy paſſions, diſſemble thy affection, though it coſt thee thy life." Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Had the queene of poetrie been *pinched* with ſo many paſſions," &c. Again, in Chapman's verſion of the eighth *Iliad*:

"Huge grief, for Hector's ſlaughter'd friend *pinch'd in*
his mighty mind."

Theſe inſtances may ſerve to ſhow that *pinched* had anciently a more dignified meaning than it appears to have at preſent. Spenſer, in his *Fairy Queen*, B. III. c. xii. has equipped *grief* with a pair of *pincers*:

For them to play at will:—How came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

1 *Lord.* By his great authority;
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo,
On your command.

Leon. I know't too well.——
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurſe him:
Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? ſport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him:—and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee ſwell thus.

Her. But I'd ſay, he had not,
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.

Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, *ſhe is a goodly lady*, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,

" A pair of *pincers* in his hand he had,
" With which he *pinched* people to the heart."

The ſenſe propoſed by the author of *The Reviſal* may, however, be ſupported by the following paſſage in *The City Match*, by Jaſper Maine, 1639:

" ——*Pinch'd* napkins, captain, and laid
" Like fiſhes, fowls, or faces."

Again, by a paſſage in *All's well that ends well*:—" If you *pinch* me like a paſty, [i. e. the cruſt round the lid of it, which was anciently moulded by the fingers into fantaſtick ſhapes,] I can ſay no more." Steevens.

The ſubſequent words—" a very *trick* for them to play at will," appear ſtrongly to confirm Mr. Heath's explanation. Malone.

'Tis pity ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha; theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe:—O, I am out,
That mercy does; for calumny will ſear
Virtue itſelf:[7]—theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid, ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: But be it known,
From him that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adultreſs.

Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but miſtake.[8]

Leon. You have miſtook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees,
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar!—I have ſaid,
She's an adultreſs; I have ſaid with whom:

[7] ——*for calumny will* ſear
Virtue itſelf:] That is, will ſtigmatize or brand as infamous. So, in *All's well that ends well:*
" ——— my maiden's name
" *Scar'd* otherwiſe." Henley.

[8] ——— *you, my lord,*
Do but miſtake.] Otway had this paſſage in his thoughts, when he put the following lines into the mouth of Caſtalio:
" —— Should the braveſt man
" That e'er wore conquering ſword, but dare to whiſper
" What thou proclaim'ſt, he were the worſt of liars:
" My friend may be miſtaken." Steevens.

More, ſhe's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her;[9] and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal,[1] that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe
That vulgars give bold titles;[2] ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: How will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leon. No, no; if I miſtake
In thoſe foundations which I build upon,

[9] *A* federary *with her*;] A *federary* (perhaps a word of our author's coinage) is a confederate, an accomplice. Steevens.

We ſhould certainly read—*a feodary* with her. There is no ſuch word as *federary*. See *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. ii. Malone.

Malone ſays that we ſhould certainly read *feodary*, and quotes a paſſage in *Cymbeline* as a proof of his aſſertion; but ſurely this very paſſage is as good authority for reading *federary*, as that can be for reading *feodary*. Beſides, *federate* is more naturally derived from *fœderis*, the genitive of the Latin word *fœdus*; and the genitive caſe is the proper parent of derivatives, as its name denotes. M. Mason.

[1] But *with her moſt vile principal*,] One that knows what we ſhould be aſhamed of, even if the knowledge of it reſted only in her own breaſt and that of her paramour, without the participation of any confidant.—*But*, which is here uſed for *only*, renders this paſſage ſomewhat obſcure. It has the ſame ſignification again in this ſcene:

"He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
"*But* that he ſpeaks." Malone.

[2] ——*give* bold *titles*;] The old copy reads—bold'ſt titles; but if the contracted ſuperlative be retained, the roughneſs of the line will be intolerable. Steevens.

The center[3] is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top.—Away with her to priſon:
He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.[4]

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns:
I muſt be patient, till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable.[5]—Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here,[6] which burns

[3] ——— *if I miſtake*——
The center &c.] That is, if the proofs which I can offer will not ſupport the opinion I have formed, no foundation can be truſted. JOHNSON.

Milton, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*, has expreſſed the ſame thought in more exalted language:
" ——— if this fail,
" The pillar'd firmament is rottenneſs,
" And earth's baſe built on ſtubble." STEEVENS.

[4] *He, who ſhall ſpeak for her, is afar off guilty,*
But that he ſpeaks.] *Far off guilty*, ſignifies, *guilty in a remote degree.* JOHNSON.

The ſame expreſſion occurs in *King Henry V:*
" Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhow you *far off*
" The dauphin's meaning?"
But that he ſpeaks—means, *in merely ſpeaking.* MALONE.

[5] ——— *till the heavens* look
With an aſpect *more favourable.*] An aſtrological phraſe. The *aſpect* of ſtars was anciently a familiar term, and continued to be ſuch till the age in which Milton tells us—
" ——— the ſwart ſtar ſparely *looks.*" *Lycidas*, v. 138.
STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *but I have*
That honourable grief lodg'd here,] Again, in *Hamlet:*
" But I have that within which paſſeth ſhow." DOUCE.

Worſe than tears drown:[7] 'Beſeech you all, my lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me;—and ſo
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard? [*To the Guards.*

Her. Who is't, that goes with me?—'Beſeech your highneſs,
My women may be with me; for, you ſee,
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cauſe: when you ſhall know, your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out: this action, I now go on,[8]
Is for my better grace.—Adieu, my lord:
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall.——My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence. [*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

[7] ——— *which* burns
Worſe than tears drown:] So, in *King Henry VIII.* Queen Katharine ſays—
" ——— my *drops of tears*
" I'll turn to *ſparks of fire.*" Steevens.

[8] —— *this* action, *I now* go on,] The word *action* is here taken in the lawyer's ſenſe, for *indictment, charge,* or *accuſation.* Johnson.

We cannot ſay that a perſon *goes on* an indictment, charge, or accuſation. I believe, Hermione only means, " What I am now about to do." M. Mason.

Mr. M. Maſon's ſuppoſition may be countenanced by the following paſſage in *Much Ado about Nothing,* Act I. ſc. i:
" When I went forward *on this* ended *action.*"
Steevens.

1 *Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, ſir; leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your queen, your ſon.

1 *Lord.* For her, my lord,—
I dare my life lay down, and will do't, ſir,
Pleaſe you to accept it, that the queen is ſpotleſs
I'the eyes of heaven, and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuſe her.

Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtables where
I lodge my wife;[9] I'll go in couples with her;

[9] —— *I'll keep my ſtables where*
I lodge my wife;] *Stable-ſtand* (*ſtabilis ſtatio*, as Spelman interprets it) is a term of the foreſt-laws, and ſignifies a place where a deer-ſtealer fixes his ſtand under ſome convenient cover, and keeps watch for the purpoſe of killing deer as they paſs by. From the place it came to be applied alſo to the perſon, and any man taken in a foreſt in that ſituation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was preſumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *ſtable-ſtand*. In all former editions this hath been printed *ſtable*; and it may perhaps be objected, that another ſyllable added ſpoils the ſmoothneſs of the verſe. But by pronouncing *ſtable* ſhort, the meaſure will very well bear it, according to the liberty allowed in this kind of writing, and which Shakſpeare never ſcruples to uſe; therefore I read, *ſtable-ſtand*. HANMER.

There is no need of Sir T. Hanmer's addition to the text. So, in the ancient interlude of *The Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, 1567:

"Where thou dwelleſt, the devyll may have a *ſtable*."
STEEVENS.

If Hermione prove unfaithful, I'll never truſt my wife out of my ſight; I'll always go in *couples* with her; and, in that reſpect, my houſe ſhall reſemble a ſtable, where dogs are kept in pairs. Though a *kennel* is a place where a *pack* of hounds is kept, every one, I ſuppoſe, as well as our author, has occa-

Than when I feel, and ſee her, no further truſt her;[1]
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh, is falſe,
If ſhe be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

1 *Lord.* Good my lord,—

Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,[2]
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him:[3] Be ſhe honour-flaw'd,—

ſionally ſeen dogs tied up in couples under the manger of a ſtable. A *dog-couple* is a term at this day. To this practice perhaps he alludes in *King John*:

" To dive like buckets in concealed wells,
" To *crouch in litter of your ſtable planks.*"

In the Teutonick language, *hund-ſtall*, or *dog-ſtable*, is the term for a kennel. *Stables* or *ſtable*, however, may mean *ſtation*, *ſtabilis ſtatio*, and two diſtinct propoſitions may be intended. I'll keep my ſtation in the ſame place where my wife is lodged; I'll run every where with her, like dogs that are coupled together. Malone.

[1] Than *when I feel, and ſee her*, &c.] The old copies read —Then when, &c. The correction is Mr. Rowe's. Steevens.

The modern editors read—*Than* when, &c. certainly not without ground, for *than* was formerly ſpelt *then*; but here, I believe, the latter word was intended. Malone.

[2] —— *putter-on*,] i. e. one who inſtigates. So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— the powers divine
" *Put on* their inſtruments." Steevens.

[3] —— *land*-damn *him*:] Sir T. Hanmer interprets, *ſtop his urine*. *Land* or *lant* being the old word for *urine*.

Land-damn is probably one of thoſe words which caprice brought into faſhion, and which, after a ſhort time, reaſon and grammar drove irrecoverably away. It perhaps meant no more than I will *rid the country* of him, *condemn* him to quit the *land*. Johnson.

Land-damn him, if ſuch a reading can be admitted, may

I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;

mean, *he would procure ſentence to be paſt on him in this world, on this earth.*

Antigonus could no way make good the threat of *ſtopping his urine.* Beſides, it appears too ridiculous a puniſhment for ſo atrocious a criminal. Yet it muſt be confeſſed, that what Sir T. Hanmer has ſaid concerning the word *lant*, is true. I meet with the following inſtance in Glapthorne's *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639:

" Your frequent drinking country ale with *lant* in't."

And, in Shakſpeare's time, to drink a lady's health in *urine* appears to have been eſteemed an act of gallantry. One inſtance (for I could produce many,) may ſuffice: " Have I not religiouſly vow'd my heart to you, been drunk for your health, eat glaſſes, *drank urine*, ſtabb'd arms, and done all the offices of proteſted gallantry for your ſake?" *Antigonus*, on this occaſion, may therefore have a dirty meaning. It ſhould be remembered, however, that to *damn* anciently ſignified to *condemn*. So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

" Vouchſafe to give my *damned* huſband life."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*, Act IV. ſc. i:

" He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot I *damn* him."

STEEVENS.

I am perſuaded that this is a corruption, and that either the printer caught the word *damn* from the preceding line, or the tranſcriber was deceived by ſimilitude of ſounds.—What the poet's word was, cannot now be aſcertained, but the ſentiment was probably ſimilar to that in *Othello*:

" O heaven, that ſuch companions thoud'ſt unfold," &c.

I believe, we ſhould read—land-*dam*; i. e. kill him; bury him in earth. So, in *King John*:

" His ears are ſtopp'd with *duſt*; he's *dead*."

Again, *ibid*:

" And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome *duſt*."

Again, in Kendal's *Flowers of Epigrams*, 1577:

" The corps clapt faſt in clotter'd *claye*,
" That here engrav'd doth lie—."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Volpone*:

" Speak to the knave?
" I'll ha' my *mouth* firſt *ſtopp'd with earth*." MALONE.

After all theſe aukward ſtruggles to obtain a meaning, we might, I think, not unſafely read—

" I'd *laudanum* him—,"

i. e. poiſon him with *laudanum*. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Silent*

The ſecond, and the third, nine, and ſome five:[4]
If this prove true, they'll pay for't: by mine honour,
I'll geld them all; fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.[5]

Woman: "Have I no friend, that will make her drunk, or give her a little *laudanum*, or opium?"

The word is much more ancient than the time of Shakſpeare. I owe this remark to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

[4] *The ſecond, and the third, nine, and* ſome *five*;] The ſecond folio reads—*ſonnes five*. REED.

This line appears obſcure, becauſe the word *nine* ſeems to refer to both "*the ſecond and the third.*" But it is ſufficiently clear, *referendo ſingula ſingulis. The ſecond is of the age of nine, and the third is* ſome *five years old.* The ſame expreſſion, as Theobald has remarked, is found in *King Lear*:

"For that I am, *ſome* twelve or fourteen moonſhines,
"Lag of a brother."

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—*ſons* five; ſtartled probably by the difficulty that ariſes from the ſubſequent lines, the operation that Antigonus threatens to perform on his children, not being commonly applicable to females. But for this, let our author anſwer. Bulwer in his *Artificial Changeling*, 1656, ſhows it may be done. Shakſpeare undoubtedly wrote *ſome*; for were we, with the ignorant editor above mentioned, to read—*ſons* five, then the ſecond and third daughter would both be of the ſame age; which, as we are not told that they are twins, is not very reaſonable to ſuppoſe. Beſides; daughters are by the law of England co-heirs, but ſons never. MALONE.

[5] *And I had rather* glib *myſelf*, &c.] For *glib* I think we ſhould read *lib*, which, in the northern language, is the ſame with *geld*.

In *The Court Beggar*, by Mr. Richard Brome, Act IV. the word *lib* is uſed in this ſenſe:—"He can ſing a charm (he ſays) ſhall make you feel no pain in your *libbing*, nor after it: no tooth-drawer, or corn-cutter, did ever work with ſo little feeling to a patient." GREY.

So, in the comedy of *Fancies Chaſte and Noble*, by Ford, 1638:

"What a terrible ſight to a *lib'd* breech, is a ſow-gelder?"

Leon. Ceaſe; no more.
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe: I ſee't, and feel't,[6]
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.[7]

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of Heſiod's *Booke of Daies*, 4to. 1618:

"The eight, the bellowing bullock *lib*, and gote."

Though *lib* may probably be the right word, yet *glib* is at this time current in many counties, where they ſay—*to glib a boar, to glib a horſe*. So, in *St. Patrick for Ireland*, a play by Shirley, 1640:

"If I come back, let me be *glib'd*." Steevens.

[6] —— *I ſee't, and feel't,*] The old copy—*but* I *do* ſee't, and feel't. I have followed Sir T. Hanmer, who omits theſe expletives, which ſerve only to derange the metre, without improving the ſenſe. Steevens.

[7] —— *I ſee't and feel't,*
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
The inſtruments that feel.] Some ſtage direction ſeems neceſſary in this place; but what that direction ſhould be, it is not eaſy to decide. Sir T. Hanmer gives—*Laying hold of his arm*; Dr. Johnſon—*ſtriking his brows*. Steevens.

As a ſtage direction is certainly requiſite, and as there is none in the old copy, I will venture to propoſe a different one from any hitherto mentioned. *Leontes*, perhaps, *touches the forehead of Antigonus with his fore and middle fingers forked in imitation of a* Snail's Horns; for *theſe*, or imaginary horns of his own like them, are *the inſtruments that feel*, to which he alluded.—There is a ſimilar reference in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, from whence the direction of *ſtriking his brows* ſeems to have been adopted:—"he ſo takes on,—ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, and ſo *buffets himſelf on the forehead*, crying, *Peer out, peer out!*"—The word *lunes*, it ſhould be noted, occurs in the context of both paſſages, and in the ſame ſenſe. Henley.

I ſee and feel *my diſgrace*, as you *Antigonus, now* feel *me, or my* doing thus *to you*, and *as you now* ſee the inſtruments that feel, i. e. my fingers. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—— all the body's members
"Rebell'd againſt the belly; thus accus'd it:—
"That only like a gulf it did remain, &c.
"———— where, the other *inſtruments*
"Did ſee, hear, deviſe, inſtruct, walk, *feel*," &c.

Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.[8]

Leon. What! lack I credit?

1 *Lord.* I had rather you did lack, than I, my lord,
Upon this ground: and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counſels; but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this: which,—if you (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo in ſkill,) cannot, or will not,
Reliſh as truth,[9] like us; inform yourſelves,
We need no more of your advice: the matter,

Leontes muſt here be ſuppoſed to lay hold of either the beard or arm, or ſome other part, of Antigonus. See a ſubſequent note in the laſt ſcene of this Act. Malone.

[8] —— *dungy earth.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——— our *dungy earth* alike
" Feeds beaſt as man." Steevens.

[9] —— *which,—if you* ——
Reliſh as *truth,*] The old copy reads—*a* truth. Mr. Rowe made the neceſſary correction—*as*. Steevens.

Our author is frequently inaccurate in the conſtruction of his ſentences, and the concluſions of them do not always correſpond with the beginning. So, before, in this play:
" —— *who,*—if I
" Had ſervants true about me,—
" ——— they would do that," &c.
The late editions read—*as* truth, which is certainly more grammatical; but a wiſh to reduce our author's phraſeology to the modern ſtandard, has been the ſource of much error in the regulation of his text. Malone.

The loſs, the gain, the ordering on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation,
But only ſeeing,[1] all other circumſtances
Made up to the deed,) doth puſh on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
(For, in an act of this importance, 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild,) I have deſpatch'd in poſt
To ſacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency:[2] Now, from the oracle
They will bring all; whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

1 *Lord.* Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am ſatisfied, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to the minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth: So have we thought it good,
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd;

[1] ——*nought for approbation,*
But only ſeeing,] *Approbation*, in this place, is put for *proof*. Johnson.

[2] ——*ſtuff'd ſufficiency:*] That is, of abilities more than enough. Johnson.

Leſt that the treachery of the two,[3] fled hence,
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to ſpeak in publick: for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.

ANT. [*Aſide.*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. The outer Room of a Priſon.

Enter PAULINA *and Attendants.*

PAUL. The keeper of the priſon,—call to him;
[*Exit an* Attendant.
Let him have knowledge who I am.—Good lady!
No court in Europe is too good for thee,
What doſt thou then in priſon?—Now, good ſir,

Re-enter Attendant, *with the* Keeper.

You know me, do you not?

KEEP. For a worthy lady,
And one whom much I honour.

PAUL. Pray you then,
Conduct me to the queen.

KEEP. I may not, madam; to the contrary
I have expreſs commandment.

PAUL. Here's ado,
To lock up honeſty and honour from
The acceſs of gentle viſitors!——Is it lawful,

[3] *Leſt that the treachery of the two,* &c.] He has before declared, that there is a *plot againſt his life and crown,* and that Hermione is *federary* with Polixenes and Camillo. JOHNSON.

Pray you, to ſee her women? any of them?
Emilia?

Keep. So pleaſe you, madam, to put
Apart theſe your attendants, I ſhall bring
Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt* Attend.

Keep. And, madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.

Paul. Well, be it ſo, pr'ythee. [*Exit* Keeper.
Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring.

Re-enter Keeper, *with* Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman, how fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one ſo great, and ſo forlorn,
May hold together: On her frights, and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)
She is, ſomething before her time, deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in't: ſays, *My poor priſoner,*
I am innocent as you.

Paul. I dare be ſworn:——
Theſe dangerous unſafe lunes o' the king![4] beſhrew
them!

[4] *Theſe dangerous unſafe* lunes *o' the king!*] I have no where, but in our author, obſerved this word adopted in our tongue, to ſignify *frenzy, lunacy.* But it is a mode of expreſſion with the French.—*Il y a de la* lune: (i. e. he has got the moon in his head; he is frantick.) Cotgrave. "*Lune,* folie. *Les femmes ont des* lunes *dans la tete.* Richelet." Theobald.

I can hook to me: Say, that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again.——Who's there?

1 *Atten.* My lord?
[*Advancing.*

Leon. How does the boy?

1 *Atten.* He took good reſt to-night;
'Tis hop'd, his ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.

Leon. To ſee,
His nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And downright languiſh'd.—Leave me ſolely:[5]—go,
See how he fares. [*Exit* Attend.]—Fye, fye! no thought of him;—
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,[6]—Let him be,

Blank and *level,* mean *mark* and *aim*; but they are terms of gunnery, not of archery. Douce.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" ——I ſtood i'th' *level*
" Of a *full-charg'd* conſpiracy." Ritson.

[5] ——*Leave me ſolely:*] That is, leave me alone. M. Mason.

[6] *The very thought of my* revenges *that way*
Recoil upon me: in himſelf too mighty;
And in his parties, his alliance,] So, in *Doraſtus and Fawnia:* " Pandoſto, although he felt that *revenge* was a ſpur to warre, and that envy alwayes proffereth ſteele, yet he ſaw Egiſthus was not only of great puiſſance and proweſſe to withſtand him, but alſo had many kings of his *alliance* to ayd him, if need ſhould ſerve; for he married the Emperor of Ruſſia's daughter." Our author, it is obſervable, whether from forgetfulneſs or deſign,

Until a time may ſerve: for preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow:
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
Shall ſhe, within my power.

Enter PAULINA, *with a Child.*

1 *LORD.* You muſt not enter.

PAUL. Nay, rather, good my lords, be ſecond to me:
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul;
More free, than he is jealous.

ANT. That's enough.

1 *ATTEN.* Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded
None ſhould come at him.

PAUL. Not ſo hot, good ſir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,—
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings,—ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking: I
Do come with words as med'cinal as true;
Honeſt, as either; to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.

LEON. What noiſe there, ho?

PAUL. No noiſe, my lord; but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your highneſs.

LEON. How?——
Away with that audacious lady: Antigonus,

has made this lady the wife (not of Egiſthus, the Polixenes of this play, but) of Leontes. MALONE.

I charg'd thee, that she should not come about me;
I knew, she would.

Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril, and on mine,
She should not visit you.

Leon. What, canst not rule her?

Paul. From all dishonesty, he can: in this,
(Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. Lo you now; you hear!
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come,—
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes[7]
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor; yet that dare
Less appear so, in comforting your evils,[8]
Than such as most seem yours:—I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord, good queen: I say, good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.[9]

[7] —— *who* professes —] Old copy—*professes*. Steevens.

[8] —— *in* comforting *your evils*,] *Comforting* is here used in the legal sense of *comforting* and abetting in a criminal action. M. Mason.

To *comfort*, in old language, is to *aid and encourage*. *Evils* here mean *wicked courses*. Malone.

[9] *And would by combat make her good, so were I*
A man, the worst about you.] The *worst* means only the *lowest*. Were I the meanest of your servants, I would yet claim the combat against any accuser. Johnson.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him, that makes but trifles of his eyes,
First hand me: on mine own accord, I'll off;
But, first, I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the Child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch![1] Hence with her, out o' door:

The *worst*, (as Mr. M. Mason and Mr. Henley observe,) rather means the *weakest*, or the *least expert in the use of arms*. Steevens.

Mr. Edwards observes, that "The worst about you," may mean the weakest, or least warlike. So, "a *better man*, the *best man* in company, frequently refer to skill in fighting, not to moral goodness." I think he is right. Malone.

[1] *A* mankind *witch!*] A *mankind* woman is yet used in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious. and mischievous. It has the same sense in this passage.

Witches are supposed to be *mankind*, to put off the softness and delicacy of women; therefore Sir Hugh, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, says of a woman suspected to be a witch, "*that he does not like when a woman has a beard.*" Of this meaning Mr. Theobald has given examples. Johnson.

So, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

"That e'er I should be seen to strike a woman.——
"Why she is *mankind*, therefore thou may'st strike her."

Again, as Dr. Farmer observes to me, in A. Fraunce's *Ivie-church*: He is speaking of the Golden Age:

"Noe man murdring man with teare-flesh pyke or a poll-ax;
"Tygers were then tame, sharpe tusked boare was obeisant;
"Stoordy lyons lowted, noe wolf was knowne to be *mankinde*."

So, in M. Frobisher's first *Voyage for the Discoverie of Cataya*, 4to. bl. l. 1578, p. 48: "He saw mightie deere, that seemed to be *mankind*, which ranne at him, and hardly he escaped with his life," &c. Steevens.

I shall offer an etymology of the adjective *mankind*, which

A moſt intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not ſo:

I am as ignorant in that, as you
In ſo entitling me: and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.

Leon. Traitors!

Will you not puſh her out? Give her the baſtard:—
Thou, dotard, [*To* Antigonus.] thou art woman-tir'd,[2] unroofted

may perhaps more fully explain it. Dr. Hickes's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, p. 119, edit. 1705, obſerves: "*Saxonicè man* eſt a *mein* quod *Cimbricè* eſt *nocumentum, Francicè* eſt *nefas, ſcelus.*" So that *mankind* may ſignify one of a wicked and pernicious nature, from the Saxon *man*, miſchief or wickedneſs, and from *kind*, nature. Tollet.

Notwithſtanding the many learned notes on this expreſſion, I am confident that *mankind*, in this paſſage, means nothing more than *maſculine*. So, in Maſſinger's *Guardian*:

"I keep no *mankind* ſervant in my houſe,
"For fear my chaſtity may be ſuſpected."

And Jonſon, in one of his Sonnets, ſays:

"Pallas, now thee I call on, *mankind* maid!"

The ſame phraſe frequently occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher. Thus, in *Monſieur Thomas*, when Sebaſtian ſees him in womens' clothes, and ſuppoſes him to be a girl, he ſays:

"A plaguy *mankind* girl; how my brains totter!"

And Gondarino, in *The Woman-Hater*:

"Are women grown ſo *mankind*?"

In all which places *mankind* means *maſculine*. M. Mason.

[2] ——*thou art woman-tir'd,*] *Woman-tir'd*, is *peck'd* by a woman; *hen-pecked*. The phraſe is taken from falconry, and is often employed by writers contemporary with Shakſpeare.—So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"He has given me a bone to *tire* on."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

"——the vulture *tires*
"Upon the eagle's heart."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of *Achilles' Shield*, 4to. 1598:

"Like men alive they did converſe in fight,
"And *tyrde* on death with mutuall appetite."

By thy dame Partlet here,—take up the baſtard;
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy crone.[3]

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs[4]
Which he has put upon't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So, I would, you did; then, 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.

Leon. A neſt of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Partlet is the name of the hen in the old ſtory book of *Reynard the Fox.* Steevens.

[3] —— *thy crone.*] i. e. thy old-worn out woman. A *croan* is an old toothleſs ſheep: thence an old woman. So, in Chaucer's *Man of Lawes Tale:*

"This olde Soudaneſſe, this curſed *crone.*"

Again, in *The Malcontent,* 1606: "There is an old *crone* in the court, her name is Maquerelle." Again, in *Love's Miſtreſs,* by T. Heywood, 1636:

"Witch and hag, *crone* and beldam."

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age,* 1611: "All the gold in Crete cannot get one of you old *crones* with child." Again, in the ancient enterlude of *The Repentance of Marie Magdalene,* 1567:

"I have knowne painters, that have made old *crones,*
"To appear as pleaſant as little prety young Jones."

Steevens.

[4] *Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou*
Tak'ſt up the princeſs, by that forced baſeneſs —] Leontes had ordered Antigonus to *take up the baſtard;* Paulina forbids him to touch the Princeſs under that appellation. *Forced* is *falſe,* uttered with violence to truth. Johnson.

A *baſe* ſon was a common term in our author's time. So, in *King Lear:*

"—— Why brand they us
"With *baſe?* with *baſeneſs?* baſtardy?" Malone.

Paul. Nor I; nor any,
But one, that's here; and that's himſelf: for he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his queen's,
His hopeful ſon's, his babe's,[5] betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's;[6] and will not
(For, as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't,) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak, or ſtone, was ſound.

Leon. A callat,
Of boundleſs tongue; who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of Polixenes:
Hence with it; and, together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe.—Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek; his ſmiles;[7]

[5] —— *his* babe's,] The female infant then on the ſtage. Malone.

[6] ——————*ſlander,*
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's;] Again, in *Cymbeline:*
" ——————*ſlander,*
" Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
" Out-venoms all the worms of Nile." Douce.

[7] —— *his* ſmiles;] Theſe two redundant words might be rejected, eſpecially as the child has already been repreſented as the inheritor of his father's *dimples and frowns.* Steevens.

The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:—
And, thou, good goddeſs nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't;[8] leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's![9]

Leon. A groſs hag!—
And, lozel,[1] thou art worthy to be hang'd,

Our author and his contemporaries frequently take the liberty of uſing words of two ſyllables, as monoſyllables So *eldeſt, higheſt, lover, either,* &c. *Dimples* is, I believe, employed ſo here; and *of his,* when contracted, or ſounded quickly, make but one ſyllable likewiſe. In this view there is no redundancy. Malone.

How is the word—*dimples,* to be monoſyllabically pronounced? Steevens.

[8] *No yellow in't;*] *Yellow* is the colour of jealouſy. Johnson.

So, Nym ſays, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "I will poſſeſs him with *yellowneſs.*" Steevens.

[9] —— *leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,*
Her children not her huſband's!] In the ardour of compoſition Shakſpeare ſeems here to have forgotten the difference of ſexes. No ſuſpicion that the babe in queſtion might entertain of her future huſband's *fidelity,* could affect the legitimacy of her offſpring. Unleſs ſhe were *herſelf* a "bed-ſwerver," (which is not ſuppoſed,) ſhe could have no doubt of his being the father of her children. However painful female jealouſy may be to her that feels it, Paulina, therefore, certainly attributes to it, in the preſent inſtance, a pang that it can never give. Malone.

I regard this circumſtance as a beauty, rather than a defect. The ſeeming abſurdity in the laſt clauſe of Paulina's ardent addreſs to Nature, was undoubtedly deſigned, being an extravagance characteriſtically preferable to languid correctneſs, and chaſtiſed declamation. Steevens.

[1] *And,* lozel,] "A *Loſel* is one that hath loſt, neglected, or caſt off his owne good and welfare, and ſo is become lewde and careleſſe of credit and honeſty." Verſtegan's *Reſtitution,* 1605, p. 335. Reed.

This is a term of contempt frequently uſed by Spenſer. I like-

That wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the huſbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I'll have thee burn'd.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretick, that makes the fire,
Not ſhe, which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant;
But this moſt cruel uſage of your queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy,) ſomething favours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, ſcandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me; I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit!—What need theſe hands?—
You, that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo:—Farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

wife meet with it in *The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"To have the *loxel's* company."

A *loxel* is a worthleſs fellow. Again, in *The Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599:

"Peace, prating *loxel*," &c. Steevens.

Leon. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good teſtimony,) or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: If thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo;
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, ſir:
Theſe lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

1 *Lord.* We can; my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You are liars all.

1 *Lord.* 'Beſeech your highneſs, give us better credit:
We have always truly ſerv'd you; and beſeech
So to eſteem of us: And on our knees we beg,
(As recompenſe of our dear ſervices,
Paſt, and to come,) that you do change this purpoſe;
Which, being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue: We all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel
And call me father? Better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But, be it; let it live:
It ſhall not neither.—You, ſir, come you hither;
[*To* Antigonus.
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,

To ſave this baſtard's life:—for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey,[2]—what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent: any thing poſſible.

Leon. It ſhall be poſſible: Swear by this ſword,[3]
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark, and perform it; (ſeeſt thou?) for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence; and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,

[2] *So ſure as* this *beard's* grey,] The King muſt mean the beard of Antigonus, which perhaps both here and on the former occaſion, (See p. 267, n. 7,) it was intended, he ſhould lay hold of. Leontes has himſelf told us that twenty-three years ago he was unbreech'd, in his green velvet coat, his dagger muzzled; and of courſe his age at the opening of this play muſt be under thirty. He cannot therefore mean his own beard. Malone.

[3] —— *Swear by this ſword,*] It was anciently the cuſtom to ſwear by the croſs on the handle of a ſword. See a note on *Hamlet*, Act I. ſc. v. Steevens.

So, in *The Penance of Arthur*, ſig. S. 2: "And therewith King Marke yielded him unto Sir Gaheris, and then he kneeled downe and made his oath *upon the croſſe of the ſword*," &c.

I remember to have ſeen the name of Jeſus engraved upon the pummel of the ſword of a Cruſader in the Church at Winchelſea. Douce.

Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,—
On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,—
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,[4]
Where chance may nurſe, or end it: Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this, though a preſent death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens,
To be thy nurſes! Wolves, and bears, they ſay,
Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide, have done
Like offices of pity.—Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed doth require! and bleſſing,[5]
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loſs![6]

[*Exit, with the Child.*

Leon. No, I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

1 *Atten.* Pleaſe your highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to the oracle, are come
An hour ſince: Cleomenes and Dion,

[4] ——commend *it* ſtrangely *to ſome place,*] *Commit* it to ſome place, *as a ſtranger,* without more proviſion. Johnson.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" I wiſh your horſes ſwift and ſure of foot,
" And ſo I do *commend* you to their backs."

To *commend* is to *commit.* See Minſheu's Dict. in v. Malone.

[5] ——*and bleſſing,*] i. e. the favour of heaven. Malone.

[6] ——*condemn'd to* loſs!] i. e. to expoſure, ſimilar to that of a child whom its parents have *loſt.* I once thought that *loſs* was here licentiouſly uſed for *deſtruction*; but that this was not the primary ſenſe here intended, appears from a ſubſequent paſſage Act III. ſc. iii:

" ——Poor wretch,
" That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
" To *loſs,* and what *may follow!*" Malone.

Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to the court.

1 *Lord.* So pleaſe you, ſir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: 'Tis good ſpeed;[7] foretels,
The great Apollo ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you lords;
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal lady: for, as ſhe hath
Been publickly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burden to me. Leave me;
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Street in ſome Town.

Enter Cleomenes *and* Dion.[8]

Cleo. The climate's delicate; the air moſt ſweet;
Fertile the iſle;[9] the temple much ſurpaſſing

[7] —— 'Tis *good ſpeed*; &c.] Surely we ſhould read the paſſage thus:

This *good ſpeed foretels*, &c. M. Mason.

[8] —— *Cleomenes and Dion.*] Theſe two names, and thoſe of *Antigonus* and *Archidamus*, our author found in North's Plutarch. Malone.

[9] *Fertile the iſle*;] But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an iſland, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakſpeare, or his editors, had their heads running on Delos, an

The common praiſe it bears.

Dion. I ſhall report,
For moſt it caught me,[1] the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks, I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice!
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i'the offering!

Cleo. But, of all, the burſt
And the ear-deafening voice o'the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, ſo ſurpriz'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If the event o'the journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the queen,—O, be't ſo!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The time is worth the uſe on't.[2]

iſland of the Cyclades. If it was the editor's blunder, then Shakſpeare wrote: *Fertile the* ſoil,——which is more elegant too, than the preſent reading. Warburton.

Shakſpeare is little careful of geography. There is no need of this emendation in a play of which the whole plot depends upon a geographical error, by which Bohemia is ſuppoſed to be a maritime country. Johnson.

In *The Hiſtory of Doraſtus and Fawnia,* the queen deſires the king to ſend "ſix of his noblemen, whom he beſt truſted, to the *iſle* of Delphos," &c. Steevens.

[1] *For moſt* it *caught me,*] *It* may relate to the whole ſpectacle. Johnson.

[2] *The* time *is worth the* uſe *on't.*] *The time is worth the uſe on't,* means, the time which we have ſpent in viſiting Delos, has recompenſed us for the trouble of ſo ſpending it. Johnson.

If the event prove fortunate to the Queen, *the time which we have ſpent in our journey is worth the trouble it hath coſt us.* In other words, the happy iſſue of our journey will compenſate for the time expended in it, and the fatigue we have undergone. We meet with nearly the ſame expreſſion in Florio's tranſlation of Montaigne's *Eſſaies,* 1603: "The common ſaying is, the *time* we live, is *worth the* money *we pay for it.*" Malone.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to the beſt! Theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the buſineſs: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover, ſomething rare,
Even then will ruſh to knowledge.——Go,—freſh horſes;—
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Court of Juſtice.

Leontes, Lords, *and* Officers, *appear properly ſeated.*

Leon. This ſeſſions (to our great grief, we pronounce,)
Even puſhes 'gainſt our heart:[3] The party tried,
The daughter of a king; our wife; and one
Of us too much belov'd.—Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice; which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.[4]——
Produce the priſoner.

[3] ——*puſhes 'gainſt our heart:*] So, in *Macbeth:*
" ——every minute of his being *thruſts*
" *Againſt my near'ſt of life.*" Steevens.

[4] Even *to the guilt, or the purgation.*] Mr. Roderick obſerves, that the word *even* is not to be underſtood here as an *adverb*, but as an *adjective*, ſignifying *equal* or *indifferent*. Steevens.

The epithet *even-handed*, as applied in *Macbeth* to *Juſtice*, ſeems to unite both ſenſes. Henley.

Offi. It is his highneſs' pleaſure, that the queen Appear in perſon here in court.—Silence!

HERMIONE *is brought in, guarded*; PAULINA *and* Ladies, *attending*.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Offi. Hermione, *queen to the worthy* Leontes, *king of* Sicilia, *thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high treaſon, in committing adultery with* Polixenes, *king of* Bohemia; *and conſpiring with* Camillo *to take away the life of our ſovereign lord the king, thy royal huſband: the pretence*[5] *whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou,* Hermione, *contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject, didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.*

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part, no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, *Not guilty:* mine integrity,[6]
Being counted falſehood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus,—If powers divine

[5] ——*pretence*—] Is, in this place, taken for a *ſcheme laid*, a *deſign formed*; to *pretend* means to *deſign*, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. JOHNSON.

[6] ——*mine integrity*, &c.] That is, my *virtue* being accounted *wickedneſs*, my aſſertion of it will paſs but for a *lie*. *Falſehood* means both *treachery* and *lie*. JOHNSON.

It is frequently uſed in the former ſenſe in *Othello*, Act V:

"He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was *falſe*."

Again:

"——Thou art raſh as fire,
"To ſay that ſhe was *falſe*." MALONE.

Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, and tyranny
Tremble at patience.[7]—You, my lord, beſt know,
(Who leaſt[8] will ſeem to do ſo,) my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which[9] is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, though devis'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators: For behold me,—
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince,—here ſtanding,
To prate and talk for life, and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it[1]
As I weigh grief, which I would ſpare:[2] for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,[3]

[7] ——— *If* powers divine
Behold our human actions, (as they do,)
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, *and tyranny*
Tremble at patience.] Our author has here cloſely followed the novel of *Doraſtus and Faunia*, 1588: "If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions, (as no doubt they are,)* I hope my *patience* ſhall make fortune *bluſh*, and my unſpotted life ſhall ſtayne ſpiteful diſcredit." MALONE.

[8] Who *leaſt*—] Old copy—*Whom* leaſt. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[9] ——*which*—] That is, which unhappineſs. MALONE.

[1] ——*For life, I prize it*—] *Life* is to me now only *grief*, and as ſuch only is conſidered by me; I would therefore willingly diſmiſs it. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*I would ſpare*:] To *ſpare* any thing is to *let it go, to quit the poſſeſſion of it.* JOHNSON.

[3] *'Tis a derivative from me to mine*,] This ſentiment, which is probably borrowed from *Eccleſiaſticus*, iii. 11, cannot be too often impreſſed on the female mind: "The glory of a man is from the honour of his father; and *a mother in diſhonour, is a reproach unto her children.*" STEEVENS.

And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience,[4] ſir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, to appear thus:[5] if one jot beyond

[4] ——— *I appeal*
To your own conſcience, &c.] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia*, "How I have led my life before Egiſthus' coming, I *appeal*, Pandoſto, to the Gods, and *to thy conſcience.*" MALONE.

[5] ——*ſince he came,*
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd, to appear thus?] Theſe lines I do not underſtand; with the licence of all editors, what I cannot underſtand I ſuppoſe unintelligible, and therefore propoſe that they may be altered thus:

—— *Since he came,*
With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I
Been ſtain'd *to appear thus?*

At leaſt I think it might be read:

With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I
Strain'd to appear thus? If one jot beyond—
JOHNSON.

The ſenſe ſeems to be this:—*what ſudden ſlip have I made, that I ſhould catch a wrench in my character.* So, in *Timon of Athens:*

"——a noble nature
"May catch a wrench."

An *uncurrent encounter* ſeems to mean an irregular, unjuſtifiable congreſs. Perhaps it may be a metaphor from *tilting*, in which the ſhock of meeting adverſaries was ſo called. Thus, in Drayton's *Legend of T. Cromwell E. of Eſſex:*

"Yet theſe *encounters* thruſt me not *awry.*"

The ſenſe would then be:—In what baſe reciprocation of love have I caught this ſtrain? *Uncurrent* is what will not paſs, and is, at preſent, only applied to money.

Mrs. Ford talks of—*ſome* ſtrain *in her character*, and in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Cuſtom of the Country*, the ſame expreſſion occurs:

"——*ſtrain* your loves
"With any baſe, or hir'd perſuaſions."

To *ſtrain*, I believe, means to *go awry.* So, in the 6th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

The bound of honour; or, in act, or will,
That way inclining; harden'd be the hearts

" As wantonly ſhe *ſtrains* in her laſcivious courſe."
Drayton is ſpeaking of the irregular courſe of the river Wye
STEEVENS.

The *bounds of honour*, which are mentioned immediately after, juſtify Mr. Steevens in ſuppoſing the imagery to have been taken from *tilting*. HENLEY.

Johnſon thinks it neceſſary for the ſenſe, to tranſpoſe theſe words and read: " With what encounter ſo uncurrent have I ſtrained to appear thus?" But he could not have propoſed that alteration, had he conſidered, with attention, the conſtruction of the paſſage, which runs thus: " I appeal to your own conſcience, with what encounter," &c. That is, " I appeal to your own conſcience *to declare* with what encounter ſo uncurrent I have ſtrained to appear thus." He was probably misled by the point of interrogation at the end of the ſentence, which ought not to have been there. M. MASON.

The preciſe meaning of the word *encounter* in this paſſage may be gathered from our author's uſe of it elſewhere:

" Who hath—
" Confeſs'd the vile *encounters* they have had
" A thouſand times in ſecret."
Much Ado about Nothing.

Hero and Borachio are the perſons ſpoken of. Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: " We ſhall adviſe this wronged maid to ſtead up your appointment, go in your place: if the *encounter* acknowledge itſelf hereafter, it may compel him to her recompenſe."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" —— found no oppoſition
" But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
" Should from *encounter* guard."

As, to paſs or utter money that is not *current*, is contrary to law, I believe our author in the preſent paſſage, with his accuſtomed licence, uſes the word *uncurrent* as ſynonymous to *unlawful*.

I have *ſtrain'd*, may perhaps mean—I have ſwerved or deflected from the ſtrict line of duty. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" Nor aught ſo good, but *ſtrain'd* from that fair uſe,
" Revolts—."

Again, in our author's 140th Sonnet:

" Bear thine eyes ſtraight, though thy proud *heart go wide.*"

A bed-*ſwerver* has already occurred in this play.

Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, Fye upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of theſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gainſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.[6]

Her. That's true enough;
Though 'tis a ſaying, ſir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than miſtreſs of,
Which comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;[7]

"To appear *thus*," is, to appear in ſuch an aſſembly as this; to be put on my trial. Malone.

[6] *I ne'er heard yet,*
That any of theſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs *impudence to gainſay what they did,*
Than to perform it firſt.] It is apparent that according to the proper, at leaſt according to the preſent, uſe of words, *leſs* ſhould be *more*, or *wanted* ſhould be *had*. But Shakſpeare is very uncertain in his uſe of negatives. It may be neceſſary once to obſerve, that in our language, two negatives did not originally affirm, but ſtrengthen the negation. This mode of ſpeech was in time changed, but, as the change was made in oppoſition to long cuſtom, it proceeded gradually, and uniformity was not obtained but through an intermediate confuſion. Johnson.

Examples of the ſame phraſeology (as Mr. Malone obſerves,) occur in this play, p. 239; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. xii. and in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iv; and (as Mr. Ritſon adds,) in *Macbeth*, Act III. ſc. vi. Steevens.

[7] ——*For Polixenes,*
(With whom I am accus'd,) I do confeſs
I lov'd *him, as in* honour *he requir'd*; &c.] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia*: "What hath paſſed between him and me, the Gods only know, and I hope will preſently reveale. That I *lov'd* Egiſthus, I cannot denie; that I *honour'd* him, I ſhame not to

With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So, and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think, had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude,
To you, and toward your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now, for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes; though it be diſh'd
For me to try how: all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honeſt man;
And, why he left your court, the gods themſelves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in his abſence.

Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not:
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,[8]
Which I'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a baſtard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:—As you were paſt all ſhame,

confeſs. But as touching laſcivious luſt, I ſay Egiſthus is honeſt, and hope myſelf to be found without ſpot. For Franion, [Camillo,] I can neither accuſe him nor excuſe him. I was not privie to his departure. And that this is true which I have here rehearſed, I refer myſelfe to the divine oracle." Malone.

[8] *My life* ſtands in the level *of your dreams,*] To be *in the level* is, by a metaphor from archery, *to be within the reach.* Johnson.

This metaphor, (as both Mr. Douce and Mr. Ritſon have already obſerved,) is from *gunnery.* See p. 272, n. 4.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

" ——I *ſtood i'th' level*
" Of a full charg'd confederacy." Steevens.

(Thoſe of your fact are ſo,) ſo paſt all truth:[9]
Which to deny, concerns more than avails:[1]
For as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee, than it,) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage,
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug, which you would fright me with, I ſeek.
To me can life be no commodity:

[9] —— *As you were paſt all ſhame,*
(*Thoſe of your* fact *are ſo,*) *ſo paſt all truth:*] I do not remember that *fact* is uſed any where abſolutely for *guilt,* which muſt be its ſenſe in this place. Perhaps we ſhould read:
Thoſe of your pack *are ſo.*
Pack is a low coarſe word well ſuited to the reſt of this royal invective. JOHNSON.

I ſhould gueſs *ſect* to be the right word. See *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv.
In Middleton's *Mad World, my Maſters,* a Courtezan ſays: "It is the eaſieſt art and cunning for our *ſect* to counterfeit ſick, that are always full of fits when we are well." FARMER.

Thus, Falſtaff, ſpeaking of Dol Tearſheet: "So is all her *ſect:* if they be once in a calm, they are ſick." *Thoſe of your fact* may, however, mean—thoſe who have done as you do.
STEEVENS.

That *fact* is the true reading, is proved deciſively from the words of the novel, which our author had in his mind, both here, and in a former paſſage: ["I ne'er heard yet, That any of theſe bolder vices," &c.] "And as for her [ſaid Pandoſto] it was her part to *deny* ſuch a monſtrous crime, and to be impudent in forſwearing the *fact,* ſince ſhe had *paſſed all ſhame* in committing the fault." MALONE.

[1] *Which to deny,* concerns *more than* avails:] It is your *buſineſs* to deny this charge, but the mere denial will be uſeleſs; will prove nothing. MALONE.

The crown and comfort of my life,[2] your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went: My ſecond joy,
And firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence,
I am barr'd, like one infectious: My third comfort,
Starr'd moſt unluckily,[3] is from my breaſt
The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: Myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet; With immodeſt hatred,
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion:—Laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'the open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit.[4] Now, my liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? Therefore, proceed.
But yet hear this; miſtake me not;——No! life,
I prize it not a ſtraw:—but for mine honour,
(Which I would free,) if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes; all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake; I tell you,

[2] *The* crown *and* comfort *of my life,*] The *ſupreme bleſſing* of my life. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" O that huſband!
" My ſupreme *crown* of grief." MALONE.

[3] *Starr'd moſt unluckily,*] i. e. born under an inauſpicious planet. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" And ſhake the yoke of *inauſpicious ſtars*
" From this world-wearied fleſh." STEEVENS.

[4] *I have got* ſtrength *of* limit.] I know not well how *ſtrength* of *limit* can mean *ſtrength to paſs the limits* of the child-bed chamber; which yet it muſt mean in this place, unleſs we read in a more eaſy phraſe, *ſtrength of* limb. *And* now, *&c.* JOHNSON.

Mr. M. Maſon judiciouſly conceives *ſtrength of limit* to mean, *the limited degree of ſtrength which it is cuſtomary for women to acquire, before they are ſuffered to go abroad after child-bearing.* STEEVENS.

'Tis rigour, and not law.[5]—Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle;
Apollo be my judge.

1 *Lord.* This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt: therefore, bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

[*Exeunt certain* Officers.

Her. The emperor of Ruſſia was my father:
O, that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery;[6] yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, *with* Cleomenes *and* Dion.

Offi. You here ſhall ſwear upon this ſword of juſtice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos; and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's prieſt; and that, ſince then,
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,

[5] ——————*I tell you,*
'Tis rigour, and not law.] This alſo is from the novel: "Bellaria, no whit diſmaid with this rough reply, told her huſband Pandoſto, that he ſpake upon choller, and not conſcience; for her virtuous life had been ſuch as no ſpot of ſuſpicion could ever ſtayne. And if ſhe had borne a friendly countenance to Egiſthus, it was in reſpect he was his friend, and not for any luſting affection: therefore *if ſhe were condemned without any farther proofe, it was rigour and not law.*" Malone.

[6] *The* flatneſs *of my miſery*;] That is, how low, how *flat* I am laid by my calamity. Johnson.

So, Milton, *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. II:
"——Thus repuls'd, our final hope
"*Is flat* deſpair." Malone.

Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leon. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Offi. [*Reads.*] Hermione *is chaſte,*[7] Polixenes *blameleſs,* Camillo *a true ſubject,* Leontes *a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king ſhall live without an heir, if that, which is loſt, be not found.*

Lords. Now bleſſed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praiſed!

Leon. Haſt thou read truth?

Offi. Ay, my lord; even ſo
As it is here ſet down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i'the oracle:
The ſeſſions ſhall proceed; this is mere falſehood.

Enter a Servant, *haſtily.*

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the buſineſs?

Serv. O ſir, I ſhall be hated to report it:
The prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's ſpeed,[8] is gone.

[7] *Hermione* is chaſte, &c.] This is almoſt literally from Lodge's [*Greene's*] novel:

"*The Oracle.*

"Suſpicion is no proofe; jealouſie is an unequal judge; Bellaria is chaſte; Egiſthus blameleſs; Franion a true ſubject; Pandoſto treacherous; his babe innocent; and the king ſhall dye without an heire, if that which is loſt be not found."

Malone.

[8] *Of the queen's* ſpeed,] Of the *event* of the queen's trial: ſo we ſtill ſay, he *ſped* well or ill. Johnson.

Leon. How! gone?

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo's angry; and the heavens themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice. [Hermione *faints.*] How now there?

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen:—Look down,
And ſee what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd: ſhe will recover.—
I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:—
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.—Apollo, pardon
[*Exeunt* Paulina *and* Ladies, *with* Herm.
My great profaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle!—
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo;
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy:
For, being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My ſwift command,[9] though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done: he, moſt humane,

[9] *But that* the good mind *of Camillo tardied*
My ſwift command,] Here likewiſe our author has cloſely followed Greene: "—promiſing not only to ſhew himſelf a loyal and a loving huſband; but alſo to reconcile himſelfe to Egiſthus and Franion; revealing then before them all the cauſe of their ſecret flight, and how treacherouſly he thought to have practiſed his death, if that *the good mind* of his cup-bearer had not prevented his purpoſe." Malone.

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice; quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great; and to the certain hazard
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,[1]
No richer than his honour:—How he gliſters
Thorough my ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker![2]

Re-enter PAULINA.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace; leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

1 *Lord.* What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? What flaying? boiling,

[1] —— *and to the* certain *hazard*
Of all incertainties himſelf commended,] In the original copy ſome word probably of two ſyllables, was inadvertently omitted in the firſt of theſe lines. I believe the word omitted was either *doubtful*, or *fearful*. The editor of the ſecond folio endeavoured to cure the defect by reading—*certain* hazard; the moſt improper word that could have been choſen. How little attention the alterations made in that copy are entitled to, has been ſhown in my Preface. *Commended* is *committed*. See p. 283. MALONE.

I am of a contrary opinion, and therefore retain the emendation of the ſecond folio.

Certain hazard, &c. is quite in our author's manner. So, in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. ii:

"Until I know this *ſure uncertainty*." STEEVENS.

[2] *Does my deeds make the blacker!*] This vehement retractation of Leontes, accompanied with the confeſſion of more crimes than he was ſuſpected of, is agreeable to our daily experience of the viciſſitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppreſſed with guilt. JOHNSON.

In leads, or oils? what old, or newer torture
Muſt I receive; whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealouſies,—
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!—O, think, what they have done,
And then run mad, indeed; ſtark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ungrateful:[3] nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour,[4]

[3] *That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;*
That did but ſhow thee, of a fool, *inconſtant,*
And damnable *ungrateful:*] I have ventured at a ſlight alteration here, againſt the authority of all the copies, and for *fool* read—*ſoul.* It is certainly too groſs and blunt in Paulina, though ſhe might impeach the King of fooleries in ſome of his paſt actions and conduct, to call him downright a fool. And it is much more pardonable in her to arraign his morals, and the qualities of his mind, than rudely to call him *idiot* to his face.

THEOBALD.

——*ſhow thee, of a fool,*] So all the copies. We ſhould read:

——*ſhow thee* off, *a fool*——

i. e. repreſent thee in thy true colours; a fool, an inconſtant, &c.

WARBURTON.

Poor Mr. Theobald's courtly remark cannot be thought to deſerve much notice. Dr. Warburton too might have ſpared his ſagacity, if he had remembered that the preſent reading, by a mode of ſpeech anciently much uſed, means only, *It ſhowed thee* firſt *a fool*, then *inconſtant and ungrateful.* JOHNSON.

Damnable is here uſed adverbially. See Vol. VIII. p. 348.

MALONE.

The ſame conſtruction occurs in the ſecond Book of Phaer's verſion of the *Æneid:*

" When this the yong men heard me ſpeak, *of wild they waxed wood.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour,*] How ſhould Paulina know this? No one had charged the King with

To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby daughter,
To be or none, or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:[5]
Nor is't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince; whose honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one so tender,) cleft the heart
That could conceive, a gross and foolish fire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: But the last,—O, lords,
When I have said, cry, woe!—the queen, the queen,
The sweetest, dearest, creature's dead; and vengeance for't
Not dropp'd down yet.

1 *Lord.* The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say, she's dead; I'll swear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and see: if you can bring
Tincture, or lustre, in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll serve you
As I would do the gods.—But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

this crime except himself, while Paulina was absent, attending on Hermione. The poet seems to have forgotten this circumstance. Malone.

[5] ——— *though a devil*
Would have shed water out of fire, ere don't:] i. e. a devil would have shed tears of pity o'er the damned, ere he would have committed such an action. Steevens.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

1 *Lord.* Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I'the boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Paul. I am ſorry for't;[6]
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: Alas, I have ſhow'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart.—What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief:[7] Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal ſir, forgive a fooliſh woman:
The love I bore your queen,—lo, fool again!—
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children;
I'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is loſt too: Take your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leon. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen, and ſon:
One grave ſhall be for both; upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear, unto

[6] *I am ſorry for't;*] This is another inſtance of the ſudden changes incident to vehement and ungovernable minds.
Johnson.

[7] ——— *what's paſt help,*
Should be paſt grief:] So, in *King Richard II:*
"Things paſt redreſs, are now with me paſt care."
Steevens.

Our ſhame perpetual: Once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie; and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation: So long as
Nature will bear up with this exerciſe,
So long I daily vow to uſe it. Come,
And lead me to theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Bohemia. *A deſert Country near the Sea.*

Enter ANTIGONUS, *with the Child*; *and a* Mariner.

ANT. Thou art perfect then,[8] our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſerts of Bohemia?

MAR. Ay, my lord; and fear
We have landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon us.

ANT. Their ſacred wills be done!—Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark; I'll not be long, before
I call upon thee.

MAR. Make your beſt haſte; and go not
Too far i'the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey, that keep upon't.

[8] *Thou art* perfect *then,*] *Perfect* is often uſed by Shakſpeare for *certain, well aſſured,* or *well informed.* JOHNSON.

It is ſo uſed by almoſt all our ancient writers. STEEVENS.

Ant. Go thou away:
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be ſo rid o'the buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:——
I have heard, (but not believ'd,) the ſpirits of the dead
May walk again: if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow,
So fill'd, and ſo becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay: thrice bow'd before me;
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts: the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her: *Good* Antigonus,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,
Hath made thy perſon for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,—
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,
There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted loſt for ever, Perdita,
I pr'ythee, call't: for this ungentle buſineſs,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
Thy wife Paulina *more:*—and ſo, with ſhrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myſelf; and thought
This was ſo, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet, for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
I will be ſquar'd by this. I do believe,
Hermione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the iſſue
Of king Polixenes, it ſhould here be laid,

Either for life, or death, upon the earth
Of its right father.—Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the Child.*
There lie; and there thy character:[9] there theſe;
[*Laying down a Bundle.*
Which may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty,
And ſtill reſt thine.——The ſtorm begins:—Poor wretch,
That, for thy mother's fault, art thus expos'd
To loſs, and what may follow!—Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds: and moſt accurs'd am I,
To be by oath enjoin'd to this.—Farewell!
The day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
A lullaby too rough:[1] I never ſaw
The heavens ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour?[2]—
Well may I get aboard!——This is the chace;
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a Bear.*

Enter an old Shepherd.

Shep. I would, there were no age between ten and three and twenty; or that youth would ſleep out the reſt: for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing, fighting.—Hark you now!——

[9] ——*thy* character:] thy deſcription; i. e. the writing afterwards diſcovered with Perdita. Steevens.

[1] *A* lullaby *too rough*:] So, in *Doraſtus and Faunia*: "Shall thy tender mouth, inſtead of ſweet kiſſes, be nipped with bitter ſtormes? Shalt thou have the *whiſtling winds* for thy *lullaby*, and the ſalt ſea-ſome, inſtead of ſweet milke?" Malone.

[2] ——*A ſavage clamour?*] This clamour was the cry of the dogs and hunters; then ſeeing the bear, he cries, *this is the chace*, or, the *animal purſued*. Johnson.

Would any but theſe boiled brains of nineteen, and two-and-twenty, hunt this weather? They have ſcared away two of my beſt ſheep; which, I fear, the wolf will ſooner find, than the maſter: if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſea-ſide, browzing on ivy.[3] Good luck, an't be thy will! what have we here? [*Taking up the Child.*] Mercy on's, a barne; a very pretty barne![4] A boy, or a child,[5] I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: Sure, ſome ſcape: though I am not bookiſh, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the ſcape. This has been ſome ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity: yet I'll tarry till my ſon come; he hollaed but even now. Whoa, ho hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art ſo near? If thou'lt ſee a thing

[3] —— *if any where I have them, 'tis by the* ſea-ſide, browzing *on* ivy.] This alſo is from the novel: "[The Shepherd] fearing either that the *wolves* or eagles had undone him, (for he was ſo poore as a ſheepe was halfe his ſubſtance,) wand'red downe towards the *ſea-cliffes*, to ſee if perchance the *ſheepe* was *brouzing* on the *ſea-ivy*, whereon they doe greatly feed." Malone.

[4] —— *a* barne; *a very pretty* barne!] i. e. child. So, in R. Broome's *Northern Laſs*, 1633:

"Peace wayward *barne!* O ceaſe thy moan,
"Thy far more wayward daddy's gone."

It is a North country word. *Barns* for *borns*, things born; ſeeming to anſwer to the Latin *nati*. Steevens.

[5] —— *A boy, or* a child,] I am told, that in ſome of our inland counties, a *female infant*, in contradiſtinction to a *male one*, is ſtill termed, among the peaſantry,—*a child*. Steevens.

to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What aileſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea, and by land;—but I am not to ſay, it is a ſea, for it is now the ſky; betwixt the firmament and it, you cannot thruſt a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would, you did but ſee how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the ſhore! but that's not to the point: O, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls! ſometimes to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt;[6] and anon ſwallowed with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a hogſhead. And then for the land ſervice,—To ſee how the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and ſaid, his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ſhip:—to ſee how the ſea flap-dragoned it:[7]—but, firſt, how the poor ſouls roared, and the ſea mocked them;—and how the poor gentleman roared, and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the ſea, or weather.

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked ſince I ſaw theſe ſights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

[6] ——*now the ſhip boring the moon with her main-maſt;*] So, in *Pericles:* "But ſea-room, and the brine and cloudy *billow kiſs the moon,* I care not." Malone.

[7] ——flap-dragoned *it:*] i. e. ſwallowed it, as our ancient topers ſwallowed *flap-dragons.* So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:* "Thou art eaſier ſwallowed than a *flap-dragon.*" See note on *King Henry IV.* P. II. Act II. ſc. iv. Steevens.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man![8]

Clo. I would you had been by the ſhip ſide, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou met'ſt with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth[9] for a ſquire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's ſee; It was told me, I ſhould be rich by the fairies: this is ſome changeling:[1]—open't: What's within, boy?

[8] Shep. *Would I had been by, to have helped the* old *man!*] Though all the printed copies concur in this reading, I am perſuaded, we ought to reſtore, *nobleman*. The Shepherd knew nothing of Antigonus's age; beſides, the Clown hath juſt told his father, that he ſaid his name was Antigonus, a *nobleman*; and no leſs than three times in this ſhort ſcene, the Clown, ſpeaking of him, calls him the *gentleman*. Theobald.

I ſuppoſe the Shepherd infers the age of Antigonus from his inability to defend himſelf; or perhaps Shakſpeare, who was conſcious that he himſelf deſigned Antigonus for an *old* man, has inadvertently given this knowledge to the Shepherd who had never ſeen him. Steevens.

Perhaps the word *old* was inadvertently omitted in the preceding ſpeech: "—nor the bear half dined on the *old* gentleman;" Mr. Steevens's ſecond conjecture, however, is, I believe, the true one. Malone.

[9] ——*a bearing-cloth*—] *A bearing-cloth* is the fine mantle or cloth with which a child is uſually covered, when it is carried to the church to be baptized. Percy.

[1] ——*ſome changeling:*] i. e. ſome child left behind by the fairies, in the room of one which they had ſtolen.

So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"A lovely boy, ſtol'n from an Indian king;
"She never had ſo ſweet a *changeling*." Steevens.

Clo. You're a made old man;[2] if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove ſo: up with it, keep it cloſe; home, home, the next way.[3] We are lucky, boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecrecy.—Let my ſheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings; I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman, and how much he hath eaten: they are never curſt, but when they are hungry:[4] if there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

Shep. That's a good deed: If thou may'ſt diſ-

[2] *You're a* made *old man*;] In former copies:—*You're a* mad *old man*; *if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!*—This the Clown ſays upon his opening his fardel, and diſcovering the wealth in it. But this is no reaſon why he ſhould call his father a *mad* old *man*. I have ventured to correct in the text—*You're a* made *old man*; i. e. your fortune's made by this adventitious treaſure. So our poet, in a number of other paſſages. THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton did not accept this emendation, but it is certainly right. The word is borrowed from the novel: "The good man deſired his wife to be quiet: if ſhe would hold peace, they were *made* for ever." FARMER.

So, in the ancient ballad of *Robin Hood and the Tinker*:

"I have a warrand from the king,
"To take him where I can;
"If you can tell me where hee is,
"*I will you make a man.*" STEEVENS.

[3] ——*the* next *way*.] i. e. the neareſt way. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "'Tis the *next* way to turn tailor, or be red-breaſt teacher." STEEVENS.

[4] ——*they are never* curſt, *but when they are hungry*:] *Curſt*, ſignifies *miſchievous*. Thus the adage: "*Curſt* cows have ſhort horns." HENLEY.

cern by that which is left of him, what he is, fetch me to the ſight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i'the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy; and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Time, *as Chorus.*

Time. I,—that pleaſe ſome, try all; both joy, and terror,
Of good and bad; that make, and unfold error,[5]—
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime,
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years,[6] and leave the growth untried

[5] ——*that make, and unfold error,*] This does not, in my opinion, take in the poet's thought. Time does not *make* miſtakes, and *diſcover them,* at different conjunctures; but the poet means, that Time often for a ſeaſon *covers* errors; which he afterwards *diſplays* and *brings to light.* I chuſe therefore to read:
" ——*that* maſk *and* unfold *error,*—— Theobald.

Theobald's emendation is ſurely unneceſſary. *Departed time* renders many facts obſcure, and in that ſenſe is the cauſe of error. *Time to come* brings diſcoveries with it.

" Theſe very comments on Shakſpeare (ſays Mr. M. Maſon,) prove that time can both make and unfold error." Steevens.

[6] ——*that I ſlide*
O'er ſixteen years,] This treſpaſs, in reſpect of dramatick unity, will appear venial to thoſe who have read the once famous

Of that wide gap;[7] ſince it is in my power
To o'erthrow law,[8] and in one ſelf-born hour

Lyly's *Endymion*, or (as he himſelf calls it in the prologue,) his *Man in the Moon*. This author was applauded and very liberally paid by Queen Elizabeth. Two acts of his piece comprize the ſpace of forty years, Endymion lying down to ſleep at the end of the ſecond, and waking in the firſt ſcene of the fifth, after a nap of that unconſcionable length. Lyly has likewiſe been guilty of much greater abſurdities than ever Shakſpeare committed; for he ſuppoſes that Endymion's hair, features, and perſon, were changed by age during his ſleep, while all the other perſonages of the drama remained without alteration.

George Whetſtone, in the epiſtle dedicatory, before his *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, (on the plan of which *Meaſure for Meaſure* is formed,) had pointed out many of theſe abſurdities and offences againſt the laws of the Drama. It muſt be owned, therefore, that Shakſpeare has not fallen into them through ignorance of what they were: "For at this daye, the Italian is ſo laſcivious in his comedies, that honeſt hearts are grieved at his actions. The Frenchman and Spaniard follow the Italian's humour. The German is too holy; for he preſents on everye common ſtage, what preachers ſhould pronounce in pulpits. The Engliſhman in this quallitie, is moſt vaine, indiſcreete, and out of order. He firſt grounds his worke on impoſſibilities: then in three houres ronnes he throwe the worlde: marryes, gets children, makes children men, men to conquer kingdomes, murder monſters, and bringeth goddes from heaven, and fetcheth devils from hell," &c. This quotation will ſerve to ſhow that our poet might have enjoyed the benefit of literary laws, but, like Achilles, denied that laws were deſigned to operate on beings confident of their own powers, and ſecure of graces beyond the reach of art. STEEVENS.

In *The pleaſant Comedie of Patient Griſſel*, 1603, written by Thomas Dekker, Henry Chettle, and William Haughton, Griſſel is in the firſt Act married, and ſoon afterwards brought to bed of twins, a ſon and a daughter; and the daughter in the fifth Act is produced on the ſcene as a woman old enough to be married. MALONE.

[7] —— *and leave the* growth *untried*
Of that wide gap;] Our author attends more to his ideas than to his words. *The growth of the wide gap*, is ſomewhat irregular; but he means, *the growth*, or progreſſion of the time which filled up the *gap* of the ſtory between Perdita's birth and

To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom: Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now received: I witneſs to
The times that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To the freſheſt things now reigning; and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. Leontes leaving
The effects of his fond jealouſies; ſo grieving,
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia;[9] and remember well,
I mentioned a ſon o'the king's, which Florizel

her ſixteenth year. *To leave this growth untried,* is, *to leave the paſſages of the intermediate years unnoted and unexamined. Untried* is not, perhaps, the word which he would have choſen, but which his rhyme required. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of *growth* is confirmed by a ſubſequent paſſage:

"I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch *growing*,
"As you had ſlept between."

Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*

"Whom our faſt-*growing* ſcene muſt find
"At Tharſus."

Gap, the reading of the original copy, which Dr. Warburton changed to *gulph,* is likewiſe ſupported by the ſame play, in which old Gower, who appears as Chorus, ſays:

"——learn of me, who ſtand i'the *gaps* to teach you
"The ſtages of our ſtory." MALONE.

[8] ——*ſince it is in my power* &c.] The reaſoning of *Time* is not very clear; he ſeems to mean, that he who has broke ſo many laws may now break another; that he who introduced every thing, may introduce Perdita in her ſixteenth year; and he intreats that he may paſs as of old, before any *order* or ſucceſſion of objects, ancient or modern, diſtinguiſhed his periods. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*imagine* me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I *now may be*
In fair Bohemia;] *Time* is every where alike. I know not whether both ſenſe and grammar may not dictate:

I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring: What of her enſues,
I liſt not prophecy; but let Time's news
Be known, when 'tis brought forth:—a ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of time:[1] Of this allow,[2]
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now;
If never yet, that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly, you never may. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in the Palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes *and* Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a ſickneſs, denying thee any thing; a death, to grant this.

——— *imagine* we
Gentle ſpectators, that you *now may be,* &c.

Let *us* imagine that *you,* who behold theſe ſcenes, are now in Bohemia. Johnson.

Imagine *me,* means imagine *with me,* or imagine *for me*; and is a common mode of expreſſion. Thus we ſay "do *me* ſuch a thing,"—"ſpell *me* ſuch a word." In *King Henry IV.* Falſtaff ſays, ſpeaking of ſack:

"It aſcends *me* into the brain, dries *me* there," &c.

Again, in *King Lear,* Gloſter ſays to Edmund, ſpeaking of Edgar:

"Wind *me* into him," &c. M. Mason.

[1] *Is the argument of time:*] *Argument* is the ſame with *ſubject.* Johnson.

[2] —— *Of this* allow,] To *allow* in our author's time ſignified to *approve.* Malone.

Cam. It is fifteen years,[3] ſince I ſaw my country: though I have, for the moſt part, been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent king, my maſter, hath ſent for me: to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo; which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou loveſt me, Camillo, wipe not out the reſt of thy ſervices, by leaving me now: the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made; better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee: thou, having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done: which if I have not enough conſidered, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee, ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the heaping friendſhips.[4] Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee ſpeak no more: whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remem-

[3] *It is* fifteen *years,*] We ſhould read—*ſixteen. Time* has juſt ſaid:

——*that I ſlide*
O'er fixteen *years*——

Again, Act V. ſc. iii: "Which lets go by ſome *ſixteen* years."—Again, *ibid.*:—"Which *ſixteen* winters cannot blow away." Steevens.

[4] ——*and my profit therein, the* heaping friendſhips.] The ſenſe of *heaping friendſhips,* though like many other of our author's, unuſual, at leaſt unuſual to modern ears, is not very obſcure. *To be more thankful ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein the heaping friendſhips.* That is, *I will for the future be more liberal of recompence, from which I ſhall receive this advantage, that as I heap benefits I ſhall heap friendſhips, as I confer favours on thee I ſhall increaſe the friendſhip between us.* Johnson.

Friendſhips is, I believe, here uſed, with ſufficient licence, merely for *friendly offices.* Malone.

brance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled king, my brother; whoſe loſs of his moſt precious queen, and children, are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the prince Florizel my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days, ſince I ſaw the prince: What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have, miſſingly, noted,[5] he is of late much retired from court; and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes, than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have conſidered ſo much, Camillo; and with ſome care; ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs: from whom I have this intelligence; That he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, ſir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note: the report of her is extended more, than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe part of my intelligence. But, I fear the angle[6] that plucks our ſon thither.

[5] —— *but I have,* miſſingly, *noted,*] *Miſſingly* noted means, I have obſerved him at *intervals,* not conſtantly or regularly, but occaſionally. Steevens.

[6] —— *But, I fear the* angle —] Mr. Theobald reads,—*and* I fear the *engle.* Johnson.

Angle in this place means a *fiſhing-rod,* which he repreſents as drawing his ſon, like a fiſh, away. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I:

Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place: where we will, not appearing what we are, have ſome queſtion[7] with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt Camillo!—We muſt diſguiſe ourſelves. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Road near the Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter Autolycus,[8] *ſinging.*

When daffodils begin to peer,[9]——
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,—
Why, then comes in the ſweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.[1]

" ——————he did win
" The hearts of all that he did *angle* for."

Again, in *All's well that ends well:*

" She knew her diſtance, and did *angle* for me."

Steevens.

So, in Lyly's *Sapho and Phao*, 1591:

" Thine *angle* is ready, when thine oar is idle; and as ſweet is the fiſh which thou getteſt in the river, as the fowl which other buy in the market." Malone.

[7] ——*ſome* queſtion—] i. e. ſome talk. See Vol. VI. p. 280, n. 8. Malone.

[8] —— *Autolycus,*] *Autolycus* was the ſon of Mercury, and as famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery as his father:

" *Non fuit Autolyci tam piceata manus.*" Martial.

See alſo; Homer's *Odyſſey*, Book XIX. Steevens.

[9] *When daffodils begin to peer,*——

And

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,] " Two *nonſenſical*

The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,[2]—
With, hey! the ſweet birds, O, how they ſing!—
Doth ſet my pugging tooth[3] *on edge;*
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a king.

ſongs, by the rogue Autolycus," ſays Dr. Burney.—But could not the many compliments paid by Shakſpeare to muſical ſcience, intercede for a better epithet than *nonſenſical?*

The Dr. ſubſequently obſerves, that "This Autolycus is the true *ancient* Minſtrel, as deſcribed in the old Fabliaux."

I believe, that many of our readers will puſh the compariſon a little further, and concur with me in thinking that our *modern* minſtrels of the opera, like their predeceſſor Autolycus, are *pick-pockets* as well as ſingers of *nonſenſical* ballads. STEEVENS.

[1] *For the red blood* reigns *in the* winter's *pale.*] This line has ſuffered a great variety of alterations, but I am perſuaded the old reading is the true one. The firſt folio has "the *winter's pale*;" and the meaning is, the red, the *ſpring* blood now *reigns o'er* the parts lately under the *dominion of winter*. The *Engliſh pale*, the *Iriſh pale*, were frequent expreſſions in Shakſpeare's time; and the words *red* and *pale* were choſen for the ſake of the *antitheſis*. FARMER.

Dr. Farmer is certainly right. I had offered this explanation to Dr. Johnſon, who rejected it. In *King Henry V.* our author ſays:

"——the Engliſh beach
"*Pales* in the flood," &c.

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Whate'er the ocean *pales*, or ſky inclips."

Holinſhed, p. 528, calls Sir Richard Aſton: "Lieutenant of the Engliſh *pale*, for the earle of Summerſet." Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"How are we park'd, and bounded in a *pale*."

STEEVENS.

[2] *The white ſheet* bleaching &c.] So, in the ſong at the end of *Love's Labour's Loſt*, SPRING mentions as deſcriptive of that ſeaſon, that then "—maidens *bleach* their ſummer *ſmocks*."

MALONE.

[3] ——*pugging tooth*—] Sir T. Hanmer, and after him Dr. Warburton, read—*progging tooth*. It is certain that *pugging* is not now underſtood. But Dr. Thirlby obſerves, that it is the cant of gypſies. JOHNSON.

The word *pugging* is uſed by Greene in one of his pieces;

The lark, that tirra-lirra chants,[4]—
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:—
Are ſummer ſongs for me and my aunts,[5]
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

and a *puggard* was a cant name for ſome particular kind of thief. So, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611:

"Of cheaters, lifters, nips, foiſts, *puggards*, curbers."

See to *prigge* in Minſheu. STEEVENS.

[4] *The lark, that* tirra-lirra *chants.*]

" — — — — — — —
" La gentille allouette avec ſon *tire-lire*
" *Tire lire a lirè et tire-lirant tire*
" Vers la voute du Ciel, puis ſon vol vers ce lieu
" Vire et deſire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu."
Du Bartas, Liv. 5, de ſa premiere ſemaine.
" Ecce ſuum *tirile tirile*: ſuum *tirile* tractat."
Linnæi Fauna Suecica.
HOLT WHITE.

So, in an ancient poem entitled, *The Silke Worms and their Flies*, 1599:

" Let Philomela ſing, let Progne chide,
" Let *Tyry-tyry-leerers* upward flie—."

In the margin the author explains *Tyryleerers* by its ſynonyme, *larks*. MALONE.

[5] —— *my aunts,*] *Aunt* appears to have been at this time a cant word for a *bawd*. In Middleton's comedy, called, *A Trick to catch the old One*, 1616, is the following confirmation of its being uſed in that ſenſe:—" It was better beſtowed upon his uncle than one of his *aunts*, I need not ſay *bawd*, for every one knows what *aunt* ſtands for in the laſt tranſlation." Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" I never knew
" What fleeking, glazing, or what preſſing meant,
" Till you preferr'd me to your *aunt* the lady:
" I knew no ivory teeth, no caps of hair,
" No mercury, water, fucus, or perfumes
" To help a lady's breath, until your *aunt*
" Learn'd me the common trick."

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635: " I'll call you one of my *aunts*, fifter; that were as good as to call you arrant *whore*." STEEVENS.

I have ſerved prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore three-pile;[6] but now I am out of ſervice:

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do moſt go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffick is ſheets;[7] when the kite builds, look

[6] —— *wore* three-pile;] i. e. rich velvet. So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" —— and line them
" With black, crimſon, and tawny *three pil'd velvet.*"

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Maſter *Three-pile*, the mercer." STEEVENS.

[7] *My traffick is ſheets*; &c.] So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" Our fingers are lime twigs, and barbers we be,
" To catch *ſheets* from hedges moſt pleaſant to ſee."

Again, in *Queen Elizabeth's Entertainment in Suffolke and Norfolke*, &c. by Thomas Churchyard, 4to. no date, *Riotte* ſays:

" If any heere three ydle people needes,
" Call us in time, for we are fine for *ſheetes*:
" Yea, for a ſhift, to ſteale them from the hedge,
" And lay both *ſheetes* and linnen all to gage.
" We are beſt be gone, leaſt ſome do heare alledge
" We are but roages, and clappe us in the cage."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Beggars' Buſh*:

" To ſteal from the hedge both the ſhirt and the *ſheet*."
STEEVENS.

Autolycus means, that his practice was to ſteal ſheets and large pieces of linen, leaving the ſmaller pieces for the kites to build with. M. MASON.

When the kite builds, look to leſſer linen.] *Leſſer linen* is an

to leſſer linen. My father named me, Autolycus;[8] who, being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles: With die, and drab, I purchaſed this capariſon;[9] and my revenue is the ſilly cheat:[1] Gallows, and knock,

ancient term, for which our modern laundreſſes have ſubſtituted —*ſmall clothes.* STEEVENS.

This paſſage, I find, is not generally underſtood. When the good women, in ſolitary cottages near the woods where kites build, miſs any of their *leſſer linen*, as it hangs to dry on the hedge in ſpring, they conclude that the kite has been marauding for a lining to her neſt; and there adventurous boys often find it employed for that purpoſe. HOLT WHITE.

[8] —— *My father nam'd me, Autolycus*; &c.] Mr. Theobald ſays, *the alluſion is unqueſtionably to Ovid.* He is miſtaken. Not only the alluſion, but the whole ſpeech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from ſeveral places of his works. It is from *his diſcourſe on judicial aſtrology*, where Autolycus talks much in the ſame manner; and 'tis on this account that he is called the ſon of Mercury by the ancients, namely, becauſe he was born under that planet. And as the infant was ſuppoſed by the aſtrologers to communicate of the nature of the ſtar which predominated, ſo Autolycus was a thief. WARBURTON.

This piece of Lucian, to which Dr. Warburton refers, was tranſlated long before the time of Shakſpeare. I have ſeen it, but it had no date. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *With die, and drab, I purchaſed this capariſon*;] i. e. with gaming and whoring, I brought myſelf to this ſhabby dreſs. PERCY.

[1] —— *my revenue is the* ſilly *cheat:*] *Silly* is uſed by the writers of our author's time, for ſimple, low, mean; and in this the humour of the ſpeech conſiſts. I don't aſpire to arduous and high things, as Bridewell or the gallows: I am contented with this humble and low way of life, as a *ſnapper-up of unconſidered trifles.* But the Oxford editor, who, by his emendations, ſeems to have declared war againſt all Shakſpeare's humour, alters it to,—*the fly cheat.* WARBURTON.

The *ſilly cheat* is one of the *technical* terms belonging to the art of *coneycatching* or *thievery*, which Greene has mentioned

are too powerful on the highway:[2] beating, and hanging, are terrors to me; for the life to come, I ſleep out the thought of it.—A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me ſee:—Every 'leven wether—tods;[3]

among the reſt, in his treatiſe on that ancient and honourable ſcience. I think it means *picking pockets*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Gallows, and knock*, &c.] The reſiſtance which a highwayman encounters in the fact, and the puniſhment which he ſuffers on detection, withhold me from daring robbery, and determine me to the ſilly cheat and petty theft. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *tods*;] A *tod* is twenty-eight pounds of wool. PERCY.

I was led into an error concerning this paſſage by the word *tods*, which I conceived to be a ſubſtantive, but which is uſed ungrammatically as the third perſon ſingular of the verb to *tod*, in concord with the preceding words—*every 'leven wether*. The ſame diſregard of grammar is found in almoſt every page of the old copies, and has been properly corrected, but here is in character, and ſhould be preſerved.

Dr. Farmer obſerves to me, that to *tod* is uſed as a verb by dealers in wool; thus, they ſay: "Twenty ſheep ought to *tod* fifty pounds of wool," &c. The meaning, therefore, of the Clown's words is: "Every eleven wether *tods*; i. e. *will produce a tod*, or twenty-eight pounds of wool; every tod yields a pound and ſome odd ſhillings; what then will the wool of fifteen hundred yield?"

The occupation of his father furniſhed our poet with accurate knowledge on this ſubject; for two pounds and a half of wool is, I am told, a very good produce from a ſheep at the time of ſhearing. About thirty ſhillings a tod is a high price at this day. It is ſingular, as Sir Henry Englefield remarks to me, that there ſhould be ſo little variation between the price of wool in Shakſpeare's time and the preſent.—In 1425, as I learn from Kennet's *Parochial Antiquities*, a tod of wool ſold for nine ſhillings and ſixpence. MALONE.

Every 'leven wether—tods;] This has been rightly expounded to mean that the wool of *eleven ſheep* would weigh a *tod*, or 28*lb*. Each fleece would, therefore, be 2 *lb*. 8 *oz*. 11½ *dr*. nd the

every tod yields—pound and odd ſhilling: fifteen hundred ſhorn,—What comes the wool to?

Aut. If the ſpringe hold, the cock's mine.

[*Aſide.*

Clo. I cannot do't without counters.[4]—Let me ſee; what I am to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt?[5] *Three pound of ſugar; five pound of currants; rice*——What will this ſiſter of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She hath made me four-and-twenty noſegays for the ſhearers: three-man ſong-men all,[6] and very good ones; but they are moſt of

whole produce of *fifteen hundred ſhorn* 136 *tod*, 1 clove, 2*lb*. 6*oz*. 2 *dr*. which *at pound and odd ſhilling per* tod, would yield £. 143 3 0. Our author was too familiar with the ſubject to be ſuſpected of inaccuracy.

Indeed it appears from Stafford's *Breefe Conceipte of Engliſh Pollicye*, 1581, p. 16, that the price of a tod of wool was at that period *twenty* or *two* and *twenty ſhillings*: ſo that the medium price was exactly "*pound* and *odd ſhilling*." Ritson.

[4] ——*without* counters.] By the help of ſmall circular pieces of baſe metal, all reckonings were anciently adjuſted among the illiterate and vulgar. Thus, Iago, in contempt of Caſſio, calls him—*counter-caſter*. See my note on *Othello*, Act I. ſc. i. Steevens.

[5] ——*ſheep-ſhearing feaſt?*] The expence attending theſe feſtivities, appears to have afforded matter of complaint. Thus, in *Queſtions of profitable and pleaſant Concernings*, &c. 1594: "If it be a *ſheep-ſhearing feaſt*, maiſter Baily can entertaine you with his bill of reckonings to his maiſter of three ſheap-heard's wages, ſpent on freſh cates, beſides *ſpices* and *ſaffron* pottage." Steevens.

[6] ——*three-man ſong-men all,*] i. e. ſingers of catches in three parts. *A ſix-man ſong* occurs in *The Tournament of Tottenham*. See *The Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. II. p. 24. Percy.

So, in Heywood's *King Edward IV.* 1626: "——call Dudgeon and his fellows, we'll have a *three-man* ſong." Before the

them means and baſes:[7] but one Puritan amongſt them, and he ſings pſalms to hornpipes. I muſt have *ſaffron*, to colour the warden pies;[8] *mace*,—*dates*,—none; that's out of my note: *nutmegs, ſeven*; *a race, or two, of ginger*; but that I may beg;—*four pound of prunes, and as many of raiſins o'the ſun.*

Aut. O, that ever I was born!

[*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I'the name of me,[9]——

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off theſe rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor ſoul! thou haſt need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have theſe off.

Aut. O, ſir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends

comedy of *The Gentle Craft, or the Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600, ſome of theſe *three-man ſongs* are printed. Steevens.

[7] ——means *and baſes:*] *Means* are tenors. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" ——he can ſing
" A *mean* moſt meanly." Steevens.

[8] ——warden *pies;*] *Wardens* are a ſpecies of large pears. I believe the name is diſuſed at preſent. It however afforded Ben Jonſon room for a quibble in his maſque of *Gypſies Metamorphoſed:*

" A deputy tart, a church-*warden* pye."

It appears from a paſſage in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, that theſe pears were uſually eaten roaſted:

" I would have had him *roaſted like a warden*,
" In brown paper."

The French call this pear the *poire de garde*. Steevens.

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, voce *Warden Tree*, [*Volemum*] ſays, *Volema* autem *pyra* ſunt prægrandia, ita dicta quod impleant volam. Reed.

[9] *I'the name of me,*] This is a vulgar exclamation, which I have often heard uſed. So, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek:—" Before *me*, ſhe's a good wench." Steevens.

me more than the ſtripes I have received; which are mighty ones, and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, ſir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſe-man, or a foot-man?

Aut. A foot-man, ſweet ſir, a foot-man.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a foot-man, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſe-man's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. O! good ſir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O, good ſir, ſoftly, good ſir: I fear, ſir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear ſir; [*Picks his pocket.*] good ſir, ſoftly: you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet ſir; no, I beſeech you, ſir: I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: Offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.[1]

[1] —— *that* kills my heart.] So, in *King Henry V.* Dame Quickly, ſpeaking of Falſtaff, ſays—"the king hath *killed his heart.*" STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 101, n. 7. MALONE.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, ſir, that I have known to go about with trol-my-dames:[2] I knew him once a ſervant of the prince; I cannot tell, good ſir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cheriſh it, to make it ſtay there; and yet it will no more but abide.[3]

[2] ——*with* trol-my-dames:] *Trou-madame,* French. The game of nine-holes. WARBURTON.

In Dr. Jones's old treatiſe on *Buckſtone Bathes,* he ſays: "The ladyes, gentle woomen, wyves, maydes, if the weather be not agreeable, may have in the ende of a benche, eleven holes made, intoo the which to troule pummits, either wyolent or ſofte, after their own diſcretion: the paſtyme *troule in madame* is termed." FARMER.

The old Engliſh title of this game was *pigeon-holes*; as the arches in the machine through which the balls are rolled, reſemble the cavities made for *pigeons* in a *dove-houſe*. So, in *The Antipodes,* 1638:

"Three-pence I loſt at nine-pins; but I got
"Six tokens towards that at *pigeon-holes.*"

Again, in *A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd,* 1632: "What quickſands, he finds out, as dice, cards, *pigeon-holes.*" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens is perfectly accurate in his deſcription of the game of *Trou-madame,* or *pigeon-holes. Nine holes* is quite another thing; thus:

o o o being ſo many holes made in the ground, into which
o o o they are to bowl a pellet. I have ſeen both played
o o o at. RITSON.

This game is mentioned by Drayton in the 14th ſong of his *Polyolbion:*

"At *nine-holes* on the heath while they together play."
STEEVENS.

[3] ——*abide.*] To *abide,* here, muſt ſignify, to *ſojourn,* to live for a time without a ſettled habitation. JOHNSON.

Aut. Vices I would ſay, ſir. I know this man well: he hath been ſince an ape-bearer; then a proceſs-ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſſed a motion of the prodigal ſon,[4] and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in rogue: ſome call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! Prig, for my life, prig:[5] he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, ſir; he, ſir, he; that's the rogue, that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia; if you had but looked big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, ſir, I am no fighter: I am falſe of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet ſir, much better than I was; I can ſtand, and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced ſir; no, ſweet ſir.

To *abide* is again uſed in *Macbeth*, in the ſenſe of *tarrying for a while:*

"I'll call upon you ſtraight; *abide* within." MALONE.

[4] ——motion *of the prodigal ſon,*] i. e. the *puppet-ſhew*, then called *motions*. A term frequently occurring in our author. WARBURTON.

[5] ——Prig, *for my life, prig:*] To *prig* is to *filch*. MALONE.

In the canting language *Prig* is a thief or pick-pocket; and therefore in *The Beggars' Buſh*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, *Prig* is the name of a knaviſh beggar. WHALLEY.

Clo. Then fare thee well; I muſt go buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing.

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet ſir!—[*Exit* Clown.] Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: If I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unrolled, and my name put in the book of virtue![6]

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,[7]
And merrily hent the ſtile-a:[8]
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a. [Exit.

[6] —— *let me be* unrolled, *and my name put in the book of virtue!*] Begging gypſies, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had ſomething of the ſhow of an incorporated body. From this noble ſociety he wiſhes he may be unrolled, if he does not ſo and ſo. WARBURTON.

[7] *Jog on, jog on,* &c.] Theſe lines are part of a catch printed in *An Antidote againſt Melancholy, made up in Pills compounded of witty Ballads, Jovial Songs, and merry Catches,* 1661, 4to. p. 69. REED.

[8] *And merrily* hent *the ſtile-a:*] To *hent* the ſtile, is to take hold of it. I was miſtaken when I ſaid in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure,* Act IV. ſc. ult. that the verb was—to *hend.* It is to *hent,* and comes from the Saxon pentan. So, in the old romance of *Guy Earl of Warwick,* bl. l. no date:

"Some by the armes *hent* good Guy."

Again:

"And ſome by the brydle him *hent.*"

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. III. c. vii:

"Great labour fondly haſt thou *hent* in hand."

STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Shepherd's Cottage.

Enter FLORIZEL *and* PERDITA.

FLO. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs; but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on't.

PER. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes,[9] it not becomes me;
O, pardon, that I name them: your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o'the land,[1] you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up:[2] But that our feaſts

[9] ——*your* extremes,] That is, your *exceſſes*, the *extravagance* of your praiſes. JOHNSON.

By his *extremes*, Perdita does not mean his *extravagant praiſes*, as Johnſon ſuppoſes; but the *extravagance of his conduct*, in obſcuring himſelf "in a ſwain's wearing," while he "pranked her up moſt goddeſs-like." The following words, *O pardon that I name them*, prove this to be her meaning. M. MASON.

[1] *The gracious* mark *o'the land*,] The *object* of all men's *notice* and expectation. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"He was the *mark* and glaſs, copy and book,
"That faſhion'd others." MALONE.

[2] ——prank'd *up*:] To *prank* is to dreſs with oſtentation. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"For they do *prank* them in authority."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, 1661:

"I pray you go *prank* you." STEEVENS.

In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it[3] with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhow myſelf a glaſs.[4]

[3] *Digeſt* it—] The word *it* was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[4] ——*ſworn, I think,*
To ſhow myſelf a glaſs.] i. e. one would think that in putting on this habit of a ſhepherd, you had ſworn to put me out of countenance; for in this, as in a glaſs, you ſhew me how much below yourſelf you muſt deſcend before you can get upon a level with me. The ſentiment is fine, and expreſſes all the delicacy, as well as humble modeſty of the character. WARBURTON.

Dr. Thirlby inclines rather to Sir T. Hanmer's emendation, which certainly makes an eaſy ſenſe, and is, in my opinion, preferable to the preſent reading. But concerning this paſſage I know not what to decide. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has well enough explained this paſſage according to the old reading. Though I cannot help offering a tranſpoſition, which I would explain thus:

——*But that our feaſts*
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, (ſworn I think,)
To ſee you ſo attired, I ſhould bluſh
To ſhow myſelf a glaſs.

i. e.—But that our ruſtick feaſts are in every part accompanied with abſurdity of the ſame kind, which cuſtom has authorized, (cuſtom which one would think the gueſts had ſworn to obſerve,) I ſhould bluſh to preſent myſelf before a glaſs, which would ſhow me my own perſon adorned in a manner ſo foreign to my humble ſtate, or ſo much better habited than even that of my prince. STEEVENS.

I think ſhe means only to ſay, that the prince, by the *ruſtick* habit that he wears, ſeems as if he had ſworn to ſhow her a glaſs, in which ſhe might behold how ſhe *ought* to be attired, inſtead of being "moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up." The paſſage quoted in p. 329, from *King Henry IV.* P. II. confirms this interpretation. In *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. VII. p. 72, a foreſter having given the Princeſs a true repreſentatien of herſelf, ſhe addreſſes him:—"Here, good my *glaſs*."

Again, in *Julius Cæſar*:

Flo. I bleſs the time,
When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
Thy father's ground.[5]

Per. Now Jove afford you cauſe!
To me, the difference forges dread;[6] your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear. Even now I tremble
To think, your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: O, the fates!
How would he look, to ſee his work, ſo noble,
Vilely bound up?[7] What would he ſay? Or how

" ——— I, your *glaſs*,
" Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf,
" That of yourſelf," &c.

Again, more appoſitely, in *Hamlet*:

" —— he was indeed the *glaſs*,
" Wherein the noble youth did *dreſs* themſelves."

Florizel is here Perdita's glaſs. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ſwoon*, inſtead of *ſworn*. There is, in my opinion, no need of change; and the words " to *ſhew* myſelf" appear to me inconſiſtent with that reading.

Sir Thomas Hanmer probably thought the ſimilitude of the words *ſworn* and *ſwoon* favourable to his emendation; but he forgot that *ſwoon* in the old copies of theſe plays is always written *ſound* or *ſwound*. Malone.

[5] *When my good* falcon *made her flight acroſs*
Thy father's ground.] This circumſtance is likewiſe taken from the novel: " — And as they returned, it fortuned that Doraſtus (who all that day had been *hawking*, and killed ſtore of game,) incountered by the way theſe two maides." Malone.

[6] *To me the* difference *forges dread;*] Meaning the difference between his rank and hers. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:

" The courſe of true love never did run ſmooth,
" But either it was *different* in blood—." M. Mason.

[7] ——*his work, ſo noble,*
Vilely bound up?] It is impoſſible for any man to rid his mind of his profeſſion. The authorſhip of Shakſpeare has ſupplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would loſe it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country

Should I, in theſe my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love,[8] have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now: Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer;
Nor in a way[9] ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour; nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind paſſed naturally to the binder. I am glad that he has no hint at an editor.
JOHNSON.

The alluſion occurs more than once in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" This precious *book of love*, this *unbound lover*,
" To beautify him only lacks a *cover*."

Again:

" That book in many eyes doth ſhare the glory,
" That in *gold claſps* locks in the golden ſtory."
STEEVENS.

[8] ——*The gods themſelves,*
Humbling their deities to love,] This is taken almoſt literally from the novel: " The Gods above diſdaine not to love women beneath. Phœbus liked Daphne; Jupiter Io; and why not I then Fawnia? One ſomething inferior to theſe in birth, but far ſuperior to them in beauty; born to be a ſhepherdeſſe, but worthy to be a goddeſſe." Again: " And yet, Doraſtus, ſhame not thy ſhepherd's weed.—The heavenly gods have ſometime earthly thought; Neptune became a ram, Jupiter a bull, Apollo a ſhepherd: they gods, and yet in love;—thou a man, appointed to love." MALONE.

[9] *Nor* in a *way* —] Read:—Nor *any* way. RITSON.

Nor in a way ſo chaſte:] It muſt be remembered that the tranſformations of Gods were generally for illicit amours; and conſequently were not " in a way ſo chaſte" as that of Florizel, whoſe object was to marry Perdita. A. C.

Per. O but, dear ſir,[1]
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by the power o'the king:
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,
Which then will ſpeak; that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou deareſt Perdita,
With theſe forc'd thoughts,[2] I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o'the feaſt: Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's: for I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine: to this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay, no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe, with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance; as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.

Per. O lady fortune.
Stand you auſpicious!

[1] *O but,* dear *ſir,*] In the oldeſt copy the word—*dear,* is wanting. Steevens.

The editor of the ſecond folio reads—O but, *dear* ſir; to complete the metre. But the addition is unneceſſary; *burn* in the preceding hemiſtich being uſed as a diſſyllable. Perdita in a former part of this ſcene addreſſes Florizel in the ſame reſpectful manner as here: "*Sir,* my precious lord," &c. I formerly, not adverting to what has been now ſtated, propoſed to take the word *your* from the ſubſequent line; but no change is neceſſary. Malone.

I follow the ſecond folio, confeſſing my inability to read—*burn,* as a word of more than one ſyllable. Steevens.

[2] *With theſe* forc'd *thoughts,*] That is, thoughts far-fetched, and not ariſing from the preſent objects. M. Mason.

Enter Shepherd, *with* POLIXENES *and* CAMILLO, *diſguiſed*; Clown, MOPSA, DORCAS, *and Others.*

FLO. See, your gueſts approach:
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

SHEP. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day, ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and ſervant: welcom'd all; ſerv'd all:
Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his ſhoulder, and his: her face o' fire
With labour; and the thing, ſhe took to quench it,
She would to each one ſip: You are retir'd,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: Pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to us welcome: for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes; and preſent yourſelf
That which you are, miſtreſs o'the feaſt:[3] Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

PER. Welcome, ſir! [*To* POL.
It is my father's will, I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o'the day:—You're welcome, ſir!
[*To* CAMILLO.
Give me thoſe flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend ſirs,
For you there's roſemary, and rue; theſe keep

[3] *That which you are*, miſtreſs o'the feaſt:] From the novel: "It happened not long after this, that there was a meeting of all the farmers' daughters of Sicilia, whither Fawnia was alſo bidden as *miſtreſs of the feaſt*." MALONE.

Seeming, and ſavour, all the winter long:
Grace, and remembrance, be to you both,[4]
And welcome to our ſhearing!

Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter,—the faireſt flowers o'the ſeaſon
Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
Which ſome call nature's baſtards: of that kind
Our ruſtick garden's barren; and I care not
To get ſlips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it ſaid,[5]

[4] *For you there's* roſemary, *and* rue; *theſe keep*
Seeming, *and* ſavour, *all the winter long:*
Grace, *and* remembrance, *be to you both,*] Ophelia diſtributes the ſame plants, and accompanies them with the ſame documents. "There's *roſemary*, that's for *remembrance*. There's *rue* for you: we may call it herb of *grace*." The qualities of retaining *ſeeming* and *ſavour*, appear to be the reaſon why theſe plants were conſidered as emblematical of *grace* and *remembrance*. The noſegay diſtributed by Perdita with the ſignifications annexed to each flower, reminds one of the ænigmatical letter from a Turkiſh lover, deſcribed by Lady M. W. Montagu. HENLEY.

Grace, and remembrance,] *Rue* was called *herb of Grace*. *Roſemary* was the emblem of remembrance; I know not why, unleſs becauſe it was carried at funerals. JOHNSON.

Roſemary was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, and is preſcribed for that purpoſe in the books of ancient phyſick. STEEVENS.

[5] For *I have heard it ſaid,*] *For*, in this place, ſignifies—*becauſe that*. So, in Chaucer's *Clerkes Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 8092:

There is an art, which, in their piedneſs, ſhares
With great creating nature.[6]

Pol. Say, there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: ſo, o'er that art,
Which, you ſay, adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
A gentler ſcion to the wildeſt ſtock;
And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
By bud of nobler race; This is an art
Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but
The art itſelf is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyflowers,[7]

" She dranke, and *for* ſhe wolde vertue pleſe,
" She knew wel labour, but non idel eſe." Steevens.

[6] *There is an art, which, in their piedneſs, ſhares*
With great creating nature.] That is, as Mr. T. Warton obſerves, " There is an art which can produce flowers, with *as great a variety of colours* as nature herſelf."
This art is pretended to be taught at the ends of ſome of the old books that treat of cookery, &c. but, being utterly impracticable, is not worth exemplification. Steevens.

[7] —— *in* gillyflowers,] There is ſome further conceit relative to *gillyflowers* than has yet been diſcovered. The old copy, (in both inſtances where this word occurs,) reads—*Gilly'vors*, a term ſtill uſed by low people in Suſſex, to denote a harlot. In *A Wonder, or a Woman never vex'd*, 1632, is the following paſſage: A lover is behaving with freedom to his miſtreſs as they are going into a garden, and after ſhe has alluded to the quality of many herbs, he adds: " You have fair roſes, have you not?" " Yes, ſir, (ſays ſhe,) but no *gilliflowers*." Meaning, perhaps, that ſhe would not be treated like a *gill-flirt*, i. e. wanton, a word often met with in the old plays, but written *flirt-gill* in *Romeo and Juliet*. I ſuppoſe *gill-flirt* to be derived, or rather corrupted, from *gilly-flower* or carnation, which, though beautiful in its appearance, is apt, in the gardener's phraſe, to *run* from its colours, and change as often as a licentious female.

And do not call them baſtards.

Per. I'll not put
The dibble [8] in earth to ſet one ſlip of them:
No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
This youth ſhould ſay, 'twere well; and only therefore
Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, ſavory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed with the ſun,
And with him riſes [9] weeping; theſe are flowers
Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
To men of middle age: You are very welcome.

Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January

Prior, in his *Solomon*, has taken notice of the ſame variability in this ſpecies of flowers:

"——the fond carnation loves to ſhoot
"Two various colours from one parent root."

In Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, ſome ſorts of *gilliflowers* are called *ſmall honeſties, cuckoo gillofers*, &c. And in *A. W.'s Commendation of Gaſcoigne and his Poſies*, is the following remark on this ſpecies of flower:

"Some think that *gilliflowers do yield a gelous ſmell.*"

See Gaſcoigne's Works, 1587. Steevens.

The following line in *The Paradiſe of daintie Deviſes*, 1578, may add ſome ſupport to the firſt part of Mr. Steevens's note:

"Some jolly youth the *gilly-flower* eſteemeth for his joy."

Malone.

[8] ——*dibble*—] An inſtrument uſed by gardeners to make holes in the earth for the reception of young plants. See it in Minſheu. Steevens.

[9] *The marigold, that goes to bed with the ſun,*
And with him riſes—] Hence, ſays Lupton, in his *Sixth Book of notable Things*: "Some calles it, Sponſus Solis, the Spowſe of the Sunne; becauſe it ſleepes and is awakened with him." Steevens.

Would blow you through and through.—Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o'the spring, that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours;
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing:—O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon![1] daffodils,
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,[2]

[1] ——— *O Proserpina,*
For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon!] So, in Ovid's *Metam.* B. V:
" —— ut summa vestem laxavit ab ora,
" Collecti flores tunicis cecidere remissis." STEEVENS.

The whole passage is thus translated by Golding, 1587:
" While in this garden *Proserpine* was taking her pastime,
" In gathering either *violets* blew, or *lillies* white as lime,—
" *Dis* spide her, lou'd her, caught hir up, and all at once well neere.—
" The ladie with a wailing voice *afright* did often call
" Hir mother——
" And as she from the upper part hir garment would have rent,
" By chance she let her lap slip downe, and out her *flowers* went." RITSON.

[2] ——— *violets, dim,*
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,] I suspect that our author mistakes Juno for Pallas, who was the *goddess of blue eyes.* Sweeter than an *eye-lid* is an odd image: but perhaps he uses *sweet* in the general sense, for *delightful.* JOHNSON.

It was formerly the fashion to kiss the eyes, as a mark of extraordinary tenderness. I have somewhere met with an account of the first reception one of our kings gave to his new queen, where he is said to have *kissed her fayre eyes.* So, in Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide,* v. 1358:
" This Troilus full oft her *eyen two*
" Gan for to kisse," &c.

Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold [3]

Thus alſo, in the ſixteenth *Odyſſey*, 15, Eumæus kiſſes both the eyes of Telemachus:

" Κύσσε δὲ μιν κεφαλήν τε, και αμφω φάεα καλά;—"

The ſame line occurs in the following Book, v. 39, where Penelope expreſſes her fondneſs for her ſon.

Again, in an ancient MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Strutt the engraver:

" O Juno, be not angry with thy Jove,
" But let me kiſſe thine *eyes* my ſweete delight." p. 6. b.

Another reaſon, however, why the *eyes* were kiſſed inſtead of the lips, may be found in a very ſcarce book entitled *A courtlie Controverſy of Cupids Cautels: Conteyning Fiue tragicall Hiſtories, &c. Tranſlated out of French &c. by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578: " Oh howe wiſe were our forefathers to forbidde wyne ſo ſtrictly unto their children, and much more to their wives, ſo that for drinking wine they deſerved defame, and being taken with the maner, it was lawful to kiſſe their mouthes, whereas otherwiſe *men kiſſed but their eyes*, to ſhowe that wine drinkers were apt to further offence."

The eyes of Juno were as remarkable as thoſe of Pallas:

" ——— βοώπις πότνια "Ηρη." *Homer.*

But (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) " we are not told that Pallas was the goddeſs of blue eye-*lids*; beſides, as Shakſpeare joins in the compariſon, the breath of Cytherea with the eye-lids of Juno, it is evident that he does not allude to the colour, but to the fragrance of violets." STEEVENS.

So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

" ——— That *eye* was *Juno's*,
" Thoſe lips were hers that won the golden ball,
" That virgin bluſh, Diana's."

Spenſer, as well as our author, has attributed beauty to the *eye-lid*:

" Upon her eye-*lids* many graces ſate,
" Under the ſhadow of her even brows."
Fairy Queen, B. II. c. iii. ſt. 25.

Again, in his 40th Sonnet:

" When on each eye-*lid* ſweetly do appear
" An hundred graces, as in ſhade they ſit." MALONE.

[3] ——— *pale primroſes,*
That die unmarried, ere they can behold &c.] So, in *Pimlyco, or Runne Red-Cap*, 1609:

Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength, a malady
Moſt incident to maids; bold oxlips,[4] and
The crown-imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, theſe I lack,
To make you garlands of; and, my ſweet friend,
To ſtrew him o'er and o'er.

Flo. What? like a corſe?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corſe: or if,—not to be buried,

" The pretty Dazie (eye of day)
" The *Prime-Roſe* which doth firſt diſplay
" Her youthful colours, and *firſt dies*:
" Beauty and Death are enemies."

Again, in Milton's *Lycidas*:

" —— the rathe *primroſe* that *forſaken dies*."

Mr. Warton, in a note on my laſt quotation, aſks " But why does the Primroſe die *unmarried*? Not becauſe it blooms and decays before the appearance of other flowers; as in a ſtate of ſolitude, and without ſociety. Shakſpeare's reaſon, why it dies *unmarried*, is unintelligible, or rather is ſuch as I do not wiſh to underſtand. The true reaſon is, becauſe it grows in the ſhade, uncheriſhed or unſeen by the ſun, who was ſuppoſed to be in love with ſome ſorts of flowers."

Perhaps, however, the true explanation of this paſſage may be deduced from a line originally ſubjoined by Milton to that already quoted from *Lycidas*:

" Bring the rathe primroſe that unwedded dies,
" *Colouring the pale cheek of unenjoy'd love*."

STEEVENS.

[4] —— bold *oxlips*,] *Gold* is the reading of Sir T. Hanmer; the former editions have *bold*. JOHNSON.

The *old reading* is certainly the *true one*. The *oxlip* has not a weak flexible ſtalk like the *cowſlip*, but erects itſelf *boldly* in the face of the ſun. Wallis, in his *Hiſtory of Northumberland*, ſays, that the *great oxlip* grows a foot and a half high. It ſhould be confeſſed, however, that the colour of the *oxlip* is taken notice of by other writers. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —— yellow *oxlips* bright as burniſh'd *gold*."

See Vol. IV. p. 379, n. 8. STEEVENS.

But quick, and in mine arms.[5] Come, take your
flowers:
Methinks, I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſun' paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, ſweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To ſing them too: When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o'the ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo, and own
No other function: Each your doing,[6]
So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praiſes are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,[7]

[5] ——— *not to be buried,*
But quick, and in mine arms.] So, Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:
" *Iſab.* Heigh ho, you'll *bury me*, I ſee.
" *Rob.* In the ſwan's down, and *tomb thee in my arms.*"
Again, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:
" ——— O come, be *buried*
" A ſecond time *within theſe arms.*" Malone.

[6] ——— *Each your doing*, &c.] That is, your manner in each act crowns the act. Johnson.

[7] ——— *but that your youth,*
And the true blood *which fairly* peeps *through it,*] So, Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:
" Through whoſe white ſkin, ſofter than ſoundeſt ſleep,
" With damaſke eyes *the* ruby *blood doth peep.*"
The part of the poem that was written by Marlowe, was publiſhed, I believe, in 1593, but certainly before 1598, a Second

Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think, you have
As little ſkill to fear,[8] as I have purpoſe
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.[9]

Part or Continuation of it by H. Petowe having been printed in that year. It was entered at Stationers' Hall in September 1593, and is often quoted in a collection of verſes entitled *England's Parnaſſus*, printed in 1600. From that collection it appears, that Marlowe wrote only the firſt two Seſtiads, and about a hundred lines of the third, and that the remainder was written by Chapman. Malone.

[8] *I think, you have*
As little ſkill *to fear,*] *To have ſkill to do a thing* was a phraſe then in uſe equivalent to our *to have a reaſon to do a thing*. The Oxford editor, ignorant of this, alters it to:
As little ſkill in *fear.*
which has no kind of ſenſe in this place. Warburton.

I cannot approve of Warburton's explanation of this paſſage, or believe that *to have a ſkill* to do a thing, ever meant, to *have reaſon* to do it; of which, when he aſſerted it, he ought to have produced one example at leaſt.

The fears of women, on ſuch occaſions, are generally owing to their experience. They fear, as they bluſh, becauſe they underſtand. It is to this that Florizel alludes, when he ſays, that Perdita had *little ſkill to fear*.—So Juliet ſays to Romeo:

" But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
" Than thoſe who have more *cunning* to be ſtrange."

M. Mason.

You as little *know* how to fear that I am falſe, as, &c.

Malone.

[9] Per. *I'll ſwear for 'em.*] I fancy this half line is placed to a wrong perſon. And that the King begins his ſpeech aſide:

Pol. *I'll ſwear for 'em,*
This is the prettieſt &c. Johnson.

We ſhould doubtleſs read thus:
I'll ſwear for one.

Pol. This is the prettieſt low-born laſs, that ever
Ran on the green-ſward: nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf;
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out:[1] Good ſooth, ſhe is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs: marry, garlick,
To mend her kiſſing with.—

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand[2] upon our manners.—
Come, ſtrike up. [*Muſick.*

i. e. I will anſwer or engage for myſelf. Some alteration is abſolutely neceſſary. This ſeems the eaſieſt, and the reply will then be perfectly becoming her character. RITSON.

[1] *He tells her ſomething,*
That makes her blood look out:] The meaning muſt be this. The Prince tells her ſomething *that calls the blood up into her cheeks, and makes her bluſh.* She, but a little before, uſes a like expreſſion to deſcribe the Prince's ſincerity:

——— *your youth*
And the true blood, *which fairly* peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd.

THEOBALD.

The old copy reads—look *on't.* STEEVENS.

[2] ——*we ſtand* &c.] That is, we are now on our behaviour. JOHNSON.

So, in *Every Man in his Humour,* Maſter Stephen ſays:
"Nay, we do not *ſtand* much on our gentility, friend."
STEEVENS.

Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what
Fair ſwain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boaſts himſelf[3]
To have a worthy feeding:[4] but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like ſooth:[5] He ſays, he loves my daughter;
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiſs to chooſe,
Who loves another beſt.[6]

[3] ——and *he boaſts himſelf*—] The old copy reads—*and* boaſts himſelf; which cannot, I think, be right. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*a* boaſts himſelf. Malone.

[4] ——*a worthy* feeding:] I conceive *feeding* to be a *paſture*, and a *worthy feeding* to be a tract of paſturage not inconſiderable, not unworthy of my daughter's fortune. Johnson.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation is juſt. So, in Drayton's *Moon-calf:*

"Finding the *feeding* for which he had toil'd
"To have kept ſafe, by theſe vile cattle ſpoil'd."

Again, in the ſixth ſong of the *Polyolbion:*

"——ſo much that do rely
"Upon their *feedings*, flocks, and their fertility."

"A *worthy* feeding (ſays Mr. M. Maſon,) is a *valuable*, a *ſubſtantial* one. Thus, Antonio, in *Twelfth-Night:*

"But were my *worth*, as is my conſcience, firm,
"You ſhould find better dealing."

Worth here means *fortune* or *ſubſtance.* Steevens.

[5] *He looks like* ſooth:] *Sooth* is truth. Obſolete. So, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Thou doſt diſſemble, but I mean good *ſooth.*"

Steevens.

[6] *Who loves* another *beſt.*] Surely we ſhould read—Who loves *the other* beſt. M. Mason.

Pol. She dances ſo featly.

Shep. So ſhe does any thing; though I report it, That ſhould be ſilent: if young Doricles Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that Which he not dreams of.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he ſings ſeveral tunes, faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well; if it be doleful matter, merrily ſet down,[7] or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Serv. He hath ſongs, for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves:[8] he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids; ſo without bawdry, which is ſtrange; with ſuch delicate burdens of *dildos*[9] and *fadings*:[1] *jump her*

[7] ——doleful *matter*, merrily *ſet down*,] This ſeems to be another ſtroke aimed at the title-page of Preſton's *Cambiſes*: "A *lamentable* Tragedy, mixed full of pleaſant *Mirth*," &c. Steevens.

[8] ——*no milliner can ſo fit* his *cuſtomers with gloves*:] In the time of our author, and long afterwards, the trade of a milliner was carried on by men. Malone.

[9] ——*of* dildos—] "With a hie *dildo* dill," is the burthen of *The Batchelors' Feaſt*, an ancient ballad, and is likewiſe called the *Tune* of it. Steevens.

See alſo, *Choice Drollery*, 1656, p. 31:

"A ſtory ſtrange I will you tell,
"But not ſo ſtrange as true,
"Of a woman that danc'd upon the rope,
"And ſo did her huſband too;

and thump her; and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man*; puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*[2]

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?[3]

" With a *dildo, dildo, dildo,*
" With a *dildo, dildo,* dee." MALONE.

[1] ——*fadings*:] An Iriſh dance of this name is mentioned by Ben Jonſon, in *The Iriſh Maſque at Court*:
" ——and daunſh a *fading* at te wedding."
Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Peſtle*:
" I will have him dance *fading*; *fading* is a fine jigg."
TYRWHITT.

So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:
" But under her coats the ball be found.——
" With a *fading*."
Again, in Ben Jonſon's 97th Epigram:
" See you yond motion? not the old *fading*."
STEEVENS.

—*Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*] This was the name of an old ſong. In the famous *Hiſtory of Friar Bacon* we have a ballad *to the tune of* " *Oh! do me no harme, good man.*"
FARMER.

This tune is preſerved in a collection intitled " Ayres, to ſing and play to the Lvte and Baſſe Violl, with Pauins, Galliards, Almaines, and Corantos, for the Lyra Violl. By William Corbine:" 1610, fol. RITSON.

[3] ——*unbraided wares?*] Surely we muſt read *braided*, for ſuch are all the *wares* mentioned in the anſwer. JOHNSON.

I believe by *unbraided wares*, the Clown means, has he any thing beſides *laces* which are *braided*, and are the principal commodity ſold by ballad-ſinging pedlers. Yes, replies the ſervant, *he has ribands*, &c. which are things not *braided*, but *woven*. The drift of the Clown's queſtion, is either to know whether Autolycus has any thing better than is commonly ſold by ſuch vagrants; any thing worthy to be preſented to his miſtreſs: or,

Serv. He hath ribands of all the colours i'the rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,[4] though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes,[5] cambricks, lawns: why, he ſings them over, 'as they were gods

as probably, by enquiring for ſomething which pedlers uſually have not, to eſcape laying out his money at all. The following paſſage in *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, however, leads me to ſuppoſe that there is here ſome alluſion which I cannot explain: "——She ſays that you ſent ware which is not warrantable, *braided* ware, and that you give not London meaſure."

STEEVENS.

Unbraided wares may be wares of the beſt manufacture. *Braid* in Shakſpeare's *All's well*, &c. Act IV. ſc. ii. ſignifies deceitful. *Braided* in Bailey's *Dict.* means *faded*, or having loſt its colour; and why then may not *unbraided* import whatever is undamaged, or what is of the better ſort? Several old ſtatutes forbid the importation of ribands, laces, &c. as "falſely and deceitfully wrought." TOLLET.

Probably *unbraided* wares means "wares *not ornamented with braid*." M. MASON.

The Clown is perhaps inquiring not for ſomething better than common, but for ſmooth and plain goods. Has he any plain wares, not twiſted into braids? Ribands, cambricks, and lawns, all anſwer to this deſcription. MALONE.

[4] ——points, *more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle,*] The *points* that afford Autolycus a ſubject for this quibble, were laces with metal tags to them. *Aiguilettes*, Fr. MALONE.

[5] ——*caddiſſes,*] I do not exactly know what *caddiſſes* are. In Shirley's *Witty Fair One*, 1633, one of the characters ſays: —"I will have eight velvet pages, and ſix footmen in *caddis*."

In *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* I have ſuppoſed *caddis* to be *ferret*. Perhaps by *ſix footmen in caddis*, is meant ſix footmen with their liveries laced with ſuch a kind of worſted ſtuff. As this worſted lace was particoloured, it might have received its title from *cadeſſe*, the ancient name for a *daw*. STEEVENS.

Caddis is, I believe, a narrow worſted galloon. I remember when very young to have heard it enumerated by a pedler among the articles of his pack. There is a very narrow ſlight ſerge of this name now made in France. *Inkle* is a kind of tape alſo. MALONE.

or goddeſſes; you would think, a ſmock were a ſhe-angel; he ſo chants to the ſleeve-hand, and the work about the ſquare on't.[6]

Clo. Pr'ythee, bring him in; and let him approach ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him, that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in his tunes.

[6] —— *the ſleeve*-hand, *and the work about the* ſquare *on't.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads—ſleeve-*band.* Johnson.

The old reading is right, or we muſt alter ſome paſſages in other authors. The word *ſleeve-hands* occurs in Leland's *Collectanea*, 1770, Vol. IV. p. 323: "A ſurcoat [of crimſon velvet] furred with mynever pure, the coller, ſkirts, and *ſleeve-hands* garniſhed with ribbons of gold." So, in Cotgrave's *Dict.* "*Poignet de la chemiſe*," is Engliſhed "the wriſtband, or gathering at the *ſleeve-hand* of a ſhirt." Again, in Leland's *Collectanea*, Vol. IV. p. 293, King James's "ſhurt was broded with thred of gold," and in p. 341, the word *ſleeve-hand* occurs, and ſeems to ſignify the cuffs of a ſurcoat, as here it may mean the cuffs of a ſmock. I conceive, that the *work about the ſquare on't*, ſignifies the work or embroidery about the boſom part of a ſhift, which might then have been of a ſquare form, or might have a ſquare tucker, as Anne Bolen and Jane Seymour have in Houbraken's engravings of the heads of illuſtrious perſons. So, in Fairfax's tranſlation of Taſſo, B. XII. ſt. 64:

"Between her breaſts the cruel weapon rives,
"Her curious *ſquare*, emboſs'd with ſwelling gold."

I ſhould have taken the *ſquare* for a gorget or ſtomacher, but for this paſſage in Shakſpeare. Tollet.

The following paſſage in *John Grange's Garden*, 1577, may likewiſe tend to the ſupport of the ancient reading—ſleeve-*hand*. In a poem called *The Paynting of a Curtizan*, he ſays:

"Their ſmockes are all bewrought about the necke and *hande*." Steevens.

The word *ſleeve-hand* is likewiſe uſed by P. Holland, in his tranſlation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 19: "—in his apparrel he was noted for ſingularity, as who uſed to goe in his ſenatour's purple ſtudded robe, trimmed with a jagge or frindge at the *ſleeve-hand*." Malone.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlers, that have more in 'em than you'd think, ſiſter.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, *ſinging.*

Lawn, as white as driven ſnow;
Cyprus, black as e'er was crow;
Gloves, as ſweet as damaſk roſes;
Maſks for faces, and for noſes;
Bugle bracelet, necklace-amber,[7]
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-ſticks of ſteel,[8]
What maids lack from head to heel:

[7] —— *necklace-amber,*] Place only a comma after *amber.* "Autolycus is puffing his female wares, and ſays that he has got among his other rare articles for ladies, ſome *necklace-amber,* an amber of which necklaces are made, commonly called *bead-amber,* fit to perfume a lady's chamber. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew,* Act IV. ſc. iii. Petruchio mentions *amber-bracelets,* beads," &c. Milton alludes to the fragrance of *amber.* See *Sams. Agon.* v. 720:

"An *amber* ſcent of odorous perfume,
"Her harbinger." T. Warton.

[8] —— *poking-ſticks of ſteel,*] Theſe *poking-ſticks* were heated in the fire, and made uſe of to adjuſt the plaits of ruffs. In Marſton's *Malcontent,* 1604, is the following inſtance:—"There is ſuch a deale of pinning theſe ruffes, when the fine clean fall is worth them all;" and, again: "If you ſhould chance to take a nap in an afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-ſtick* to recover his form," &c. Again, in Middleton's comedy of *Blurt Maſter Conſtable,* 1602: "Your ruff muſt ſtand in print, and for that purpoſe get *poking-ſticks* with fair long handles, leſt they ſcorch your hands."

Theſe *poking-ſticks* are ſeveral times mentioned in Heywood's *If you know not me you know Nobody,* 1633, ſecond part; and

Come, buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry:
Come, buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopſa, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being enthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribands and gloves.

Mop. I was promiſed them againſt the feaſt; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promiſed you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promiſed you: may be, he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets, where they ſhould bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you

in *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1619, which has been attributed to Shakſpeare. In the books of the Stationers' Company, July, 1590, was entered "A ballat entitled Blewe Starche and *Poking-ſticks*. Allowed under the hand of the Biſhop of London."

Again, in the Second Part of Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 8vo no date:

"They [*poking-ſticks*] be made of yron and ſteele, and ſome of braſſe, kept as bright as ſilver, yea ſome of ſilver itſelfe, and it is well if in proceſſe of time they grow not to be gold. The faſhion whereafter they be made, I cannot reſemble to any thing ſo well as to a ſquirt or a little ſquibbe which little children uſed to ſquirt out water withal; and when they come to ſtarching and ſetting of their ruffes, then muſt this inſtrument be heated in the fire, the better to ſtiffen the ruffe," &c.

Stowe informs us, that "about the ſixteenth yeare of the queene [Elizabeth] began the making of ſteele *poking-ſticks*, and untill that time all lawndreſſes uſed ſetting ſtickes made of wood or bone." See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act III. ſc. iv.

STEEVENS.

are going to bed, or kiln-hole,[9] to whiſtle off theſe ſecrets; but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'Tis well they are whiſpering: Clamour your tongues,[1] and not a word more.

[9] ——kiln-*hole*,] The mouth of the oven. The word is ſpelt in the old copy *kill*-hole, and I ſhould have ſuppoſed it an intentional blunder, but that Mrs. Ford in *The Merry Wives of Windſor* deſires Falſtaff to "creep into the *kiln-hole*;" and there the ſame falſe ſpelling is found. Mrs. Ford was certainly not intended for a blunderer. MALONE.

Kiln-hole is the place into which coals are put under a ſtove, a copper, or a *kiln* in which lime, &c. are to be dried or burned. To watch the *kiln-hole*, or *ſtoking-hole*, is part of the office of female ſervants in farm-houſes. *Kiln*, at leaſt in England, is not a ſynonyme to *oven*. STEEVENS.

Kiln-hole is pronounced *kill-hole*, in the midland counties, and generally means the fire-place uſed in making malt; and is ſtill a noted goſſipping place. HARRIS.

[1] ——Clamour *your tongues*,] The phraſe is taken from ringing. When bells are at the height, in order to ceaſe them, the repetition of the ſtrokes becomes much quicker than before; this is called *clamouring* them. The alluſion is humorous. WARBURTON.

The word *clamour*, when applied to bells, does not ſignify in Shakſpeare a ceaſing, but a continued ringing. Thus uſed in *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act V. ſc. ii:

"*Ben.* —If a man do not erect in this age his own tomb e'er he dies, he ſhall live no longer in monument, than the *bell rings* and the widow weeps.

"*Beat.* And how long is that, think you?

"*Ben.* Queſtion? why an hour in *clamour*, and a quarter in rheum." GREY.

Perhaps the meaning is, *Give one grand peal, and then have done.* "A good *Clam*" (as I learn from Mr. Nichols,) in ſome villages is uſed in this ſenſe, ſignifying a grand peal of all the bells at once. I ſuſpect that Dr. Warburton's is a mere *gratis dictum*.

In a note on *Othello*, Dr. Johnſon ſays, that "to *clam* a bell is to cover the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow, and hinders the ſound." If this be ſo, it affords an eaſy interpretation of the paſſage before us. MALONE.

Admitting this to be the ſenſe, the diſputed phraſe may anſwer to the modern one of—*ringing a dumb peal*, i. e. with *muffled* bells. STEEVENS.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promiſed me *a* tawdry lace,[2] and a pair of ſweet gloves.[3]

[2] ——*you promiſed me a* tawdry lace,] *Tawdry lace* is thus deſcribed in Skinner, by his friend Dr. Henſhawe: "*Tawdrie lace*, aſtrigmenta, timbriæ, ſeu faſciolæ, emtæ Nundinis Sæ. Etheldredæ celebratis: Ut rectè monet Doc. Thomas Henſhawe." Etymol. in *voce*. We find it in Spenſer's *Paſtorals*, Aprill:

"And gird in your waſt,
"For more fineneſſe, with a *tawdrie lace*."

T. WARTON.

So, in *The Life and Death of Jack Straw*, a comedy, 1593:

"Will you in faith, and I'll give you a *tawdrie lace*."

Tom, the miller, offers this preſent to the queen, if ſhe will procure his pardon.

It may be worth while to obſerve, that theſe *tawdry laces* were not the ſtrings with which the ladies faſten their ſtays, but were worn about their heads, and their waiſts. So, in *The Four P's*, 1569:

"Brooches and rings, and all manner of beads,
"*Laces round and flat for women's heads*."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong the ſecond:

"Of which the Naides and the blew Nereides make
"Them *tawdries* for their necks."

In a marginal note it is obſerved that *tawdries* are a kind of necklaces worn by country wenches.

Again, in the fourth ſong:

"——not the ſmalleſt beck,
"But with white pebbles makes her *tawdries* for her neck."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*a pair of ſweet gloves.*] Sweet, or perfumed gloves, are frequently mentioned by Shakſpeare, and were very faſhionable in the age of Elizabeth, and long afterwards. Thus Autolycus, in the ſong juſt preceding this paſſage, offers to ſale:

"Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes."

Stowe's *Continuator*, Edmund Howes, informs us, that the Engliſh could not "make any coſtly waſh or perfume, until about the fourteenth or fifteenth of the queene [Elizabeth,] the right honourable Edward Vere earle of Oxford came from Italy, and brought with him gloves, ſweet bagges, a perfumed leather jerkin, and other pleaſant thinges: and that yeare the queene had a payre of *perfumed gloves* trimmed onlie with foure tuftes, or roſes, of cullered ſilke. The queene took ſuch pleaſure in thoſe gloves, that ſhee was pictured with thoſe gloves upon her hands:

Clo. Have I not told thee, how I was cozened by the way, and loſt all my money?

Aut. And, indeed, ſir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

Aut. I hope ſo, ſir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What haſt here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy ſome: I love a ballad in print, a'-life;[4] for then we are ſure they are true.

and for many yeers after it was called *the erle of Oxfordes perfume.*" Stowe's *Annals*, by Howes, edit. 1614, p. 868, col. 2.

In the *computus* of the burſars of Trinity College, Oxford, for the year 1631, the following article occurs: "*Solut. pro fumigandis chirothecis.*" Gloves make a conſtant and conſiderable article of expence in the earlier accompt-books of the college here mentioned; and without doubt in thoſe of many other ſocieties. They were annually given (a cuſtom ſtill ſubſiſting) to the college-tenants, and often preſented to gueſts of diſtinction. But it appears (at leaſt, from accompts of the ſaid college in preceding years,) that the practice of *perfuming* gloves for this purpoſe was fallen into diſuſe ſoon after the reign of Charles the Firſt. T. Warton.

In the ancient metrical romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, (which muſt have been written before the year 1375,) is the following paſſage, from which one would ſuppoſe, (if the author has been guilty of no anti-climax,) that *gloves* were once a more eſtimable preſent than *gold*:

"Lete me thy priſoneres ſeen,
"I wole thee gyfe both goolde and *gloves*." p. 39.

Steevens.

[4] *I love a ballad in print*, a'-life;] Theobald reads, as it has been hitherto printed,—*or* a life. The text, however, is right; only it ſhould be printed thus:—*a'-life*. So, it is in Ben Jonſon:

"——thou *loveſt a'-life*
"Their perfum'd judgment."

Aut. Here's one to a very doleful tune, How a uſurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how ſhe longed to eat adders' heads, and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true; and but a month old.

Dor. Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Aut. Here's the midwife's name to't, one miſtreſs Taleporter; and five or ſix honeſt wives' that were preſent: Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?[5]

Mop. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by: And let's firſt ſee more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here's another ballad, Of a fiſh,[6] that ap-

It is the abbreviation, I ſuppoſe, of—*at life*; as *a'-work* is, of *at work*. Tyrwhitt.

This reſtoration is certainly proper. So, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1606: "Now in good deed I love them *a'-life* too." Again, in *A Trick to catch the Old One*, 1619: "I love that ſport *a'-life*, i'faith." *A-life* is the reading of the eldeſt copies of *The Winter's Tale*, viz. fol. 1623, and 1632. Steevens.

[5] —— *Why ſhould I carry lies abroad?*] Perhaps Shakſpeare remembered the following lines, which are found in Golding's tranſlation of Ovid, 1587, in the ſame page in which he read the ſtory of Baucis and Philemon, to which he has alluded in *Much Ado about Nothing*. They conclude the tale:

"Theſe things did ancient men report of credite very good,
"*For why, there was no cauſe that they ſhould lie.* As I there ſtood," &c. Malone.

[6] —— *ballad, Of a fiſh*, &c.] Perhaps in later times proſe has obtained a triumph over poetry, though in one of its meaneſt departments; for all dying ſpeeches, confeſſions, narratives of murders, executions, &c. ſeem anciently to have been written in verſe. Whoever was hanged or burnt, a merry, or a lamentable ballad (for both epithets are occaſionally beſtowed on theſe

peared upon the coaſt, on Wedneſday the fourſcore of April, forty thouſand fathom above water, and ſung this ballad againſt the hard hearts of maids: it was thought, ſhe was a woman, and was turned into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would not exchange fleſh[7] with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five juſtices' hands at it; and witneſſes, more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: Another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a paſſing merry one; and goes to the tune of, *Two maids wooing a man:* there's ſcarce a maid weſtward, but ſhe ſings it; 'tis in requeſt, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou ſhalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

compoſitions,) was immediately entered on the books of the Company of Stationers. Thus, in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play:—"Such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that *ballad-makers* cannot be able to expreſs it." Steevens.

—— *Of a* fiſh, *that appeared upon the coaſt,—it was thought, ſhe was a* woman,] In 1604 was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: "A ſtrange reporte of a monſtrous *fiſh* that appeared in the form of a *woman*, from her waiſt upward, ſeene in the ſea." To this it is highly probable that Shakſpeare alludes. Malone.

See *The Tempeſt*, Vol. IV. p. 83, n. 7. Steevens.

[7] —— for *ſhe would not exchange fleſh* —] i. e. becauſe. Reed.

So, in *Othello*: "Haply, *for* I am black." Malone.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. *Get you hence, for I muſt go;*
Where, it fits not you to know.
D. *Whither?* M. *O, whither?* D. *Whither?*
M. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell:
D. *Me too, let me go thither.*

M. *Or thou go'ſt to the grange, or mill:*
D. *If to either, thou doſt ill.*
A. *Neither.* D. *What, neither?* A. *Neither.*
D. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be;*
M. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then, whither go'ſt? ſay, whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves; My father and the gentlemen are in ſad[8] talk, and we'll not trouble them: Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both:—Pedler, let's have the firſt choice.—Follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em. [*Aſide.*

[8] ——*ſad*—] For *ſerious.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—"hand in hand, in *ſad* conference." STEEVENS.

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any ſilk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the peddler;
Money's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a.[9]

[*Exeunt* Clown, AUTOLYCUS, DORCAS, *and* MOPSA.

Enter a Servant.

SERV. Maſter, there is three carters, three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, three ſwine-herds,[1] that have

[9] *That doth* utter *all men's ware-a.*] To *utter*. To *bring out*, or *produce*. JOHNSON.

To *utter* is a legal phraſe often made uſe of in law proceedings and Acts of Parliament, and ſignifies to vend by retail. From many inſtances I ſhall ſelect the firſt which occurs. Stat. 21 Jac. I. c. 3, declares that the proviſions therein contained ſhall not prejudice certain letters patent or commiſſion granted to a corporation "concerning the licenſing of the keeping of any tavern or taverns, or ſelling, *uttering*, or retailing of wines to be drunk or ſpent in the manſion-houſe of the party ſo ſelling or *uttering* the ſame." REED.

See Minſheu's DICT. 1617: "An *utterance*, or ſale." MALONE.

[1] *Maſter, there are three* carters, *three ſhepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds,*] Thus all the printed copies hitherto. Now, in two ſpeeches after this, theſe are called *four* threes of *herdſmen*. But could the *carters* properly be called *herdſmen?* At leaſt, they have not the final ſyllable, *herd*, in their names; which, I believe, Shakſpeare intended all the *four threes* ſhould have. I therefore gueſs he wrote:—*Maſter, there are three* goat-herds, *&c.* And ſo, I think, we take in the *four* ſpecies of cattle uſually tended by *herdſmen*. THEOBALD.

made themſelves all men of hair;[2] they call them-

[2] ——*all men of hair;*] *Men of hair,* are *hairy men,* or *ſatyrs.* A dance of ſatyrs was no unuſual entertainment in the middle ages. At a great feſtival celebrated in France, the king and ſome of the nobles perſonated ſatyrs dreſſed in cloſe habits, curled or ſhagged all over, to imitate hair. They began a wild dance, and in the tumult of their merriment one of them went too near a candle and ſet fire to his ſatyr's garb, the flame ran inſtantly over the looſe tufts, and ſpread itſelf to the dreſs of thoſe that were next him; a great number of the dancers were cruelly ſcorched, being neither able to throw off their coats nor extinguiſh them. The king had ſet himſelf in the lap of the dutcheſs of Burgundy, who threw her robe over him and ſaved him. JOHNSON.

The curious reader, who wiſhes for more exact information relative to the foregoing occurrence in the year 1392, may conſult the tranſlation of Froiſſart's *Chronicle,* by Johan Bourchier knyght, lorde Berners, &c. 1525, Vol. II. cap. C.xcii. fo. CCxliii: "Of the aduenture of a daunce that was made at Parys in lykeneſſe of wodehowſes, wherein the Frenche kynge was in parell of dethe." STEEVENS.

Melvil's *Memoirs,* p. 152, edit. 1735, bear additional teſtimony to the prevalence of this ſpecies of mummery:

"During their abode, [that of the embaſſadors who aſſembled to congratulate Mary Queen of Scots on the birth of her ſon,] at Stirling, there was daily banqueting, dancing, and triumph. And at the principal banquet there fell out a great grudge among the Engliſhmen: for a Frenchman called Baſtian deviſed a number of men formed like *ſatyrs,* with long tails, and whips in their hands, running before the meat, which was brought through the great hall upon a machine or engine, marching as appeared alone, with muſicians clothed like maids, ſinging, and playing upon all ſorts of inſtruments. But the *ſatyrs* were not content only to make way or room, but put their hands behind them to their tails, which they wagged with their hands in ſuch ſort, as the Engliſhmen ſuppoſed it had been deviſed and done in deriſion of them; weakly apprehending that which they ſhould not have appeared to underſtand. For Mr. Hatton, Mr. Ligniſh, and the moſt part of the gentlemen deſired to ſup before the queen and great banquet, that they might ſee the better the order and ceremonies of the triumph: but ſo ſoon as they perceived the *ſatyrs* wagging their tails, they all ſat down upon the bare floor behind the back of the table, that they might not ſee themſelves derided, as they thought. Mr. Hatton ſaid unto me, if it were not in the queen's preſence, he would put a dagger to the heart of that French knave Baſtian, who he alledged had done it out of deſpight that the queen made more of them than of the Frenchmen."

REED.

The following copy of an illumination in a fine MS. of Froiſſart's *Chronicle*, preſerved in the Britiſh Muſeum, will ſerve to illuſtrate Dr. Johnſon's note, and to convey ſome idea, not only of the manner in which theſe *hairy men* were habited, but alſo of the rude ſimplicity of an ancient Ball-room and Maſquerade. See the ſtory at large in Froiſſart, B. IV. chap. lii. edit. 1559. DOUCE.

ſelves ſaltiers:[3] and they have a dance which the wenches ſay is a gallimaufry[4] of gambols, becauſe they are not in't; but they themſelves are o'the mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling,[5]) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much humble foolery already:—I know, ſir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: Pray, let's ſee theſe four threes of herdſmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, ſir, hath danced before the king; and not the worſt of the three, but jumps twelve foot and a half by the ſquire.[6]

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleaſed, let them come in, but quickly now.

[3] ——*they call themſelves* ſaltiers:] He means *Satyrs*. Their dreſs was perhaps made of goat's ſkin. Cervantes mentions in the preface to his plays that in the time of an early Spaniſh writer, Lopè de Rueda, "All the furniture and utenſils of the actors conſiſted of four ſhepherds' jerkins, made of the ſkins of ſheep with the wool on, and adorned with gilt leather trimming: four beards and periwigs, and four paſtoral crooks;—little more or leſs." Probably a ſimilar ſhepherd's jerkin was uſed in our author's theatre. Malone.

[4] ——*gallimaufry*—] Cockeram, in his *Dictionarie of hard Words*, 12mo. 1622, ſays, a *gallimaufry* is "a confuſed heape of things together." Steevens.

[5] ——*bowling.*] *Bowling*, I believe, is here a term for a dance of ſmooth motion, without great exertion of agility. Johnson.

The alluſion is not to a ſmooth dance, as Johnſon ſuppoſes, but to the ſmoothneſs of a bowling green. M. Mason.

[6] ——*by the* ſquire.] i. e. by the foot-rule: *Eſquierre*, Fr. See *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Vol. VII. p. 177, n. 2. Malone.

Serv. Why, they ſtay at door, ſir. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant, *with Twelve Ruſticks habited like Satyrs. They dance, and then exeunt.*

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.[7]—
Is it not too far gone?—'Tis time to part them.—
He's ſimple, and tells much. [*Aſide.*]—How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that does take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks: I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him: If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe; and call this,
Your lack of love, or bounty; you were ſtraited[8]
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old ſir, I know

[7] Pol. *O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.*] This is replied by the King in anſwer to the Shepherd's ſaying, *ſince theſe good men are pleaſed.* WARBURTON.

The dance which has intervened would take up too much time to preſerve any connection between the two ſpeeches. The line ſpoken by the King ſeems to be in reply to ſome unexpreſſed queſtion from the old Shepherd. RITSON.

This is an anſwer to ſomething which the Shepherd is ſuppoſed to have ſaid to Polixenes during the dance. M. MASON.

[8] ——*ſtraited*—] i. e. put to difficulties. STEEVENS.

She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are:
The gifts, ſhe looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd.—O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient ſir, who, it ſhould ſeem,[9]
Hath ſometime lov'd: I take thy hand; this hand,
As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it;
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd ſnow,[1]
That's bolted by the northern blaſts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?—
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand, was fair before!—I have put you out:—
But, to your proteſtation; let me hear
What you profeſs.

Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, the heavens, and all:
That,—were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch,
Thereof moſt worthy; were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve; had force, and knowledge,
More than was ever man's,—I would not prize them,
Without her love: for her, employ them all;

[9] ——who, *it ſhould ſeem,*] Old copy—*whom.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] ——*or the fann'd ſnow,*] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

"That pure congealed white, high Taurus' *ſnow,*
"*Fann'd* by the eaſtern wind, turns to a crow,
"When thou hold'ſt up thy hand." STEEVENS.

——*or the fann'd ſnow,*
That's bolted &c.] The fine ſieve uſed by millers to ſeparate flour from bran is called a *bolting* cloth. HARRIS.

Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This ſhows a ſound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain;——
And, friends unknown you ſhall bear witneſs to't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that muſt be
I'the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder: But, come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.

Shep. Come, your hand;——
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, ſwain, awhile, 'beſeech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: But what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.

Pol. Methinks, a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table. Pray you, once more;
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid

With age, and altering rheums[2]? Can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?[3]
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?

Flo. No, good ſir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial: Reaſon, my ſon
Should chooſe himſelf a wife; but as good re ſon.
The father, (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity,) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.

Flo. I yield all this;
But, for ſome other reaſons, my grave ſir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.

[2] —— *altering rheums?*] Rowe has tranſplanted this phraſe into his *Jane Shore*, A& II. ſc. i:

"—— when *altering rheums*
"Have ſtain'd the luſtre of thy ſtarry eyes,"—

STEEVENS.

[3] —— *diſpute his own eſtate?*] Perhaps for *diſpute* we might read *compute*; but *diſpute his eſtate* may be the ſame with *talk over his affairs*. JOHNSON.

The ſame phraſe occurs again in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Let me *diſpute* with thee of thy *eſtate*." STEEVENS.

Does not this allude to the next heir ſuing for the eſtate in caſes of imbecillity, lunacy, &c.? CHAMIER.

It probably means—"Can he aſſert and vindicate his right to his own property." M. MASON.

Pol. Let him know't.

Flo. He ſhall not.

Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.

Flo. No, he muſt not.

Shep. Let him, my ſon; he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come he muſt not:—
Mark our contráct.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young ſir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call; thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd: Thou a ſcepter's heir,
That thus affect'ſt a ſheep-hook!—Thou old traitor,
I am ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week.—And thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft; who, of force,[4] muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with;——

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate.—For thee, fond boy,—
If I may ever know, thou doſt but ſigh,
That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, (as never[5]
I mean thou ſhalt,) we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no not our kin,

[4] ——who, *of force,*] Old copy—*whom.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[5] *That thou no more ſhalt ſee this knack, (as* never—] The old copy reads, with abſurd redundancy:
"That thou no more ſhalt *never* ſee," &c. Steevens.

Far than[6] Deucalion off:—Mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court.—Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it.—And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea, him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body[7] more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard:[8] for once, or twice,
I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,
The ſelfſame ſun, that ſhines upon his court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
Looks on alike.[9]—Will't pleaſe you, ſir, be gone?
[*To* Florizel.

[6] *Far than*—] I think for *far than* we ſhould read—*far as*. We will not hold thee of our kin even ſo far off as Deucalion the common anceſtor of all. Johnson.

The old reading *farre*, i. e. *further*, is the true one. The ancient comparative of *fer* was *ferrer*. See the *Gloſſaries* to Robert of Gloceſter and Robert of Brunne. This, in the time of Chaucer, was ſoftened into *ferre*:

"But er I bere thee moche *ferre*." *H. of Fa.* B. II. v. 92.
"Thus was it peinted, I can ſay no *ferre*."
Knight's Tale, 2062. Tyrwhitt.

[7] *Or* hoop *his body*—] The old copy has—*hope*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[8] *I was not much afeard*: &c.] The character is here finely ſuſtained. To have made her quite aſtoniſhed at the King's diſcovery of himſelf had not become her birth; and to have given her preſence of mind to have made this reply to the King, had not become her education. Warburton.

[9] *I was about to ſpeak; and tell him plainly,*
The ſelfſame ſun, *that ſhines upon his* court,
Hides not his viſage from our cottage, *but*
Looks on alike.] So, in *Noſce Teipſum*, a poem, by Sir John Davies, 1599:

I told you, what would come of this. 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch further,
But milk my ewes, and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak, ere thou dieſt.

Shep. I cannot ſpeak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know.—O, ſir,
[*To* Florizel.
You have undone a man of fourſcore three,[1]

" Thou, like *the ſunne*, doſt with indifferent ray,
" Into the *palace* and the *cottage* ſhine."

Again, in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, 1597:

" The ſunne on rich and poor alike doth ſhine."

Looks on alike is ſenſe, and is ſupported by a paſſage in *King Henry VIII*:

" ——— No, my lord,
" You know no more than others, but you blame
" Things that are known *alike*."

i. e. that are known alike *by all*.

To *look upon*, without any ſubſtantive annexed, is a mode of expreſſion, which, though now unuſual, appears to have been legitimate in Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

" He is my prize; I will not *look upon*."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

" Why ſtand we here—
" And *look upon*, as if the tragedy
" Were play'd in jeſt by counterfeited actors."

Malone.

To look *upon*, in more modern phraſe, is to look *on*, i. e. to be a mere idle ſpectator. In this ſenſe it is employed in the two preceding inſtances. Steevens.

—— *the ſelfſame ſun*, &c.] " For he maketh his ſun to riſe on the evil and the good." *St. Matthew*, v. 45. Douce.

[1] *You have undone a man of fourſcore three*, &c.] Theſe ſentiments, which the poet has heightened by a ſtrain of ridicule that runs through them, admirably characterize the ſpeaker; whoſe ſelfiſhneſs is ſeen in concealing the adventure of Perdita; and here ſupported, by ſhowing no regard for his ſon or her, but being taken up entirely with himſelf, though *fourſcore three*.

Warburton.

That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honeſt bones: but now
Some hangman muſt put on my ſhroud, and lay me
Where no prieſt ſhovels-in duſt.[2]—O curſed wretch!
[*To* PERDITA.
That knew'ſt this was the prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him.—Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire.[3] [*Exit.*

FLO. Why look you ſo upon me?[4]
I am but ſorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: What I was, I am:
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.

CAM. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper:[5] at this time
He will allow no ſpeech,—which, I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;—and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highneſs ſettle,

[2] *Where no prieſt ſhovels-in duſt.*] This part of the *prieſt's* office might be remembered in Shakſpeare's time: it was not left off till the reign of Edward VI. FARMER.

That is—in pronouncing the words *earth to earth*, &c. HENLEY.

[3] *If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd*
To die when I deſire.] So, in *Macbeth*:
"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
"I had liv'd a bleſſed time." STEEVENS.

[4] *Why look you ſo* upon me?] Perhaps the two laſt words ſhould be omitted. STEEVENS.

[5] *You know* your *father's temper:*] The old copy reads—*my* father's. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, Camillo.

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you, 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But till 'twere known?

Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; And then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o'the earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within![6]—Lift up thy looks:[7]—
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father! I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advis'd.

Flo. I am; and by my fancy:[8] if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes, better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is deſperate, ſir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may

[6] *And mar the ſeeds within!*] So, in *Macbeth*:
"And nature's *germins* tumble all together."
STEEVENS.

[7] ——Lift up *thy looks*:] "*Lift up* the light of thy countenance." *Pſalm* iv. 6. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *and by my* fancy:] It muſt be remembered that *fancy* in our author very often, as in this place, means *love*.
JOHNSON.

So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
"Fair Helena in *fancy* following me."
See Vol. IV. p. 454, n. 6. STEEVENS.

Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: Therefore, I pray you,
As you have e'er been my father's honour'd friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more,) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; Let myſelf and fortune,
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver,—I am put to ſea
With her, whom here[9] I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need,[1] I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O, my lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita.——[*Takes her aſide.*
I'll hear you by and by. [*To* Camillo.

Cam. He's irremovable,
Reſolv'd for flight: Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy king, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee.

Flo. Now, good Camillo,

[9] ——whom *here*—] Old copy—*who*. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[1] *And, moſt opportune to* our *need,*] The old copy has—*her* need. This neceſſary emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony. [*Going.*

Cam. Sir, I think,
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſick,
To ſpeak your deeds; not little of his care
To have them recompens'd as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the king;
And, through him, what is neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf; embrace but my direction,
(If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration,) on mine honour
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your highneſs; where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; (from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by,
As heavens forefend! your ruin:) marry her;
And (with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,)
Your diſcontenting father ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.[2]

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?

[2] *And (with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,)*
Your diſcontenting *father ſtrive to qualify,*
And bring him up to liking.] And where you may, by letters, intreaties, &c. endeavour to ſoften your incenſed father, and reconcile him to the match; to effect which, my beſt ſervices ſhall not be wanting during your abſence. Mr. Pope, without either authority or neceſſity, reads—*I'll* ſtrive to qualify;—which has been followed by all the ſubſequent editors.

Diſcontenting is in our author's language the ſame as *diſcontented.* Malone.

That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And, after that, truſt to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place, whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do;[3] ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance,[4] and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt to me:
This follows,—if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight;—Make for Sicilia;
And there preſent yourſelf, and your fair princeſs,
(For ſo, I ſee, ſhe muſt be,) 'fore Leontes;
She ſhall be habited, as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks, I ſee
Leontes, opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: aſks thee, the ſon,[5] forgiveneſs,

[3] *But as the* unthought-on accident *is* guilty
To *what we wildly do*;] *Guilty to*, though it ſounds harſh to our ears, was the phraſeology of the time, or at leaſt of Shakſpeare: and this is one of thoſe paſſages that ſhould caution us not to diſturb his text merely becauſe the language appears different from that now in uſe. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act III. ſc. ii:

"But left myſelf be *guilty to* ſelf-wrong,
"I'll ſtop mine ears againſt the mermaid's ſong."

Malone.

The *unthought-on accident* is the unexpected diſcovery made by Polixenes. M. Mason.

[4] *Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of* chance,] As *chance* has driven me to theſe extremities, ſo I commit myſelf to *chance*, to be conducted through them. Johnson.

[5] —— *aſks thee*, the *ſon*,] The old copy reads—thee *there* ſon. Corrected by the editor of the third folio. Malone.

Perhaps we ſhould read—(as Mr. Ritſon obſerves)—
"Aſks *there* the ſon forgiveneſs—," Steevens.

As 'twere i'the father's perſon: kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh princeſs: o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindneſs and his kindneſs; the one
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow,
Faſter than thought, or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down:
The which ſhall point you forth at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay;[6] that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.[7]

Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain,
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you;

[6] *Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down: The which ſhall point you forth, at* every ſitting, *What you muſt ſay;*] *Every ſitting,* ſays Mr. Theobald, *methinks, gives but a very poor idea.* But a poor idea is better than none; which it comes to, when he has altered it to *every ſitting.* The truth is, the common reading is very expreſſive; and means, at every audience you ſhall have of the king and council. The council-days being, in our author's time, called, in common ſpeech, *the ſittings.* WARBURTON.

Howel, in one of his letters, ſays: "My lord preſident hopes to be at the next *ſitting* in York." FARMER.

[7] *There is ſome* ſap in this.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:* "There's *ſap in't* yet." STEEVENS.

But, as you ſhake off one, to take another:[8]
Nothing ſo certain as your anchors; who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loath to be: Beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love;
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think, affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.[9]

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not, at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
I'the rear of birth.[1]

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions; for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

[8] ——— *miſeries* ———
But, as you ſhake off one, to take another:] So, in *Cymbeline:*
" ——— to ſhift his being,
" Is to exchange one miſery with another." Steevens

[9] *But not* take in *the mind.*] To *take in* anciently meant to *conquer*, to *get the better of.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" He could ſo quickly cut th' Ionian ſeas,
" And *take in* Toryne."
Mr. Henley, however, ſuppoſes that to *take in*, in the preſent inſtance, is ſimply to *include* or *comprehend.* Steevens.

[1] *I'the rear of birth.*] Old copy—i'th'rear *our* birth. Corrected by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The two redundant words in this line, *She is*, ought perhaps to be omitted. I ſuſpect that they were introduced by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the preceding line. Malone.

Theſe unneceſſary words are here omitted. Steevens.

Per. Your pardon, ſir, for this;
I'll bluſh you thanks.[2]

Flo. My prettieſt Perdita.——
But, O, the thorns we ſtand upon!—Camillo,—
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicin of our houſe!—how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like Bohemia's ſon;
Nor ſhall appear in Sicily——

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think, you know, my fortunes
Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if
The ſcene you play, were mine. For inſtance, ſir,
That you may know you ſhall not want,—one word.
[*They talk aſide.*

Enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool honeſty is! and truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman! I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a riband, glaſs, pomander,[3] brooch, table-book,

[2] *Your pardon, ſir, for this;*
I'll bluſh you thanks.] Perhaps this paſſage ſhould be rather pointed thus:
Your pardon, ſir; for this
I'll bluſh you thanks. Malone.

[3] ——pomander,] A *pomander* was a little ball made of perfumes, and worn in the pocket, or about the neck, to prevent infection in times of plague. In a tract, intituled, *Certain neceſſary Directions, as well for curing the Plague, as for preventing Infection*, printed 1636, there are directions for making two ſorts of *pomanders*, one for the rich, and another for the poor. Grey.

In *Lingua, or a Combat of the Tongue*, &c. 1607, is the following receipt given, Act IV. ſc. iii:
"Your only way to make a good *pomander* is this: Take an

ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tye, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt; as if my trinkets had been hallowed,[4] and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and, what I ſaw, to my good uſe, I remembered. My clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man,) grew ſo in love with the wenches' ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes, till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears:[5] you might have pinched a placket,[6]

ounce of the pureſt garden mould, cleanſed and ſteeped ſeven days in change of motherleſs roſe-water. Then take the beſt labdanum, benjoin, both ſtoraxes, amber-gris and civet and muſk. Incorporate them together, and work them into what form you pleaſe. This, if your breath be not too valiant, will make you ſmell as ſweet as my lady's dog."

The ſpeaker repreſents Odor. STEEVENS.

Other receipts for making *pomander* may be found in Plat's *Delightes for Ladies to adorne their Perſons*, &c. 1611, and in *The accompliſht Lady's Delight*, 1675. They all differ.

DOUCE.

[4] —— *as if my trinkets had been* hallowed,] This alludes to beads often ſold by the Romaniſts, as made particularly efficacious by the touch of ſome relick. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *all their other ſenſes ſtuck* in ears:] Read:—"ſtuck in *their* ears." M. MASON.

[6] —— *a* placket,] *Placket* is properly the opening in a woman's petticoat. It is here figuratively uſed, as perhaps in *King Lear*: "Keep thy hand out of *plackets*." This ſubject, however, may receive further illuſtration from *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598. Epig. 32:

"Wanton young Lais hath a pretty note
"Whoſe burthen is—*Pinch not my petticoate*:
"Not that ſhe feares cloſe nips, for by the rood,
"A privy pleaſing nip will cheare her blood:
"But ſhe which longs to taſt of pleaſure's cup,
"In nipping would her petticoate weare up."

STEEVENS.

it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing, to geld a codpiec of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my ſir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that, in this time of lethargy, I picked and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes: and had not the old man come in with a whoobub againſt his daughter and the king's ſon, and ſcared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[CAMILLO, FLORIZEL, *and* PERDITA, *come forward.*

CAM. Nay, but my letters by this means being there
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

FLO. And thoſe that you'll procure from king Leontes,——

CAM. Shall ſatisfy your father.

PER. Happy be you!
All, that you ſpeak, ſhows fair.

CAM. Who have we here?——
[*Seeing* AUTOLYCUS.
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing, may give us aid.

AUT. If they have overheard me now,——why hanging. [*Aſide.*

CAM. How now, good fellow? Why ſhakeſt thou ſo? Fear not, man; here's no harm intended to thee.

AUT. I am a poor fellow, ſir.

CAM. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's nobody will ſteal that from thee: Yet, for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange: therefore, diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think, there's neceſſity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: Though

the pennyworth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.[7]

Aut. I am a poor fellow, ſir :—I know ye well enough. [*Aſide.*

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, deſpatch : the gentleman is half flayed already.[8]

Aut. Are you in earneſt, ſir ?—I ſmell the trick of it.— [*Aſide.*

Flo. Deſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earneſt ; but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.—

[Flo. *and* Autol. *exchange garments.*

Fortunate miſtreſs,—let my prophecy
Come home to you !—you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert : take your ſweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows ; muffle your face ;
Diſmantle you ; and as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming ; that you may,
(For I do fear eyes over you,[9]) to ſhipboard
Get undeſcried.

Per. I ſee, the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.—
Have you done there ?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

[7] —— *boot.*] That is, *ſomething over and above,* or, as we now ſay, *ſomething to boot.* Johnson.

[8] —— *is half* flayed *already.*] I ſuppoſe Camillo means to ſay no more, than that Florizel is half *ſtripped* already. Malone.

[9] —— *over* you,] *You,* which ſeems to have been accidentally omitted in the old copy, was added by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have
No hat:—Come, lady, come.—Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, ſir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?[1]
Pray you, a word. [*They converſe apart.*

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be, to tell the king
[*Aſide.*
Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound;
Wherein, my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail,
To force him after: in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!—
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to the ſea-ſide.

Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better.
[*Exeunt* Florizel, Perdita, *and* Camillo.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I hear it: To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for the other ſenſes. I ſee, this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been, without boot? what a boot is here, with this exchange? Sure, the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels: If I thought it were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I

[1] ——*what have we twain forgot?*] This is one of our author's dramatic expedients to introduce a converſation apart, account for a ſudden exit, &c. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Dr. Caius ſuddenly exclaims—"*Qu'ay j'oublié?*"—and Mrs. Quickly—"Out upon't! *what have I forgot?*" Steevens.

would do't :[2] I hold it the more knavery to conceal it: and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter Clown *and* Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide;—here is more matter for a hot brain: Every lane's end, every ſhop, church, ſeſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, ſee; what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the king ſhe's a changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

[2] ——*If I thought it were* not *a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would do't:*] The old copy reads—"If I thought it *were* a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king withal, I would *not* do't." See the following note. STEEVENS.

The reaſoning of Autolycus is obſcure, becauſe ſomething is ſuppreſſed. The prince, ſays he, is about a bad action, he is ſtealing away from his father: If I thought it were a piece of honeſty to acquaint the king, I would not do it, becauſe that would be inconſiſtent with my profeſſion of a knave; *but I know that the betraying the prince to the king would be a piece of knavery with reſpect to the* prince, *and therefore I might, conſiſtently with my character, reveal that matter to the king,* though *a piece of honeſty to him:* however, I hold it a *greater* knavery to conceal the prince's ſcheme from the king, than to betray the prince; and therefore, in concealing it, I am ſtill conſtant to my profeſſion.—Sir T. Hanmer, and all the ſubſequent editors read—"If I thought it were *not* a piece of honeſty, &c. I *would* do it:" but words ſeldom ſtray from their places in ſo extraordinary a manner at the preſs: nor indeed do I perceive any need of change. MALONE.

I have left Sir T. Hanmer's reading in the text, becauſe, in my opinion, our author, who wrote merely for the ſtage, muſt have deſigned to render himſelf intelligible without the aid of ſo long an explanatory clauſe as Mr. Malone's interpretation demands. STEEVENS.

Clo. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the king; and, ſo, your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſhed by him. Show thoſe things you found about her; thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her: This being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his ſon's pranks too; who, I may ſay, is no honeſt man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the furtheſt off you could have been to him; and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.[3]

Aut. Very wiſely; puppies! [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the king; there is that in this fardel, will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance:—Let me pocket up my pedler's excrement.[4]—[*Takes off his falſe beard.*] How now, ruſticks? whither are you bound?

[3] ——*and then your blood had been the dearer, by I know how much an ounce.*] I ſuſpect that a word was omitted at the preſs. We might, I think, ſafely read—"by I know *not* how much an ounce." Sir T. Hanmer, I find, had made the ſame emendation. Malone.

[4] ——*pedler's* excrement.] Is pedler's beard. Johnson.

So, in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"Whoſe chin bears no impreſſion of manhood,
"Not a hair, not an *excrement*."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there? what? with whom? the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having,[5] breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, diſcover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, ſir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy: Let me have no lying; it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbing ſteel; therefore they do not give us the lie.[6]

Clo. Your worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.[7]

Shep. Are you a courtier, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. Whether it like me, or no, I am a courtier. See'ſt thou not the air of the court, in theſe enfoldings? hath not my gait in it, the meaſure of the court?[8] receives not thy noſe court-odour from

" —— dally with my *excrement*, with my muſtachio." Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*: " Why is Time ſuch a niggard of his hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an *excrement*?" Steevens.

[5] —— *of what* having,] i. e. eſtate, property. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: " The gentleman is of no *having*." Steevens.

[6] —— *therefore they do not* give *us the lie.*] The meaning is, they are *paid* for lying, therefore they do not *give* us the lie, they *ſell* it us. Johnson.

[7] —— *with the manner.*] In the fact. See Vol. VII. p. 19, n. 4. Steevens.

[8] —— *hath not my gait in it, the* meaſure *of the court?*] i. e. the ſtately tread of courtiers. See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act II. ſc. i: " — the wedding mannerly modeſt, as a *meaſure* full of *ſtate* and ancientry." Malone.

me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? Think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze[9] from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier, cap-a-pè; and one that will either puſh on, or pluck back thy buſineſs there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, ſir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

[9] ——*inſinuate*, or toze—] The firſt folio reads—*at toaze*; the ſecond—*or* toaze; Mr. Malone—*and* toze.

To *teaze*, or *toze*, is to diſentangle wool or flax. Autolycus adopts a phraſeology which he ſuppoſes to be intelligible to the Clown, who would not have underſtood the word *inſinuate*, without ſuch a comment on it. Steevens.

To *inſinuate*, I believe, means here, to cajole, to talk with condeſcenſion and humility. So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

"With death ſhe humbly doth *inſinuate*,
"Tells him of trophies, ſtatues, tombs, and ſtories,
"His victories, his triumphs, and his glories."

The word *toaze* is uſed in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, in the ſame ſenſe as here:

"——We'll *toaze* you joint by joint,
"But we will know this purpoſe."

To *touſe*, ſays Minſheu, is, to *pull*, to *tug*. Malone.

To *inſinuate*, and to *teaſe*, or *toaze*, are oppoſite. The former ſignifies to introduce itſelf obliquely into a thing, and the latter to get ſomething out that was knotted up in it. Milton has uſed each word in its proper ſenſe:

"——cloſe the ſerpent ſly
"*Inſinuating*, wove with Gordian twine
"His braided train, and of his fatal guile
"Gave proof unheeded."— *Par. Loſt*, B. IV. l. 347.
"——coarſe complexions,
"And cheeks of ſorry grain, will ſerve to ply
"The ſampler, and to *teaze* the houſewife's wool."
Comus, l. 749. Henley.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant,[1] ſay, you have none.

Shep. None, ſir; I have no pheaſant, cock, nor hen.[2]

Aut. How bleſs'd are we, that are not ſimple men!
Yet nature might have made me as theſe are,
Therefore I'll not diſdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomely.

Clo. He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſtical; a great man, I'll warrant; I know, by the picking on's teeth.[3]

Aut. The fardel there? what's i'the fardel?
Wherefore that box?

[1] Advocate's *the court-word for a* pheaſant;] As he was a ſuitor from the country, the Clown ſuppoſes his father ſhould have brought a preſent of *game*, and therefore imagines, when Autolycus aſks him what *advocate* he has, that by the word *advocate* he means a *pheaſant*. Steevens.

[2] ——*I have no pheaſant, cock, nor hen.*] The alluſion here was probably more intelligible in the time of Shakſpeare than it is at preſent, though the mode of bribery and influence referred to, has been at all times employed, and as it ſhould ſeem, with ſucceſs. Our author might have had in his mind the following, then a recent inſtance. In the time of Queen Elizabeth there were Juſtices of the Peace called *Baſket Juſtices*, who would do nothing without a preſent; yet, as a member of the Houſe of Commons expreſſed himſelf, "for half a dozen of *chickens* would diſpenſe with a whole dozen of penal ſtatutes." See Sir Simon D'Ewes's *Journals of Parliament, in Queen Elizabeth's Reign*. Reed.

[3] ——*a great man,—by the picking on's teeth.*] It ſeems, that to pick the teeth was, at this time, a mark of ſome pretenſion to greatneſs or elegance. So, the Baſtard, in *King John*, ſpeaking of the traveller, ſays:

"He and *his pick-tooth* at my worſhip's meſs."

Johnson.

Shep. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this ſardel, and box, which none muſt know but the king; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to the ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, ſir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ſhip to purge melancholy, and air himſelf: For, if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know, the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, ſir; about his ſon, that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, ſir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, ſhall all come under the hangman: which though it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some ſay, he ſhall be ſtoned; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I: Draw our throne into a ſheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, ſir, do you hear, an't like you, ſir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey,[4] ſet on the head

[4] ——*then, 'nointed over with honey,* &c.] A puniſhment of this ſort is recorded in a book which Shakſpeare might have

of a waſp's neſt; then ſtand, till he be three quarters and a dram dead: then recovered again with aqua-vitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion: then, raw as he is, and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims,[5] ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him; where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmiled at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me, (for you ſeem to be honeſt plain men,) what you have to the king: being ſomething gently conſidered,[6] I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalfs; and, if it be in man, beſides the king to effect your ſuits, here is man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority: cloſe

ſeen:—" —he cauſed a cage of yron to be made, and ſet it in the ſunne: and, after annointing the pore Prince over with hony, forced him naked to enter into it, where hee long time endured the greateſt languor and torment in the worlde, with ſwarmes of flies that dayly fed on him; and in this ſorte, with paine and famine, ended his miſerable life." *The Stage of Popiſh Toyes*, 1581, p. 33. Reed.

[5] —— *the hotteſt day* prognoſtication *proclaims,*] That is, *the hotteſt day foretold in the almanack.* Johnson.

Almanacks were in Shakſpeare's time publiſhed under this title: " An Almanack and *Prognoſtication* made for the year of our Lord God, 1595." See Herbert's *Typograph. Antiq.* II. 1029. Malone.

[6] —— *being ſomething gently conſidered,*] Means, *I having a gentlemanlike conſideration given me,* i. e. a bribe, *will bring you,* &c.

So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

" —— ſure, ſir, I'll *conſider it* hereafter if I can.

" What, *conſider* me? doſt thou think that I am a *bribe-taker?*"

Again, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1633: " Thou ſhalt be well *conſidered*, there's twenty crowns in earneſt." Steevens.

with him; give him gold; and though authority be a ſtubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold: ſhow the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado: Remember ſtoned, and flayed alive.

Shep. An't pleaſe you, ſir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have: I'll make it as much more; and leave this young man in pawn, till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, ſir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety:—Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. In ſome ſort, ſir: but though my caſe be a pitiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon:—Hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort: we muſt to the king, and ſhow our ſtrange ſights: he muſt know, 'tis none of your daughter nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is performed; and remain, as he ſays, your pawn, till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you. Walk before toward the ſea-ſide; go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſſed in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſſed.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us: he was provided to do us good.

[*Exeunt* Shepherd *and* Clown.

Aut. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee, fortune

would not ſuffer me: ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion; gold, and a means to do the prince my maſter good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to ſhore them again, and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me, rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: To him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sicilia. *A Room in the Palace of* Leontes.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, *and Others.*

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence, than done treſpaſs: At the laſt,
Do, as the heavens have done; forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leon. Whilſt I remember
Her, and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them; and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf: which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom; and

Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:[7]
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,[8]
To make a perfect woman; ſhe, you kill'd,
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think ſo. Kill'd!
She I kill'd? I did ſo: but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought: Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have ſpoken a thouſand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe,
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign dame; conſider little,
What dangers, by his highneſs' fail of iſſue,
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour

[7] True, *too true, my lord:*] In former editions:
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion, that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of, true.
Paul. *Too true, my lord:*
A very ſlight examination will convince every intelligent reader, that *true,* here has jumped out of its place in all the editions. Theobald.

[8] *Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,*] This is a favourite thought; it was beſtowed on Miranda and Roſalind before. Johnson.

Incertain lookers-on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice, the former queen is well?[9]
What holier, than,—for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort and for future good,—
To bleſs the bed of majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone. Beſides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine Apollo ſaid,
Is't not the tenour of his oracle,
That king Leontes ſhall not have an heir,
Till his loſt child be found? which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel,
My lord ſhould to the heavens be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue;
[*To* Leontes.
The crown will find an heir: Great Alexander
Left his to the worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leon. Good Paulina,—

[9] ——*the former queen is* well?] i. e. at reſt, dead. In *Antony and Cleopatra*, this phraſe is ſaid to be peculiarly applicable to the dead:

" *Meſſ.* Firſt, madam, he is *well*.
" *Cleop.* Why there's more gold; but ſirrah, mark;
" We uſe to ſay, *the dead are well*; bring it to that,
" The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
" Down thy ill-uttering throat."

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Balthazar, ſpeaking of Juliet, whom he imagined to be *dead*, ſays:

" Then ſhe is *well*, and nothing can be ill." Malone.

This phraſe ſeems to have been adopted from Scripture. See 2 *Kings*, iv. 26. Henley.

Who haſt the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour,—O, that ever I
Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treaſure from her lips,——

Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth.
No more ſuch wives; therefore, no wife: one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corps; and, on this ſtage,
(Where we offenders now appear,) ſoul-vex'd,
Begin, *And why to me?*[1]

[1] (*Where we offenders now appear,*) *ſoul-vex'd,*
Begin, And why to me?] The old copy reads—*And begin,* why to me? The tranſpoſition now adopted was propoſed by Mr. Steevens. Mr. Theobald reads:

" —— and on this ſtage
" (Where we *offend* her now) appear ſoul-vex'd," &c.

Mr. Heath would read—(*Were* we offenders now) appear, &c. " —that is, if we ſhould now at laſt ſo far offend her." Mr. M. Maſon thinks that the ſecond line ſhould be printed thus:

" And begin, why? to me."

that is, begin to call me to account.

There is ſo much harſh and involved conſtruction in this play, that I am not ſure but the old copy, perplexed as the ſentence may appear, is right. Perhaps the author intended to point it thus:

" Again poſſeſs her corps, (and on this ſtage
" Where we offenders now appear ſoul-vex'd,)
" And begin, *why to me?*"

Why to me *did you prefer one leſs worthy,* Leontes inſinuates would be the purport of Hermione's ſpeech. There is, I think, ſomething aukward in the phraſe—Where we offenders now *appear.* By removing the parentheſis, which in the old copy is placed after *appear,* to the end of the line, and applying the epithet *ſoul-vex'd* to Leontes and the reſt who mourned the loſs of Hermione, that difficulty is obviated. Malone.

To countenance my tranſpoſition, be it obſerved, that the

Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.[2]

Leon. She had; and would incenſe me[3]
To murder her I married.

Paul. I ſhould ſo:
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye; and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her: then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift[4] to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be, *Remember mine.*

Leon. Stars, very ſtars,[5]

blunders occaſioned by the printers of the firſt folio are ſo numerous, that it ſhould ſeem, when a word dropped out of their preſs, they were careleſs into which line they inſerted it. Steevens.

I believe no change is neceſſary. If, inſtead of being repeated, the word *appear* be underſtood, as, by an obvious ellipſis, it may, the ſenſe will be ſufficiently clear. Henley.

[2] *She had juſt cauſe.*] The firſt and ſecond folio read—*ſhe had juſt* ſuch *cauſe.* Reed.

We ſhould certainly read, "ſhe had juſt cauſe." The inſertion of the word *ſuch,* hurts both the ſenſe and the metre. M. Mason.

There is nothing to which the word *ſuch* can be referred. It was, I have no doubt, inſerted by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the preceding line. The metre is perfect without this word, which confirms the obſervation.—Since the foregoing remark was printed in the Second Appendix to my Supp. to Shakſp. 1783, I have obſerved that the editor of the third folio made the ſame correction. Malone.

[3] ——incenſe *me*—] i. e. inſtigate me, ſet me on. So, in *King Richard III:*

"Think you, my lord, this little prating York
"Was not *incenſed* by his ſubtle mother?" Steevens.

[4] *Should* rift—] i. e. ſplit. So, in *The Tempeſt:*

"——*rifted* Jove's ſtout oak." Steevens.

[5] *Stars,* very *ſtars,*] The word—*very,* was ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer, to aſſiſt the metre. So, in *Cymbeline:*

"'Twas *very* Cloten."

And all eyes elſe dead coals!—fear thou no wife,
I'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witneſs to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unleſs another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.[6]

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.[7]
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, ſir,
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chooſe you a queen: ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch,
As, walk'd your firſt queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We ſhall not marry, till thou bidd'ſt us.

Paul. That
Shall be, when your firſt queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
" Eſpecially againſt his *very* friend." Steevens.

[6] *Affront his eye.*] To *affront*, is *to meet*. Johnson.
So, in *Cymbeline*:
" Your preparation can *affront* no leſs
" Than what you hear of." Steevens.

[7] Paul. *I have done.*] Theſe three words in the old copy make part of the preceding ſpeech. The preſent regulation, which is clearly right, was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himſelf prince Florize.,
Son of Polixenes, with his princeſs, (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld,) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs: his approach,
So out of circumſtance, and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need, and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.

Leon. His princeſs, ſay you, with him?

Gent. Ay; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better, gone; ſo muſt thy grave
Give way to what's ſeen now.[8] Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo,[9] (but your writing now
Is colder than that theme,[1]) *She had not been,*
Nor was not to be equall'd;—thus your verſe

[8] ——*ſo muſt thy* grave
Give way to what's ſeen now.] *Thy grave* here means—thy beauties, which are buried in the grave; the continent for the contents. Edwards.

[9] —— *Sir, you yourſelf*
Have ſaid, and writ ſo,] The reader muſt obſerve, that *ſo* relates not to what precedes, but to what follows; that *ſhe had not been—equall'd.* Johnson.

[1] *Is colder than that* theme,] i. e. than the lifeleſs body of Hermione, the *theme* or *ſubject* of your writing. Malone.

Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay, you have ſeen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I have almoſt forgot; (your pardon,)
The other, when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is ſuch a creature,[2]
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe; make proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.

Paul. How? not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourſelf, aſſiſted with your honour'd friends,
Bring them to our embracement.—Still 'tis ſtrange,
[*Exeunt* Cleomenes, Lords, *and* Gentleman.
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
(Jewel of children,) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Pr'ythee, no more; thou know'ſt,[3]
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that, which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon.—They are come.——

[2] *This is* ſuch *a creature,*] The word *ſuch,* which is wanting in the old copy, was judiciouſly ſupplied by Sir T. Hanmer, for the ſake of metre. Steevens.

[3] *Pr'ythee,* no more; *thou know'ſt,*] The old copy redundantly reads—

" Pr'ythee, no more; *ceaſe*; thou know'ſt,"—

Ceaſe, I believe, was a mere marginal gloſs or explanation of —*no more,* and, injuriouſly to the metre, had crept into the text. Steevens.

Re-enter CLEOMENES, *with* FLORIZEL, PERDITA, *and* Attendants.

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, prince;
For ſhe did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him; and ſpeak of ſomething, wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome!
And your fair princeſs, goddeſs!—O, alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have ſtood, begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do! and then I loſt
(All mine own folly,) the ſociety,
Amity too, of your brave father; whom,
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life
Once more to look upon.[4]

FLO. By his command

——————— whom,
Though bearing miſery, I deſire my life
Once more to look upon.] The old copy reads—
Once more to look on him. STEEVENS.

For this incorrectneſs our author muſt anſwer. There are many others of the ſame kind to be found in his writings. See p. 268, n. 9. Mr. Theobald, with more accuracy, but without neceſſity, omitted the word *him*, and to ſupply the metre, reads in the next line—"*Sir*, by his command," &c. in which he has been followed, I think, improperly, by the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

As I ſuppoſe this incorrect phraſeology to be the mere jargon of the old players, I have omitted—*him*, and (for the ſake of metre) inſtead of—*on*, read—*upon*. So, in a former part of the preſent ſcene:

"I might have look'd *upon* my queen's full eyes—."

Again, p. 418:

"Strike all that look *upon* with marvel." STEEVENS.

Have I here touch'd Sicilia: and from him
Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,[5]
Can ſend his brother: and, but infirmity
(Which waits upon worn times,) hath ſomething
ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves
(He bade me ſay ſo,) more than all the ſcepters,
And thoſe that bear them, living.

Leon. O, my brother,
(Good gentleman!) the wrongs I have done thee, ſtir
Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs!—Welcome hither,
As is the ſpring to the earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to the fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle,) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man, not worth her pains; much leſs
The adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd, and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt royal ſir, from thence; from him,
whoſe daughter

[5] ——*that a king,* at *friend,*] Thus the old copy; but having met with no example of ſuch phraſeology, I ſuſpect our author wrote—*and* friend. *At* has already been printed for *and* in the play before us. Malone.

At friend, perhaps means, *at friendſhip.* So, in *Hamlet,* we have—"the wind *at* help." We might, however, read, omitting only a ſingle letter—*a* friend Steevens.

His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:[6] thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly,) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your highneſs: My beſt train
I have from your Sicilian ſhores diſmiſs'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in Libya, ſir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here, where we are.

Leon. The bleſſed gods[7]
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt yo
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman;[8] againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,

[6] ——— *whoſe daughter*
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her:] This is very ungrammatical and obſcure. We may better read:
——— *whoſe daughter*
His tears proclaim'd her *parting with her.*
The Prince firſt tells that the lady came from *Libya*; the King, interrupting him, ſays, *from Smalus? from him,* ſays the Prince, *whoſe tears, at parting, ſhowed her to be his daughter.* Johnson.

The obſcurity ariſes from want of proper punctuation. By placing a *comma* after *his,* I think the ſenſe is cleared. Steevens.

[7] *The bleſſed gods* —] Unleſs both the words *here* and *where* were employed in the preceding line as diſſyllables, the metre is defective. We might read—The *ever*-bleſſed gods;—but whether there was any omiſſion, is very doubtful, for the reaſon already aſſigned. Malone.

I muſt confeſs that in this preſent diſſyllabic pronunciation I have not the ſmalleſt degree of faith. Such violent attempts to produce metre ſhould at leaſt be countenanced by the ſhadow of examples. Sir T. Hanmer reads—
Here, where we happily are. Steevens.

A graceful *gentleman*;] i. e. full of grace and virtue. M. Mason.

Have left me childleſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
(As he from heaven merits it,) with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you?

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Moſt noble ſir,
That, which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo nigh. Pleaſe you, great ſir,
Bohemia greets you from himſelf, by me:
Deſires you to attach his ſon; who has
(His dignity and duty both caſt off,)
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where's Bohemia? ſpeak.

Lord. Here in the city; I now came from him:
I ſpeak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage. To your court
Whiles he was haſt'ning, (in the chaſe, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple,) meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour, and whoſe honeſty, till now,
Endur'd all weathers.

Lord. Lay'ſt ſo, to his charge;
He's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, ſir; I ſpake with him; who now

Has theſe poor men in queſtion.[9] Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake: they kneel, they kiſs the earth;
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak:
Bohemia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O, my poor father!—
The heaven ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, ſir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt:—
The odds for high and low's alike.[1]

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.

Leon. That once, I ſee, by your good father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry,
Moſt ſorry, you have broken from his liking,
Where you were tied in duty: and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in worth as beauty,[2]

[9] —— *in* queſtion] i. e. converſation. So, in *As you like it*: "I met the Duke yeſterday, and had much *queſtion* with him." Steevens.

[1] *The odds for* high and low's *alike.*] A quibble upon the falſe dice ſo called. See note in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Vol. V. p. 45, n. 9. Douce.

[2] *Your choice is not ſo rich in* worth *as beauty,*] *Worth* ſignifies any kind of *worthineſs*, and among others that of high deſcent. The King means that he is ſorry the Prince's choice is not in other reſpects as worthy of him as in beauty. Johnson.

Our author often uſes *worth* for *wealth*; which may alſo, together with high birth, be here in contemplation. Malone.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

"But were my *worth* as is my conſcience firm," &c.
Steevens.

That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us, with my father; power no jot
Hath she, to change our loves.—'Beseech you, sir,
Remember since you ow'd no more to time[3]
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I'd beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made.—But your petition
[*To* Florizel.
Is yet unanswer'd: I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am a friend to them, and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore, follow me,
And mark what way I make: Come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

[3] *Remember since you ow'd no more to time* &c.] Recollect the period when you were of my age. Malone.

SCENE II.

The ſame. Before the Palace.

Enter AUTOLYCUS *and a* Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beſeech you, ſir, were you preſent at this relation?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this, methought I heard the ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs;—But the changes I perceived in the king, and Camillo, were very notes of admiration: they ſeemed almoſt, with ſtaring on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes; there was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very geſture; they looked, as they had heard of a world ranſomed, or one deſtroyed: A notable paſſion of wonder appeared in them: but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more but ſeeing, could not ſay, if the importance were joy, or ſorrow:[4] but in the extremity of the one, it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman, that, happily, knows more: The news, Rogero?

[4] —— *if the* importance *were joy, or ſorrow*;] *Importance* here means, the thing *imported*. M. MASON.

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: The oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the lady Paulina's ſteward; he can deliver you more.—How goes it now, ſir? this news, which is called true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion: Has the king found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true; if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance: that, which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there is ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of queen Hermione:—her jewel about the neck of it:—the letters of Antigonus, found with it, which they know to be his character:—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother;—the affection of nobleneſs,[5] which nature ſhows above her breeding,—and many other evidences, proclaim her, with all certainty, to be the king's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two kings?

[5] ——*the* affection *of nobleneſs,*] *Affection* here perhaps means *diſpoſition* or *quality*. The word ſeems to be uſed nearly in the ſame ſenſe in the following title: "The firſt ſet of Italian Madrigalls Engliſhed, not to the ſenſe of the original ditty, but to the *affection* of the noate," &c. By Thomas Watſon, quarto, 1590. *Affection* is uſed in *Hamlet* for *affectation*, but that can hardly be the meaning here.

Perhaps both here and in *King Henry IV. affection* is uſed for *propenſity*:

"——in ſpeech, in gait,
"In diet, in *affections* of delight,
"In military exerciſes, humours of blood,
"He was the mark and glaſs," &c. Malone.

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another; ſo, and in ſuch manner,[6] that, it ſeemed, ſorrow wept to take leave of them; for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands; with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour.[7] Our king, being ready to leap out of himſelf for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, *O, thy mother, thy mother!* then aſks Bohemia forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her;[8] now he thanks the old ſhepherd, which ſtands by, like a weather-bitten[9] conduit of

[6] ——*ſo, and in ſuch manner,*] Our author ſeems to have picked up this little piece of tautology in his clerkſhip. It is the technical language of conveyancers. Ritson.

[7] ——*favour.*] i. e. countenance, features. So, in *Othello*:
"Defeat thy *favour* with an uſurped beard."
Steevens.

—*with* clipping *her*:] i. e. embracing her. So, Sidney:
"He, who before ſhun'd her, to ſhun ſuch harms,
"Now runs and takes her in his *clipping* arms."
Steevens.

[9] ——*weather*-bitten &c.] Thus the old copy. The modern editors—*weather*-beaten. *Hamlet* ſays: "The air *bites* ſhrewdly;" and the Duke, in *As you like it*:—"when it *bites* and blows." *Weather-bitten*, therefore, may mean, *coroded* by the weather. Steevens.

The reading of the old copies appears to be right. Antony Mundy, in the preface to *Gerileon of England*, the ſecond part, &c. 1592, has—"winter-*bitten* epitaph." Ritson.

Conduits, repreſenting a human figure, were heretofore not uncommon. One of this kind, a female form, and *weather-beaten*, ſtill exiſts at Hoddeſdon in Herts. Shakſpeare refers again to the ſame ſort of imagery in *Romeo and Juliet*:

many kings' reigns, I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.[1]

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill; which will have matter to rehearſe, though credit be aſleep, and not an ear open: He was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon; who has not only his innocence (which ſeems much,) to juſtify him, but a handkerchief, and rings, of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark, and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wrecked, the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death; and in the view of the ſhepherd: ſo that all the inſtruments, which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But, O, the noble combat, that, 'twixt joy and ſorrow, was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loſs of her huſband; another elevated

" How now? a *conduit*, girl? what ſtill in tears?
" Evermore ſhowering?" HENLEY.

See Vol. VIII. p. 143, n. 3.

Weather-bitten was in the third folio changed to weather-*beaten*; but there does not ſeem to be any neceſſity for the change. MALONE.

[1] ——*I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which* lames report to follow it, *and undoes deſcription to do it.*] We have the ſame ſentiment in *The Tempeſt*:

" For thou wilt find, ſhe will *outſtrip* all praiſe,
" And make it *halt* behind her."

Again, in our author's 103d Sonnet:

" ——— a face
" That *overgoes my blunt invention* quite,
" Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace." MALONE.

that the oracle was fulfilled: She lifted the princeſs from the earth; and ſo locks her in embracing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes (caught the water, though not the fiſh,) was, when at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, (bravely confeſſed, and lamented by the king,) how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter: till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for, I am ſure, my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble there,[2] changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed: if all the world could have ſeen it, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

[2] ——*moſt marble there,*] i. e. moſt petrified with wonder. So, in Milton's epitaph on our author:

"There thou our fancy of itſelf bereaving,
"Doſt make us *marble by too much conceiving.*"

STEEVENS.

It means thoſe who had the hardeſt hearts. It would not be extraordinary that thoſe perſons ſhould change colour who were petrified with wonder, though it was, that hardened hearts ſhould be moved by a ſcene of tenderneſs. M. MASON.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*

"——Hearts of moſt hard temper
"Melt, and lament for him." MALONE.

Mr. M. Maſon's and Mr. Malone's explanation may be right. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——now from head to foot
"I am *marble* conſtant." STEEVENS.

3 *Gent.* No: the princeſs hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing, and now newly performed by that rare Italian maſter, Julio Romano;[3]

[3] ——*that rare Italian maſter, Julio Romano*; &c.] This excellent artiſt was born in the year, 1492, and died in 1546. Fine and generous, as this tribute of praiſe muſt be owned, yet it was a ſtrange abſurdity, ſure, to thruſt it into a tale, the action of which is ſuppoſed within the period of heatheniſm, and whilſt the oracles of Apollo were conſulted. This, however, was a known and wilful anachroniſm. Theobald.

By *eternity* Shakſpeare means only *immortality*, or that part of eternity which is to come; ſo we talk of *eternal* renown and *eternal* infamy. *Immortality* may ſubſiſt without *divinity*, and therefore the meaning only is, that if Julio could always continue his labours, he would mimick nature. Johnson.

I wiſh we could underſtand this paſſage, as if *Julio Romano* had only painted the ſtatue carved by another. Ben Jonſon makes Doctor Rut in *The Magnetic Lady*, Act V. ſc. viii. ſay:

" —— all city ſtatues muſt be *painted*,
" Elſe they be worth nought i'their ſubtil judgements."

Sir Henry Wotton, in his *Elements of Architecture*, mentions the faſhion of colouring even regal ſtatues for the ſtronger expreſſion of affection, which he takes leave to call an Engliſh barbariſm. Such, however, was the practice of the time: and unleſs the ſuppoſed ſtatue of Hermione were painted, there could be no ruddineſs upon her lip, nor could the veins *verily ſeem to bear blood*, as the poet expreſſes it afterwards. Tollet.

Our author expreſsly ſays, in a ſubſequent paſſage, that it was painted, and without doubt meant to attribute *only* the painting to Julio Romano:

" The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet;
" You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
" With *oily painting*." Malone.

Sir H. Wotton could not poſſibly know what has been lately proved by Sir William Hamilton in the MS. accounts which accompany ſeveral valuable drawings of the diſcoveries made at *Pompeii*, and preſented by him to our Antiquary Society, *viz.* that it was uſual to colour ſtatues among the ancients. In the chapel of Iſis in the place already mentioned, the image of that goddeſs had been painted over, as her robe is of a purple hue. Mr. Tollet has ſince informed me, that Junius, on the painting of the

who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile nature of her cuſtom,[4] ſo perfectly he is her ape: he ſo near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that, they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: thither with all greedineſs of affection, are they gone; and there they intend to ſup.

1 *Gent.* I thought, ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand; for ſhe hath privately, twice or thrice a day, ever ſince the death of Hermione, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs?[5] every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born: our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along.

[*Exeunt* Gentlemen.

Aut. Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the prince; told him, I heard him talk of a fardel, and I know not what: but he at that time, over-fond of the ſhepherd's daughter, (ſo he then took her to be,)

ancients, obſerves from Pauſanias and Herodotus, that ſometimes the ſtatues of the ancients were coloured after the manner of pictures. Steevens.

[4] —— *of her cuſtom,*] That is, *of her trade,*—would draw her cuſtomers from her. Johnson.

[5] *Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs?*] It was, I ſuppoſe, only to ſpare his own labour that the poet put this whole ſcene into narrative, for though part of the tranſaction was already known to the audience, and therefore could not properly be ſhewn again, yet the two kings might have met upon the ſtage, and, after the examination of the old Shepherd, the young lady might have been recogniſed in ſight of the ſpectators. Johnson.

who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcovered. But 'tis all one to me: for had I been the finder-out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſhed among my other diſcredits.

Enter Shepherd *and* Clown.

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, ſir: You denied to fight with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman born: See you theſe clothes? ſay, you ſee them not, and think me ſtill no gentleman born: you were beſt ſay, theſe robes are not gentlemen born. Give me the lie; do; and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know, you are now, ſir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have:—but I was a gentleman born before my father: for the king's ſon took me by the hand, and called me, brother; and then the two kings called my father, brother; and then the prince, my brother, and the princeſs, my ſiſter, called my father, father; and ſo we wept: and there was the firſt gentleman-like tears that ever we ſhed.

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay; or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo prepoſterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, ſir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worſhip, and to give me your good report to the prince my maſter.

Shep. 'Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will ſwear to the prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins ſay it,[6] I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it, in the behalf of his friend:—And I'll ſwear to the prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands,[7] and that thou

[6] —— franklins *ſay it,*] *Franklin* is a *freeholder,* or *yeoman,* a man above a *villain,* but not a *gentleman.* Johnson.

[7] —— tall *fellow of thy hands,*] *Tall,* in that time, was the word uſed for *ſtout.* Johnson.

Part of this phraſe occurs in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis,* Lib. V. fol. 114:

"A noble knight eke *of his honde.*"

A *man of his hands* had anciently two ſignifications. It either meant an *adroit fellow who handled his weapon well,* or a *fellow ſkilful in thievery.* In the firſt of theſe ſenſes it is uſed

wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it: and I would, thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, ſir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: If I do not wonder, how thou dareſt venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, truſt me not.—Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we'll be thy good maſters.[8] [*Exeunt.*

by the Clown. Phraſeology like this is often met with. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540:

"Thou art *a good man of thyne habite*." Steevens.

A tall fellow of thy hands means, a ſtout fellow of your ſize. We meaſure horſes by hands, which contain four inches; and from thence the phraſe is taken. M. Mason.

The following quotation from *Queſtions concernyng Conie-hood*, &c. 1595, will at leaſt aſcertain the ſenſe in which Autolycus would have wiſhed this phraſe to be received: "Conie-hood proceeding from choller, is in him which amongſt mirth having but one croſſe worde given him, ſtraightwaies fals to his weapons, and will hacke peecemeale the quicke and the dead through ſuperfluity of his manhood; and doth this for this purpoſe, that the ſtanders by may ſay that he is *a tall fellow of his hands*, and ſuch a one as will not ſwallow a cantell of cheeſe."

In Chapman's verſion of the thirteenth *Iliad*, we have:

"Long-rob'd Iaons, Locrians, and (brave men *of their hands*)

"The Phthian and Epeian troops—," Steevens.

I think, in old books it generally means *a ſtrong ſtout fellow*. Malone.

[8] —— *Come, follow us: we'll be thy* good maſters.] The Clown conceits himſelf already a man of conſequence at court. It was the faſhion for an inferior, or ſuitor, to beg of the great man, after his humble commendations, that he would be *good maſter* to him. Many letters written at this period run in this ſtyle.

Thus Fiſher, Biſhop of Rocheſter, when in priſon, in a letter to Cromwell to relieve his want of clothing: "Furthermore, I beſeeche you to be *gode maſter* unto one in my neceſſities, for I have neither ſhirt, nor ſute, nor yet other clothes, that are neceſſary for me to wear." Whalley.

SCENE III.

The ſame. A Room in Paulina's *Houſe.*

Enter LEONTES, POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, PERDITA, CAMILLO, PAULINA, Lords, *and* Attendants.

LEON. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

PAUL. What, ſovereign ſir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my ſervices,
You have paid home: but that you have vouchſaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit,
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.

LEON. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: But we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our queen: your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.

PAUL. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart:[9] But here it is: prepare

[9] —— *therefore I keep it*
Lonely, *apart*:] The old copy—*lovely*. STEEVENS.

To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death: behold; and ſay, 'tis well.
[PAULINA *undraws a Curtain, and diſcovers a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhows off
Your wonder: But yet ſpeak;—firſt, you, my liege.
Comes it not ſomething near?

LEON. Her natural poſture!—
Chide me, dear ſtone; that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this ſeems.

POL. O, not by much.

PAUL. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years, and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.

LEON. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. O, thus ſhe ſtood,
Even with ſuch life of majeſty, (warm life,

Lovely, i. e. charily, with more than ordinary regard and tenderneſs. The Oxford editor reads:

"Lonely, *apart*:"——

As if it could be *apart* without being *alone*. WARBURTON.

I am yet inclined to *lonely*, which in the old angular writing cannot be diſtinguiſhed from *lovely*. To ſay, that *I keep it alone, ſeparate from the reſt*, is a pleonaſm which ſcarcely any nicety declines. JOHNSON.

The ſame error is found in many other places in the firſt folio. In *King Richard III.* we find this very error:

"Advantaging their *loue* with intereſt
"Often times double."

Here we have *loue* inſtead of *lone*, the old ſpelling of *lone*. MALONE.

As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her!
I am aſham'd: Does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it?—O, royal piece
There's magick in thy majeſty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee!

Per. And give me leave;
And do not ſay, 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.—Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiſs.

Paul. O, patience;[1]
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on;
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away
So many ſummers, dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought[2] you, (for the ſtone is mine,)

[1] *O, patience;*] That is, *Stay a while, be not ſo eager.* Johnson.

[2] —— *wrought*—] i. e. worked, agitated. So, in *Macbeth:*
"'—— my dull brain was *wrought*
"With things forgotten." Steevens.

I'd not have ſhow'd it.[3]

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't; leſt your fancy
May think anon, it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already[4]—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Maſterly done:
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.

[3] *Indeed, my lord,*
If I had thought, the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhow'd it.] I do not know whether we ſhould not read, without a parentheſis:
—— for the ſtone i'th' mine
I'd not have ſhew'd it.
A *mine* of *ſtone*, or *marble*, would not perhaps at preſent be eſteemed an accurate expreſſion, but it may ſtill have been uſed by Shakſpeare, as it has been uſed by Holinſhed. *Deſcript. of Engl.* c. ix. p. 235: "Now if you have regard to their ornature, how many *mines of ſundrie kinds of coarſe and fine marble* are there to be had in England?"—And a little lower he uſes the ſame word again for a quarry of ſtone, or plaiſter: "*And ſuch is the mine of it, that the ſtones thereof lie in flakes,*" &c.
Tyrwhitt.

To change an accurate expreſſion for an expreſſion confeſſedly not accurate, has ſomewhat of retrogradation. Johnson.

—— (*for the ſtone is mine,*)] So afterwards, Paulina ſays: "—be *ſtone* no more." So alſo Leontes: "Chide me, dear *ſtone*." Malone.

[4] *Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already*—] The ſentence completed is:
—— *but that, methinks, already I converſe with the dead.*
But there his paſſion made him break off. Warburton.

Leon. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,[5]
As we are mock'd with art.[6]

Paul. I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.

Leon. O ſweet Paulina,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together;
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.

Paul. I am ſorry, ſir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you: but

[5] *The* fixure *of her eye has* motion *in't,*] So, in our author's 88th Sonnet:

" —— Your ſweet hue, which methinks *ſtill doth ſtand,*
" Hath *motion,* and mine eye may be deceived."

MALONE.

The meaning is, though her eye be fixed, [as the eye of a ſtatue always is,] yet it ſeems to have motion in it: that tremulous motion, which is perceptible in the eye of a living perſon, how much ſoever one endeavour to fix it. EDWARDS.

The word *fixure,* which Shakſpeare has uſed both in *The Merry Wives of Windſor,* and *Troilus and Creſſida,* is likewiſe employed by Drayton in the firſt canto of *The Barons' Wars:*

" Whoſe glorious *fixure* in ſo clear a ſky." STEEVENS.

[6] As *we are mock'd with art.*] *As* is uſed by our author here, as in ſome other places, for " as *if.*" Thus, in *Cymbeline:*

" He ſpake of her, *as* Dian had hot dreams,
" And ſhe alone were cold."

Again, in *Macbeth:*

" *As* they had ſeen me with theſe hangm-n's hands
" Liſt'ning their fear." MALONE.

As *we* are *mock'd* with *art.*] Mr. M. Maſon and Mr. Malone, very properly obſerve that *as,* in this inſtance is uſed, as in ſome other places, for *as if.* The former of theſe gentlemen would read *were* inſtead of *are,* but unneceſſarily, I think, conſidering the looſe grammar of Shakſpeare's age.—*With,* however, has the force of *by.* A paſſage parallel to that before us, occurs in *Antony and Cleopatra:*—" And *mock* our eyes *with* air."

STEEVENS.

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